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CENSURA LITERARIA.

VOLUME I.

Singula lætus
Exquiritque auditque virûm monumenta priorum.
VIRGIL.

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BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner Street, London,

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

CONTAINING

TITLES, ABSTRACTS,

AND

OPINIONS

OF

OLD ENGLISH BOOKS,

WITH

ORIGINAL DISQUISITIONS, ARTICLES OF BIOGRAPHY, AND OTHER LITERARY ANTIQUITIES.

BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K. J. M. P.

SECOND EDITION.

WITH THE ARTICLES CLASSED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER UNDER THEIR SEPARATE HEADS.

VOLUME I.

London:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, *PATERNOSTER-ROW.*

1815.

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PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION

OF

Censura Literaria.

A FEW words will suffice for the Preface of this Second Edition of Censura Literaria. The Prefaces to the successive Volumes of the former Edition will shew its original progress, and the views and feelings of the Editor. The materials that he thus gradually accumulated, to an extent which on a retrospect excites his own astonishment, but which were necessarily collected without order, are now disposed in a chronological series, under their proper classes. This, with all the Indexes gathered into one, will very materially improve the

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Work for the purposes of reference, and embody, in a regular form, a store of information, illustrative of the literary antiquities of England, too various ever to lose its value. The fatigue of carrying through the press, a second time, this multifarious matter, in its nature dry and repulsive, has been great; and if the Editor's attention to it has sometimes, amid his various avocations of an uncongenial kind, slumbered, no liberal critic will accuse him of unvenial errors.

It is difficult to attract the notice of readers of a lively and animated turn, to this sort of lore. But still these Volumes deal principally with that kind of literature, which is of all others the most interesting and delightful. Poetry forms the principal head of the works here registered. With what sentiments this study ought to be pursued, and of what instruction it may be productive, the Editor has expressed in a paper in the former impression, with more energy than he probably could exert at the present moment; and therefore considers this the best place in which he can reprint it.

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INTRODUCTORY PAPER

(Originally prefixed to Vol. X. of the former Edition).

A PERFECT collection of all the English poetry published in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, would be an invaluable treasure, not only for curiosity, but for use. It is in poets that we must study all the varieties of language, all the force of words, both singly and in combination; and all the energy and vivacity of ideas. That bright mirror of things, which exists in the poet's brain, reflects them back with a proportionate clearness and brilliance of expression.

The difficulty of attaining a large portion of these volumes has rendered it necessary to recur to modern compilations of selections and extracts from them, made by the honourable industry of those, whose love of literature combined with opportunity has stimulated their researches in these obsolete and forbidding tracks of study. The taste of the public has kept pace with the labours of these bibliographers and critics. We have seen the fashion for black letter reading increase in the last ten years with wonderful celerity.

It has given a new cast to our modern compositions in

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verse; extended their subjects; enlarged their phraseology; varied and enriched their imagery; and brought back their productions nearer to the vigorous simplicity of better days.

However uninviting the black-letter page, with its redundant spelling, and its unusual or strangely-accented words, may appear at first, a little practice reconciles us to these objections. We then find a new delight in the contrast with modern modes of communicating our thoughts: forms of phrase, which have lost all force from their triteness, are relieved by new combinations; and the operations of the mind seem to derive an infusion of vigour from the new light in which they are clothed.

The generous and enlarged intellect swells with a proud satisfaction at thus having spread before it all the stores of the most cultivated geniuses of its country for centuries back. All literary merit is relative: the products of a single age may be puny when compared with those of others; but when the standard of comparison is extended to those of every age of a country since the revival of letters, the most inquisitive and hesitating research must be satisfied. It may proceed to draw results with a confidence, which future facts will not be likely to disturb. The experience, with which it will be furnished, will shew, with almost unerring certainty, what are the vital ingredients in a composition which will preserve its fame to future ages.

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If it be a just and praiseworthy desire in a cultivated and extensive mind to see foreign countries and foreign manners, that we may shake off those narrow attachments and views of things, which a narrow scene and narrow acquaintance with the actions and customs of mankind almost necessarily generates, is not this desire as applicable to times as to countries? Does not the lapse of ages vary the modes and thoughts of the inhabitants of the world, as much as the diversity of scenes and climates? Is there not something still more worthy of a noble and refined curiosity, in unfolding the mantle of Time, in opening the grave, and bidding the dead speak?

I have at length read so much of Elizabethan poetry, and Elizabethan biography, that all the wits of that age, all its genius, and all its state, seem to be brought upon the stage before me; and my eyes and my ears are full of their figures, and their language! Their modes of thinking; their feelings; their customs; their phraseology, are brought back to life, and offer themselves for a comparison with what I hear and see among my cotemporaries. I would not draw their "frailties from their dread abode" in the tomb: but I delight to revive their virtues; and talk with their spirits, though their bones have long since mouldered into dust!

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It would be an impertinent repetition, again to bring forward all the arguments which the Prefaces of the first Edition contain in favour of Bibliography. They are all preserved in those Prefaces now reprinted together; and will be a memorial of the ardour with which the Compiler has formerly persevered in these labours. If his time might have been better applied, and his energies directed in more congenial paths, regret is now worse than useless, because it can only give pain for that which cannot be undone. But what right has he to complain? The Public, by calling for a second Edition of this expensive Work, have been more indulgent to his humble efforts on this subject than they merit.

That a Work, of which the cost in resetting the press is so great, must, as it is confined to One Hundred Copies, always be of high price, cannot, he thinks, admit of any reasonable doubt.

Jan. 19, 1816. S. E. B.

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[*The following Observations having been, by mistake, omitted in their proper place (as prefatory to the Lives of Modern Poets, in Vol. VII.), it is thought advisable to print them here.*]

THE Lives of Poets consist principally of their works; for they are seldom much engaged in any other operations than those of the mind.

In an acute examination of their writings we shall probably derive a much more accurate and discriminative idea of their characters, than from the garrulous anecdotes of their superficial acquaintance; or a few accidental traits of singularities or defects.

It may gratify the envy and malignity which are too prevalent in mankind, to bring down those who have possessed exalted talents, to the common level; to tell depreciating stories; and enforce a truth, we too well know, that the most eminent have had their hours of folly, if not of crime.

It shall be my endeavour to steer a different course. I trust that without running into fulsome panegyric I shall be able to treat genius with the reverence to which it is entitled, and bestow praise which will gain credit from the truth of its appropriation.

Experience proves, how seldom the various qualities,

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which must combine to constitute a poet, occur. But if they, of whom I here propose to give some account, were not poets, those gifted Beings must be still rarer than *even I* have supposed.

Is there any thing in education, rank of life, or outward circumstances, nutritive of this faculty? Let us examine the list of the principal ones who have died of late years. Two physicians, two lawyers, three clergymen, a Scotch professor, and a peasant! None of them, unless Cowper, of distinguished birth: and almost all poor.

The Reader will recollect that this was written in 1807; *since which several eminent poetical writers have died, of whom, as it would be out of place to give a complete list here, any selected mention would be invidious.*

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME I. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

IN 1690 Sir Thomas Pope Blount published his "*Censura authorum celebriorum*," a work which is here mentioned, because the Editor of the present undertaking has chosen a title of some similitude. The object of that work was to bring together the opinions of the learned on the most distinguished writers of all countries from the earliest periods; and the very accomplished and erudite compiler has accordingly produced a volume of great research, authority, and use.

In 1737 William Oldys published in six Numbers "*the British Librarian*, exhibiting a compendious Review or Abstract of our most scarce, useful, and valuable Books in all Sciences as well in manuscript as in print, with many characters, historical and critical, of their antagonists, &c." Of this, Campbell, in his "Rational Amusement," speaks in the following terms: "There was a design" says he, "set on foot some years ago which would have perfectly answered the purpose (of properly characterizing books); I mean the "British Librarian," of which, however, there is but one volume, though nothing in that kind was ever so well received. If its author, who is of all men living the most capable,

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would pursue and perfect this plan, he would do equal justice to the living and to the dead."

In 1772, the late Lord Orford gave to the world two Numbers of a work, entitled "*Miscellaneous Antiquities; or, a collection of curious papers, either republished from scarce Tracts, or now first printed from Original MSS.*" "The Numbers," says the Advertisement, "will not appear with periodic regularity, but as it shall suit the leisure and convenience of the gentlemen who have undertaken the work, which is in imitation of Peck's Desiderata Curiosa, and is solely calculated for amusement; for which reason the Editors make no promises, enter into no engagements; but shall take the liberty of continuing, varying, or dropping the plan, when and in what manner they please; a notice they think right to give, that no man may complain hereafter of being disappointed."

The object of the present undertaking is to combine some of the advantages of all these works. But the Editor, living at a distance from the Capital, having only the amusement of literary occupation in view, and being often distracted by other pressing avocations, will neither engage for regular periods of publication, nor be unalterably confined to any plan. He is aware, that what he has to offer will be principally adapted to the curious; and therefore he has printed but a moderate number of copies. Under these circumstances, but still more, if this small impression should not find purchasers, he will consider himself free to drop, at any time, this attempt to convey harmless information or pleasure.

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But should it, contrary to his expectations, receive encouragement, he trusts to the assistance of his literary friends, more especially for the titles and abstracts of scarce books, and original lives of unjustly neglected authors. And in that case no literary discussion will be unacceptable to these pages.

The Editor cannot avoid thinking that while eight or ten Reviews are supported in giving accounts (often ridiculously opposite) of *new* books, one surely may usefully be occupied in reviving the treasures of *past* ages.

Such was the plan originally designed for this publication; but the first sheet had not been worked off at the press, when, by the urgent advice of friends, it was altered and enlarged. The size has been augmented, and the number of copies, which was originally so small, as, even after the sale of the whole, to have subjected the Editor, in the progress of the work, to a great loss, has been moderately increased. But whether this undertaking, commenced from the purest love of literature, and executed hitherto in hurry and distraction, will support itself, seems a matter of serious doubt.

The Editor does not hesitate to acknowledge (what it consoles his pride to recollect that even Johnson had once occasion to confess *), that "he has never been much a favourite with the public." But, like Johnson, he may honestly say, that he "has never descended to the arts by which favour

* Rambler, No. 208.

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is" generally "obtained." All the meretricious tricks by which the praises of originality, invention, and genius, are usurped in these days by a succession of meteor-like authors, he has uniformly despised and rejected; and read with mingled emotions of pity and indignation the encomiums bestowed by half-witted and mercenary critics on the tinsel and sickly efforts of impure and degenerate ingenuity.

To call back the notice of the Public to the productions of chaster days; to disperse those clouds of time which have enveloped the memory of a deserving writer; to bring the past into a comparison with the present; to range at once over the whole field of a nation's literature,

"Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,"

and to array the authors of Elizabeth and James I. with those of the last and present century, is at least a pleasing, and may be an useful, exercise of cultivated minds.

But it is a task, perhaps, which may be reserved for more fortunate men to perform: it is probable that the attempt on his part may soon become a matter of unjustifiable imprudence: and the Editor's anxious wishes to obtain an opportunity of imparting innocent pleasure by the communication, at more favourable moments, of those intellectual stores which a life of study and reflection has collected, may be nipped in the bud. If there be any who know under what depressions of sorrow, in what sufferings from the poisoned arrows of ingratitude and malice, and the greedy fangs of rapacity, the first number has been collected, and carried

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through the press, they will make due allowance for its imperfections, and augur better of its progress under happier omens.

There are those, however, to whom such circumstances may aggravate the offence of presuming to offer amusement or information to the public. He, who withdraws his attention from his private concerns in pursuit of such romantic follies, will appear in the eyes of these narrow and selfish censurers to deserve the utmost difficulties that adversity can inflict. But such ungenerous judgments affect not the purposes of a mind duly elevated. To brood over evils which we cannot alter; to fix our sight upon approaching dangers which we cannot avert, is uselessly to enervate our hearts. It is better for a little while to soothe by the charms of intellectual exertion the voracious appetites of the vultures that are hovering around us; and to soften the hours of pain, and grief, and fear, by virtuous occupation.

He, who considers merely himself, who cultivates his talents only for personal advancement, is little fitted to deserve the rewards of literary fame. The laurel of the Muses is in worldly gains, indeed, a barren laurel. But is there nothing in the possession of a cultivated understanding? Is there no delight in that superiority, which is so far above titles and wealth, and power? Is there no remuneration in the pleasures of composition and the exercise of the powers of the mind?

In the expression of these sentiments, the Editor trusts that his motives for the present publication are sufficiently explained. But it was not his intention to have committed his name. There is, however,

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an important consideration which has impelled him to sign it to this advertisement. Though this work of criticism will principally be conversant with authors who are dead, it will occasionally give opinions on the works of the living. To secure it, therefore, from the imputation to which other Reviews are sometimes liable; to prevent its being even suspected of ever being the vehicle of personal malice under the form of judgments on authors, which have too frequently been written by concealed enemies, or under the influence of prejudices privately conveyed from such quarters (an assassin-like species of treatment, under which the present Editor has himself too severely suffered,) to protect this undertaking from the possibility of conduct so immoral and base, he reluctantly, and with diffidence, affixes the signature of

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Feb. 24, 1805.

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POSTSCRIPT*

TO

VOLUME I. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

HAVING thus, by the candid and unexpected encouragement of the public, brought to a conclusion one volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA, it may perhaps be not improper to make a few observations on its contents. Of the works here mentioned, some are so scarce that they never occur in the catalogues even of the most eminent booksellers; and if by any chance one of this description is accidentally met with, it of course finds an immediate purchaser at an extravagant price. But their scarcity alone is but a foolish recommendation. Their intrinsic value is for the most part great.

It is well known, that a copy of Lord Berners's Froissart is not to be bought under twenty guineas, if at all; and to the wealthy it is, even at this rate, by no means dear; for it contains a very rich treasure of the English language. The Poetical Miscellanies of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth are all rare and valuable. Of "The Handeful of Pleasant Delites, by Clement Robinson, 1584," which appears to have been a popular book in Shakespeare's time,

* This Postscript, it must be recollected by the reader, relates to the contents of Volume I. as they stood in the first Edition.

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as he quotes several songs from it, only one copy and that wanting a leaf, now exists.* Both the editions of England's Helicon are of extreme value, more especially the first. Nor are these the only uncommon books, of which some account is given in this work. I could enumerate only fifteen volumes, here recorded, of which the lowest price, if they could be procured at all, (which would not happen very soon) would be nearly 120 guineas.

Mr. Gifford, in his Introduction to the new edition of Massinger, very justly censures the ridiculous tests of merit set up by vain and selfish collectors. But most of the books I have mentioned do not derive their claim to notice merely from the infrequency of their occurrence, but furnish matter well worthy of the attention of the most enlightened critic or historian. The reign of the Tudors, more especially of the last glorious heroine of that House, was the reign of poetical genius; and after the fancy, the moral charms, the Doric delicacy, and the harmony and force of language, which the Miscellanies of Queen Elizabeth's time exhibit, we observe with astonishment and disgust, the lapse of taste and refinement and imagination, of which the main body of the poetry of the three or four succeeding reigns produces such glaring proofs. It is true that in this period arose Milton, and Cowley, and Dryden; but Milton was so notoriously of the former school, that he never obtained popularity among his cotemporaries. The inimitable brilliance and beauty of Cowley's genius was so vitiated by the bad taste of the age in which he lived, as to deform almost all his compositions, and at this day to depress him nearly

* Lately reprinted in *Heliconia*, 1815.

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into oblivion. Dryden was something younger than the others; and the vigour of his mind surmounted the corrupt habits of the time when he was educated; but I think the character of his talents rendered him less liable to these errors: in truth it will be admitted, even by his warmest admirers, that he was rather of the French than of the Italian school of imagination; and therefore survived to an æra, when the public opinion was more in coincidenee with his own, than it would have been in the days of Spenser, and Sackville, and Sydney.

It has been reported that Mr. Ellis has an intention of giving a new edition of these Elizabethan Collections.* He could not make the public a more acceptable present. To myself, who, though I have had the luck of obtaining one or two of them, have been necessitated to content myself with short and casual inspections of others, few books would be more delightful. There is a grace of expression, a happiness of sentiment, and an attractive simplicity about many of them, which has never since been equalled. When we afterwards take up the discordant rhymes of Donne and his imitators, loaded with metaphysical subtlety, and remote and pedantic allusions, we can scarcely believe he could have immediately succeeded to such a numerous body of writers of pure and unsophisticated poetry. After the exquisite song of Marlow "Come, live with me, and be my love," who could have supposed a nation could have suddenly relapsed into such barbarism? Even Carew and Lovelace, two of the best love-writers of Charles the First's reign, are far from being free from frequent mixtures of disgusting quaintness

* All have been since reprinted, 1815.

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and conceits, coarse expressions, and inharmonious lines.

On articles of history, except Froissart, already mentioned, I have hitherto entered but little. Duchesne's *Norman Historians* contains a vast fund of solid information; and is a book, which no English scholar, who of course will choose to derive his information from original sources, can, if he wishes to become acquainted with the memoirs of his country, dispense with. To the real antiquary, the work affords endless stores of research and amusement. And I much doubt whether it has ever yet been sufficiently investigated by any one who has undertaken to compile the History of England in his native tongue. Of these compilers I mean hereafter to give a catalogue and short character. But their number, which I have feared would occupy too large a portion of a commencing publication, and, I will confess, the time and labour required to execute it properly, have hitherto deterred me.

The Parliamentary Chronicle of Vicars is a very scarce and curious picture of the enthusiasm, hypocrisy, violence, madness, and cruelties of the time; and contains many minutiæ which will delight the inquisitive memorialist. All the parts are seldom found perfect, as in the copy from whence I have drawn my account.

There is a narrower department of history, which is generally held in contempt by those who have not cultivated it: I mean the history of families. On this subject I have only introduced one work, to which I have been induced by its comparative importance, and by the extraordinary antiquity and high rank of the

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Warrens whom it records. On these points the few who know me will not impute my forbearance to ignorance. In truth, I suspect, that here, if no where else, they will give me more credit for my investigations than I deserve. I cannot deny that I have formerly wasted more time than became a wise man in these pursuits; but never, I trust, to the exclusion of more liberal studies. From those who would deny me every thing else, I have had full credit for a title to the contemptuous terms of "a genealogist and a herald." Never did any one less deserve these denominations in the tone in which they were applied. Never did any one judge of genius or virtue with less regard to birth, station, riches, or worldly prosperity! Never did any one feel more scorn for mere empty descent; or contemplate with more indignation a base disposition, low manners, and depraved conduct, when combined with an illustrious genealogy and high and ancient titles! But I have resolved, as I have said before in the very article of the Warrens, never to encumber this work with such dry, meagre, ungrateful, and perhaps useless discussions!

The Biographical Memoirs, I have inserted, have been principally drawn from the minute and intelligent inquiries, and indefatigable labours of Oldys, preserved in the interleaved copy of his Langbaine. Many of them are curious, and though parts have already been given to the public in the Biographia Dramatica, yet as they are the originals from whence that work borrowed them, it became not only amusing but useful to record them in their own form and words.

On the subject of Political Arithmetic I have en-

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deavoured to give a chronological catalogue of the leading books, intermixed with remarks and characters. This may seem to many a very meagre and unsatisfactory labour. But (as Oldys cites from Lord Bacon) "learned men want such inventories of every thing in art and nature, as rich men have of their estates." When we first enter on any branch of study, it is palpably useful, to have the authors, to whom we should resort, pointed out to us. "Through the defect of such intelligence, in its proper extent," says Oldys, "how many authors have we, who are consuming their time, their quiet, and their wits, in searching after either what is past finding, or already found? In admiring at the penetrations themselves have made, though to the rind only, in those very branches of science, which their forefathers have pierced to the pith? And how many who would be authors, as excellent as ever appeared, had they but such plans or models laid before them, as might induce them to marshal their thoughts into a regular order; or did they but know where to meet with concurrence of opinion, with arguments, authorities, or examples to corroborate and ripen their teeming conceptions?"

Political Arithmetic is a science, which I regret my inability and want of leisure to pursue with adequate attention. Its results are highly important in the present state of this country. But I cannot boast that they are as consolatory as they are important. Mr. Edward King some years ago published a pamphlet* to prove the utility of the National Debt; and I be-

* Considerations on the utility of the National Debt, &c. 1793, 8vo.

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lieve his arguments went to prove its increase a benefit: but he does not seem to have viewed the subject in a light sufficiently comprehensive. An increase of the circulating medium is surely not an increase of the national wealth. In some respects it may facilitate the production of wealth; but in others it destroys it. The augmentation of the nominal price of labour nd raw materials must injure the vent of our manufactures in foreign markets, and tend to decrease a favourable balance of trade. Nor is this the only evil. If the national riches remain the same, which is asserted, because it is said that what is paid by one part of the nation is received by another, (an assertion not accurately true, because foreigners carry away large dividends which they may have bought at inadequate prices), yet there is an evil of most serious magnitude in thus forcing property to change hands. Society is thus turned topsy-turvy; there is no permanence in rank or in estates; adventurers and stockjobbers rise above all that is venerable for wisdom or virtue or station; and the people habituated to a constant sight of changes lose all reverence for establishments, and become ripe for insurrections, revolutions, and plunder.

It seems, as if the possessors of substantial property were now mere holders for the benefit of those who deal in ideal capital. And this misfortune is aggravated by the terrific monopoly of these dealers; and the height to which the ingenious system of their artifices is carried: so that while the nation are suffering all the ill consequences of an highly augmented circulating medium, all, except a few of the initi-

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ated members of this traffic, are incurring the injuries of a scarcity of this commodity.

Such at least is the momentary view, which presents itself to me, of this very weighty subject. It is possible that a longer and less distracted attention might induce me to see it in a different light.

Of our trade there is no branch of more importance than our woollen manufacture, and none of which there are memoirs so profound and satisfactory as those of Smith. But it may be doubted whether all the legislative provisions on this subject have been as wise as they might have been. The impediments which the monopolizing spirit of commerce has thrown on the exportation of wool have undoubtedly operated as a discouragement to its growth. Still the increase of the foreign vent of this manufacture has been gradual, as appears by the following statements.

Woollen Exports.

	£.	s.	d.
1662—1668, about	900,000	0	0
1699—1701-2	2,561,615	0	0
1737-8	4,158,643	17	0*
Average of 1769-70-71	4,323,463	0	0
Average of 1790-91-92	5,056,733	0	0†

What has been the subsequent increase I am not at this moment prepared to state, though the rise of

* Smith's Chron. Rust. II. 510.

† Chalmers's Estimate, 1802, p. 208.

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the general amount of our export trade in British manufactures, of which this forms a considerable part, has been undoubtedly large. The increase I think of the amount of 1799 above that of 1784 was £8,337,663.

The corn-trade and corn-laws have been profoundly investigated by Charles Smith. But nearly fifty years have passed since his tracts were first published; and perhaps there has now arisen much matter for additional disquisition. It strikes me that the country banks did materially contribute to augment the prices of corn in the last war; and that the dangerous, because too sudden, change of their conduct, the consequence of the new mode of managing the money-market in London, has since tended to reduce those prices as much too low, as they were before too high. That, whatever be the increase of the issues of paper money, the evils of an impeded circulation are alarmingly felt, is demonstrable from the diminished price of land, which has fallen since the accession of the Addington administration, from a free sale at upwards of thirty years purchase to less than twenty-seven, at which price much land remains unsold for want of purchasers. This is a gloomy symptom, which has never before occurred, since the termination of the American war.

There are one or two more topics on which it may be proper to say a few words. The Essay by Evelyn on the advantages of an Active Life opposed to Solitude suggests many topics worthy of meditation. It cannot be denied, that in the exercise of the duties of a public station, and in the collision of society, there

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are many pleasures, and many benefits to be gained. The ill Spirits which inhabit retirement are neither few nor insignificant. Languor, Spleen, Misanthropy, Sameness, Grief, Fear, Melancholy, and others of that family, are too often found in the abodes of Loneliness. But on the other hand the noblest virtues flourish best in that soil. The sublimest efforts of the mind, and exertions of the heart can only be nurtured amid the silence of woods, and the recluse charms of Nature. Mr. Evelyn seems to have taken the other side of the question only for the purpose of trying his ingenuity; for all the habits of his life disprove his sincerity on this occasion. The works which his Solitude produced have spread far beyond the narrow sphere of individual action and the short span of human life; and his knowledge and his sentiments yet survive in books the registers of his private occupations.

Of the few original articles in this volume it would not become the author to speak. They were introduced for the sake of variety; and partly perhaps to shew that the writer of them is not totally incapable of sometimes rising above the humble merits of a mere transcriber.

If there be any, and I suspect there are very many, who think the publications of their own age sufficient to enlighten the mind and charm the fancy, and that the revival of obsolete volumes, and the rescue of the ponderous black-letter tomes of more laborious times from the dust of the shelf, is an useless waste of toil and expence, it will not be illiberal to assert that these censurers possess but a very limited acquaintance

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with the history of the human intellect, and have obtained but an inadequate idea of the force and varieties of language. The literature of every period intermixes in its character a tendency to some peculiar faults and corruptions which they, whose habits are exclusively confined to it, will never detect. It is by comparison and contrast that these vices are rendered glaring, and the taste continues acute and sound. But wisdom and erudition are the accumulation of ages, and how can he appreciate the merits of a modern writer, who is unacquainted with the matter or manners of his predecessors. "Doctrina," says my predecessor and relation*, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, in the preface to his Censura Celebriorum Authorum, "Doctrina non sine summo studio et vigiliis paratur. Putare homines divino afflatu doctos fieri, Fanaticorum est; etiam poeta frustra nascitur, nisi ad præclaram indolem accesserit industria. Atque hinc est, quod pauci revera docti sint, (quicquid crepent scioli) quoniam laborem atque operam ferre nequeunt. Ut autem maximum, quantum fieri potest, fructum ex lectione perciperes, quendam tibi authorum delectum, deque iis varia doctissimorum hominum judicia proposui; quæ si inter se diligenter contuleris, et tuum ipse judicium acuere et confirmare poteris; et nunquam in nullius pretii scriptoribus evolvendis oleum atque operam perdes. Quod enim ad ipsius operis rationem spectat; hoc se maxime nomine commendat; quod inde tibi Bibliothecam instruere possis; quam ad rem notitia autorum apprime utilis ac necessaria; quæ nisi adfuerit, sæpe evenit, ut homines in libris comparan-

* Half-brother to the present writer's great grandmother.

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dis et tempore simul et nummis fraudentur. Huic igitur incommodo ut occurrerem, hunc laborem exantlavi.'

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Oct. 19, 1805.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME II. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

I FEEL some satisfaction in having brought this Work to the conclusion of a second volume. From its very nature, it must become more useful in proportion to its extent; and in a moderate course of time, if its progress shall receive as much encouragement as its commencement, will embrace the account of no small Library of curious, or useful publications, of which the lapse of years has latterly confined the knowledge to the diligence of expensive collectors, or of the researchers into forgotten literature.

If the larger part of the scarce books noticed in this volume, belong to the department of Old English Poetry, the reader, who has any acquaintance with my habits, or those of my principal Correspondents, will scarcely wonder at it. By the aid of those Correspondents, I have brought forward a description of some tracts of uncommon rarity, even among the best informed Bibliographers. The "*Chips*" and the "*Challenge*" of Churchyard, the poems of Verstegan, and the Satire of Roy on Cardinal Wolsey, in particular, are of such unusual occurrence, that they may be deemed almost inaccessible. The memorial of these, at least, therefore, and others of the same sort, will, I trust, be considered as a grateful service to all minds embued with a spirit of liberal investigation.

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In studying the varieties of the human intellect, every one who reflects deeply, will open old books with the most poignant interest, as the registers of the movements of departed minds. And what a superiority does this circumstance give to authors above all other votaries of fame! When their bodies are mouldering in the dust, when the eye can no longer beam intelligence, nor the tongue speak, their thoughts still survive; their language yet lives; and their eloquence still exalts our understandings, or melts our hearts!

It is however well-known, that books not unfrequently become neglected, and then scarce, from causes totally unconnected with want of merit. It is indeed notorious, that the extent, to which a work is originally circulated, too often depends more on the mechanical means used to push it abroad, than its own intrinsic worth. What is most calculated to be popular, is commonly superficial; and unless where authority supersedes the real taste of the generality, many a curious and many a profound work is first unnoticed, and then lost.

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

But the flowers of the mind, the gems of fancy and sentiment, which lie buried in the gloom and dust of ancient libraries, or entombed in the sepulchral pages of Black Letter Printers, it is my humble, though perhaps Quixotic, endeavour to rescue from undeserved obscurity.

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Yet let it not be suspected, that I am so prejudiced as to think that all wisdom, and all genius, were exhausted with the ages that have past away. Every year exhibits proofs, that both Imagination and Learning are still in full vigour in this country. And if I feel a strong delight in discovering to the world the merit of some rare piece of literary antiquity, I open and peruse with at least equal avidity, and zest, the compositions of my cotemporaries, which almost every month produces.

I think Gibbon has said he would not exchange his love of reading, for all the riches of the East. The sentiment is not only noble, but just. What pleasure is so pure, so cheap, so constant, so independent, so worthy a rational being? But we cannot mingle much with mankind, without meeting, among a large proportion of those, with whom we are conversant, an opinion expressed, or implied, that books are, for the most part, an useless incumbrance upon our time and our faculties. They value nothing which does not increase, what they call, practical wisdom, and which does not tend to advance them in life, by rendering them expert in the common affairs of daily occurrence.

It must be admitted that books, more especially with those, who are much occupied by them, seldom produce these effects. They rather abstract the mind, and absorb those minute attentions to surrounding trifles, which are momentarily necessary for one, who would obtain the credit of the mob, for possessing what they are pleased to denominate "good common sense."

There have been various definitions of common

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sense. It appears to me, to mean nothing more than an uneducated judgment, arising from a plain and coarse understanding, exercised upon common concerns, and rendered effective rather by experience, than by any regular process of the intellectual powers. If this be the proper meaning of that quality, we cannot wonder that books are little fitted for its cultivation. Nor is the deficiency at all discreditable to them.

The persons, who thus censure them, have but very superficially estimated the capacities, or the purposes of our mental endowments. They little conceive the complicated duties of society, and indescribable variety of stations, for which the human faculties require to be adapted. If the most numerous portion of mankind, are only called on to move in a narrow circle, and to perform their limited part with (what I shall venture to call) a selfish propriety, there are others, to whom higher tasks are assigned; whose lot it is to teach rather than to act; and to contribute to that acuteness, enlargement, and elevation of intellect, by which morals and legislation are improved, and the manners and habits of a kingdom refined and exalted.

It will surely be unnecessary to use any arguments in favour of a truth so obvious, as that these purposes must be principally effected by books. In books, the powers of the mind are carried farthest, and exhibited to most advantage. How indigested, how tautologous, how imperfect, but above all how fugitive, is oral information! The same luminous arrangement, the same rejection of superfluities, the same cohesion of parts, nay the same depth of

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thought, the same extent of comprehension, and richness and perspicuity of detail, is impossible.

Through books we converse with the dead; bring remote ages to communicate with each other; and impel the selected wisdom of distant periods into collision. Through books, we preserve memorials of the progress of language, the gradual refinements of sentiment, and the changes of time. If it would gratify us to call up those who have slept for centuries in the cold tomb, that we might listen to their opinions, and be instructed by their information, do not old books produce to us much of the same effect? By a recovered volume of ancient date we often draw back the veil of oblivion, and unfold the secrets of the grave. We find the record of some name, that has long been buried; some proof of intellectual vigour; some animated touch of the heart; and thus we seem to repeople the world with some of its departed inhabitants.

But among books how immeasurable is the variety and distance, between the good and the bad; between the heavy masses of the laborious compiler, or the dull narrator of facts, and the inspired sentiment, and living imagery of the great poet! The latter indeed lives too much "in the blaze of his own flame" to require the aid of collateral light to draw attention to him. Yet there are many intermediate degrees of excellence, that need to be rescued from among the forgotten spoils of age.

I believe Mr. Malone somewhere calls Churchyard a poetaster; but surely he had some merits above those of a poetaster. It is true that his poverty seems to have urged him to write a great deal too

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much; and sometimes too meanly; and whoever has an opportunity of inspecting the greater part of his very rare publications will probably find many trifles, and much contemptible trash among them; but the writer of *The Legend of Jane Shore* was certainly not deficient in genius, and amongst his other pamphlets I have no doubt that there will at least be found many curious notices of the times. The same remarks may be made on Wither, who lived half a century after him; but Wither's pretensions to genius are still less doubtful. His writings were equally multifarious; and many of them still more objectionable, because they were dictated by party virulence and sectarian cant; but amongst his numerous verses, which he seems to have scribbled with endless profusion, and with a total disregard to the art of blotting, there are entire compositions, which could not have proceeded, but from one, who was endowed with a strong poetical spirit. In those instances he is generally characterized by an easy elegance, and a copiousness of unaffected sentiment. A man of real taste, who has an opportunity of comparing all his publications, many of which can now seldom be met with, would do an acceptable service to the literary world, by giving a judicious selection from them.*

Many pages of this volume, and some will think too many, have been occupied in a digested Catalogue of early books on English Agriculture. But the subject is both interesting and useful: and I suspect that an accurate examination of these works, will prove that the present age has not all the claims

* The Editor has himself since reprinted Wither's *Shepherd's Hunting*; his *Fidelia*; and his *Hymns and Songs of the Church*. 1815.

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to discovery in this science, to which it has made pretensions. It is true that the knowledge is more generally diffused and put into practice; but the theory of most of the great principles was as well known in the time of Fitzherbert as it is now. It is a great misfortune that we have lately had a large number of authors on this subject, who have ventured to write, before they have studied, or endeavoured to learn what has been already said by their predecessors. Hence we have been disgusted and satiated with the publications of uneducated farmers, whose heads have been turned by seeing their own crude conceptions in print, and fancying themselves enlightened legislators, desirous and capable of reforming errors and abuses, which their own narrow and partial views of things have exaggerated, or invented. I am not so unreasonable as to expect in every writer on Husbandry the elegance and the genius of the Georgics: but I think it would be well, if some little acquaintance with literature, some slight skill in composition, were generally required from these presumptuous consumers of paper and print. The List I have given will prove that the matter was ordered far otherwise in former times: then Judges, and Poets, and Statesmen, and great classical scholars, alone, ventured to occupy this department of knowledge. Very few moderns, except Walter Harte, have trod in their steps: and what an interesting book has that accomplished scholar produced? Instead of crude assertions, of which the triteness is disguised only by vulgarity of language, we have extent of erudition, justness of thought, vigour of sentiment, and beauty of expression: both theories and experiments are traced to their origin

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through flowery and classical paths; and the deductions of reason are confirmed by the authority of ages, and their uninterrupted progress along the stream of Time. But how can rude wits venture to treat of this innocent and sublime art;—this art "so intimately blended with the most touching emotions of the soul, and most brilliant imagery of the fancy?" Which "is altogether conversant among the fields, and woods, and has the most delightful part of Nature in its province; which raises in our minds a pleasing variety of scenes and landscapes, while it teaches us; and makes the driest of its precepts look like a description*?" "Virgil (says Dryden) seems to think that the blessings of a country life are not complete, without an improvement of knowledge by contemplation and reading.

"O fortunatos nimium, bona si sua norint,
Agricolas!

"It is but half possession not to understand that happiness which we possess: a foundation of good sense and a cultivation of learning, are required to give a seasoning to retirement, and make us taste the blessing. Eden was not made for beasts, though they were suffered to live in it, but for their master, who studied God in the works of his creation. Neither could the devil have been happy there with all his knowledge; for he wanted innocence to make him so. He brought envy, malice, and ambition into paradise, which soured to him the sweetness of the place. Wherever inordinate affections are, it is

* Addison.

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hell. Such only can enjoy the country, who are capable of thinking when they are there, and have left their passions behind them in the town. Then they are prepared for solitude; and in that solitude is prepared for them

"Et secura quies, et nescia fallere vita*."

I am sorry that my present volume contains so few articles of History. It is my intention to make amends for this defect in the next. For if historians have not often written with that force of penetration, and eloquence of reflection, which give such interest to the higher efforts of the mind, we cannot survey even the indigested materials of the dullest memorialist, without drawing from them many rich materials for thought, and many results of experience, which will extend and increase our practical wisdom. Of productions in this department those alone are more mischievous than useful, which, being without the foundation of proper documents and authorities, flow from the pens of mercenary writers, to gratify the indiscriminate curiosity of common readers. For the defects of these no ease or elegance of style can make amends; founded as they are in vulgar errors and mere popular and temporary prejudices. The invaluable State-Papers and Memorials, relating to the period of Sir Robert Walpole's Administration, which have lately been brought to light by Mr. Coxe, have exhibited proofs of many striking instances of this kind in our common histories of that time. And in how different a light from

* Dedication of the Georgics to Lord Chesterfield.

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that of vulgar authors, did Lord Hailes's publication of Cecil's Secret Correspondence represent a most important point of the life of the great Sir Walter Raleigh!

But my limits will not allow me to extend this Preface farther. I have now therefore only to return thanks to my Correspondents; and though the delicacy of my friends, Mr. Park and Mr. Gilchrist, would be offended at my dwelling too largely on the subject, I must say, that to their constant aid I am indebted for the most valuable parts of my work. There is indeed one friend, the companion of my early studies, the correspondent of my youth, the severe director of my first efforts as an author, but who long since has left me behind him in that road of ambition, in which I earnestly hope that he will attain the exalted station he merits; to him I dare not express with more particularity the obligations, which I feel to him, for having stolen an hour from his more important occupations, to add variety to my pages, by an article containing abstruse information of singular interest, which few, if any, besides himself could have imparted.

May this volume, though it is far from satisfying the wishes or the hopes of the Editor, be received with as much candour as the former!

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

April 21, 1806.

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PREFATORY SONNET

TO

VOLUME III. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

HERE ye, who love to tear Oblivion's veil
From the chill tomb, and strew fresh flowers around,
Where ancient sages slumber in the ground,
Come, join with me, and listen to the tale,
Which bids neglected Worth no more bewail
Her fate obscure; and calls the lyre to sound
Notes long forgot, while, with new laurels crown'd,
Old bards their renovated lustre hail!
Hark! the grave opens; the departed seer
Weaves the gay fancies of his mind again:
Breathe the soft tones once more, that drew the tear
From melting virgins in Eliza's reign!
O listen to the lore, and fan the flame,
That consecrates long-buried Worth to fame!

December 22, 1806.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME IV. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

AT the commencement of a new series of this work it may be proper to say something in explanation of the purposes which I have endeavoured to effect by the enlargement of my plan.

The habitual demands of literary curiosity seem to require a monthly, rather than a less frequent, publication: to this stated time, they who indulge themselves in periodical productions of the press, are accustomed to look; and a longer delay therefore forms a material impediment to their circulation. With this conviction I resolved, at the opening of the present year, regardless of my own labour, even amid a variety of other occupations, to produce a Number every month; and I did it the more willingly, because it would give me an opportunity of intermixing and contrasting, with the BLACK-LETTER materials which had hitherto almost engrossed my pages, a due proportion of modern literature.

On this scheme I have, after candid allowances for the imperfectness by which we too generally fall short in the execution of what we may have vigorously planned, brought this volume to a close. It

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is, no doubt, but a faint copy of what I had hoped to have done; and perhaps no one of its readers will be more sensible of its various defects than the author himself. For these, illness, perplexities of mind, and private business, will furnish no just apology, because they only remove the blame to the rashness of the attempt. I would rather throw myself on the mercy of those enlarged minds which know the difficulties of such undertakings; and for the rest, I am prepared to endure with silent fortitude the pert or acrimonious censures of the half-witted or malignant.

The subjects to which I have most wished to give the new space, are Sketches of Literary Biography. These, if executed with spirit and judgment, appear to me at once highly amusing, and highly instructive. If it be true, that

"The proper study of mankind is man,"

surely the account of those men, who most excel in intellect, the quality which principally lifts human beings above other terrestrial animals, is of the most important interest. We are anxious to know the opinions, and moral and mental habits, of those who have been distinguished for the powers of the head, and the sensibilities of the heart. We delight to bask in the rays of light they throw around them; and we feel a pleasing pity, and perhaps a strange mixture of self-consolation, in contemplating their eccentricities, and even their occasional weaknesses and foibles. A generous admiration of merit, a breast glowing with liberal sentiments, and fired with sympathy for the romantic effusions of the poet,

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are necessary qualifications for him, who would enter on the arduous task of sketching the characters of Genius. For this purpose, a new apparatus of common-place and uninteresting facts is not necessary: many daily occupations, many familiar events, the most original and eccentric bard must experience in common with the vulgar herd of mankind. We look to the peculiar traits of mind, to those happier hours of abstraction of the soul, or when the bosom is surrendered up to a delicious tenderness, for the ingredients of a portrait worthy of him who deserves to be commemorated. I have therefore had the presumption to suppose, that without possessing any other documents than those already before the public, I might seize and combine into groups such a variety of intellectual features as might not only have the charm of novelty, but exhibit important pictures of the powers and tendencies of literary eminence.

Have I vainly flattered myself that such an enlargement of my original design forms a pleasing contrast to the heavy, though useful, notices, which black-letter researches afford? Will it be deemed an unpardonable ambition, to have aspired occasionally to higher tasks than copying old title-pages, and transcribing long specimens of obsolete books? I consider the labour of reviving the unjustly-forgotten works of our ancestors, both generous and beneficial; but I can never commend the narrow and pedantic spirit, which limits all excellence to the ages that have long passed away, and beholds whatever is modern with silly and affected scorn. It is by the perpetual intermixture and comparison with

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each other, that a new charm is given to both; that the faults of each are corrected; and all the varieties of language and sentiment are brought into a common stock.

Actuated by this conviction I have, in addition to the memoirs, begun a series of Moral Essays, under the title of THE RUMINATOR. Among these I trust that, by the assistance of a very able friend who will not permit his name to be mentioned, I have been the means of conveying to the public at least some good papers. For my own, I must confess that I have not hitherto in any degree satisfied my wishes or expectations: but I yet believe, that the private causes of my inability of exertion, which I had hoped would not have occurred, will not continue; and that I shall henceforth be able to produce something nearer the standard of my own hopes.

When, however, I turn my eye backward upon the many scarce and interesting works which have been registered in these four volumes, and when I compare what has been done in them, with what has been attempted by those, who have had better opportunities, as well as the advantage of the previous labours of this publication, I own I feel some pride; not on account of the humble part I have performed myself, but of the valuable communications I have been the means of drawing from others better qualified. To many ingenious correspondents I am indebted for various and continued assistance: but to my friend Mr. Park in particular, whose acquaintance with curious libraries, and astonishing extent and accuracy of bibliographical knowledge, more especially on the subject of old English poetry, are

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far beyond my powers of praise, I feel it a duty to make this acknowledgment. To him I owe a numerous and rich series of articles, most of which nobody but himself could have communicated, and all of which must be received, by those whose curiosity is excited to congenial researches, with constant and unabated interest. On these I may confidently rely to secure a permanent value to my work: and when it is known that they have been furnished with never-ceasing regularity and copiousness amid the most constant and fatiguing undertakings of his own; while with a fidelity and industry seldom equalled, and never exceeded, he was carrying through the press his augmented and most rich edition of Lord Orford's *Royal and Noble Authors*, which has just made its appearance; collating the text for Sharpe's beautiful Collection of English Poets; and aiding the inquiries of a large literary acquaintance, who are in the habit of applying for his aid; the simple statement will exhibit traits of character, which do not require any comment. I know the diffidence of my friend will shrink from this acknowledgment with hesitation, and perhaps with momentary anger; but it is thus that I am resolved to prove my consciousness of what I owe him, and not to assume to myself the merits which belong to another. To him I am happy to say, that the public may now look for a new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry, to which he will bring a perfect and intimate acquaintance with the recondite materials used by that ingenious and powerful, but sometimes too hasty, critic; and an accuracy of collation, and congeniality

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of feeling, eminently fitted for so arduous and important a task.

There are perhaps some few, I hope not many, among my readers, who require to be reminded of the candour and indulgence due to the errors of inadvertence and haste, which must necessarily occur in a periodical publication. Such I have too frequent occasion to perceive and lament; but I am sure that they will afford no cause of triumph or insult to the generous and enlarged mind. Petty critics may seize upon them as their prey; pedantic ill-temper may magnify them into proofs of dulness or ignorance; but these are flies, or wasps which may be easily brushed away, without disturbing the quiet of an enlightened spirit.

When I hear whispers of dryness and want of interest in this work, I sometimes ask, what such unreasonable censurers expect. Do they hope for a book of merry tales? Or do they think that the quaint title of some obsolete volume is to be made a peg to hang a set of flippant jests upon? Or a piquant disquisition worked up with all the flowers of modern rhetoric? It may be the defect of the uncommon gravity of my nature; but I will not conceal, that of all things a joke out of place is to me the most odious! And in a work, which proposes for its main object a register of the titles, contents, and specimens of scarce or neglected volumes, the reader who expects to be entertained by the editor's witticisms, or relies on any other amusement, than what results from the gratification of curious research, deserves to be disappointed. To those who read merely for the purpose of filling up a passing hour, who are not desir-

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ous of a just or permanent impression either on the head or heart, but seek to have their fancies tickled for a moment by the high-seasoned charms of meretricious composition, or the pungent asperities of degrading malice, I have neither the ability, nor the wish to recommend myself.

I suspect that a good taste seldom exists, where a good heart is wanting. That sensibility, which is its fountain, becomes degraded by vicious thinking, still more perhaps than by vicious conduct; at least infinitely more, than by the occasional indulgence of vice, on the pressure of accidental and passing temptations. Great scholars therefore are not always more pure in their literary judgments, than the half-learned amateurs, whom they despise. The memory may be marvellously stored with Latin and Greek, without one generous emotion of the bosom, or one responsive emotion at the quiverings of genius. These things perhaps with perfect readiness, and in every varied combination,

"Play round the head, but come not to the heart."

Such men will continue to think with the vulgar, wherever they have the boldness to indulge their undisguised opinions. Their authority therefore can add little weight to the scale into which it is thrown. I remember in my earlier days, when at Cambridge, more than one character of this sort, who appeared to me to do much injury by arrogating an influence over the minds of others, to which they were by no means entitled.

If industry be considered inconsistent with genius,

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if what is sound and faithful be therefore deemed dull, I am fearful that I must plead guilty to the charge of being a very stupid and heavy compiler. Still, delusive as may be my hopes, I will flatter myself, that I am performing a task, of which the value will hereafter be better estimated; and that, when these meteors are passed away, my steadier labours will be classed among the useful, if not the brilliant, works of my cotemporaries.

In the present age, we are as anxious to become acquainted with the modes of thinking, and expression, of former centuries, as of our own day. He, therefore, who endeavours to give facility to these inquiries, by labour, for which he can only be repaid by the esteem of those, whom he assists, merits at least a liberal reception. For me, whose life is principally spent in a deep solitude, which has given me an opportunity of yielding myself up to that intense love of books, which I have felt from my very boyhood, I doubt if I could exist without the balm of literature; without a perpetual renovation of that mental food, which wraps me for a time in forgetfulness of sorrows and perplexities, such as it has been the lot of few to encounter! Sometimes indeed the delusion is dangerous; and only defers the evil, to enable it "to deal the mightier blow." But what years of grief and anxiety does it while away! What wounds does it heal! What hours of pure and exalted virtue does it give! The feast therefore that I seek from others, I am willing to attempt to prepare for them. By this reflection I feel repaid for much and repeated labour; for some weary and some in-

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convenient hours; for some occasional abridgment of my private pleasures, and sometimes perhaps a little sacrifice of my health. But my views at least are generous, if mistaken; and the private friendships which this work has procured me, are alone an ample recompence for all my toils.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, 26 April, 1807.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME V. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

A SPACE has been left for a Preface, and I am called on to fill it up; but, alas! I have little to say, but to thank my kind Correspondents, to whom the Bibliographical part of this volume is almost entirely indebted; more especially my liberal and learned coadjutor Mr. PARK, and his able friend Mr. HASLEWOOD, whose various articles in each number need not be pointed out to my readers.

I have been called on also to give the conclusion of the *Poem on Retirement*. This debt, I trust, I shall likewise be able to pay ere long. At present a fever on my spirits, and an unconquerable anxiety of mind, render me not only incapable of performing any promises of this kind; but even of expressing an apology for my omissions.

This, however, is a strain, in which I am aware that I must not indulge. There is nothing more offensive to the public than the language of complaint; and whatever a man has undertaken, he will be expected to execute in spite of all obstacles.

Yet some allowance every liberal mind will concede in favour of a periodical work, and of the *individual*, who, committing his name, has felt the

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generous inclination to attempt the *monthly* amusement or information of the public, regardless of the avocations, of which he must have been in some degree aware.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Aug. 24, 1807.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME VI. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

THE result of the sale of the library of the amiable, industrious, and intelligent Isaac Reed, has been a gratifying confirmation, that this work has been mainly directed to subjects, which the united knowledge of those best versed in Old English Bibliography has deemed most rare and valuable. The vast prices, for which a great proportion of the books registered in this work, sold on that occasion, must, in candour, be admitted to prove that the present volumes are calculated to indulge a liberal curiosity, which none but two or three rich and fortunate collectors could otherwise have the power of answering.

For this I am indebted in the first place to my learned and most amiable friend, Mr. PARK; and in the present and preceding volume to the constant and zealous assistance of Mr. HASLEWOOD, of Conduit Street, of whose exertions in the midst of his professional pursuits it is not easy to speak in adequate terms of acknowledgment. To many other correspondents I am obliged for much valuable aid. Of the very profound and excellent contributions from Norwich, I am fearful of speaking as warmly as I think of them, lest I should offend the delicacy

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of a venerable scholar,* to whom I am a stranger. Every man acquainted with sacred or classical literature will appreciate their value.

For my own part of the present volume I have little to plead. The times of peace and leisure, with which I had flattered myself from year to year, and month to month, are not yet arrived. I drag on my days in solicitude and perturbation; the mark of calumny; the prey of disappointment; the victim of intrigue and oppression. Extortion and legal robbery are not ashamed to avow their triumphs over me; and revenge is allowed to commit her insults unpunished, and even disregarded. But never will I resign the rights of my inheritance; nor the dear domain of my fathers; while I have a voice to speak, or a pen to write! Would that I dared at present to say more; but the cold-hearted will, I know, bitterly condemn me for having already said too much.

"And what has this to do," cries some beetle-brow'd critic, "with the preface to your volume?"—Gentle Reader, who hast a bosom of sensibility, and a cultivated intellect, I appeal to you, if it has not much to do with it! I am apologizing for my languors, my inabilities, and my distractions. And surely thou wilt feel some sympathy for my sorrows, and make some allowance for my defects.

If in truth a premature old age is creeping upon me: if the alarming indolence which I have felt of late, is never again to be shaken off; and my humble faculties are to recover their usual tone no more, the signal of retreat is arrived. But "Hope still travels on;" and I am unwilling to close my labours. In the

* Rev. F. Howes, since deceased.

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ardour of enthusiasm I formerly deemed no literary toil too great; and was happy as long as I could have books to think and write upon.

My ardour is gone; I only wish to wander in the woods, or dig in the fields without a purpose; and then sleep when I am fatigued; and thus while away the remnant of my life in an innocent and peaceful obscurity. If I could but pass my future time in this way in the beloved shades of my nativity, I should be happy. Or I may exclaim with Cowper;

> "O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
> My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
> Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
> There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
> It does not feel for man. The nat'ral bond
> Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax,
> That falls asunder at the touch of fire."

It is most melancholy, that literary pursuits, of all others, attach least good-will among the common members of society. The hours of the studious are spent alone; they cannot descend to the arts of intrigue and solicitation; they cannot lose their time in those petty offices, by which interest is conciliated, and a contemptible importance obtained; they cannot be foremost in the circles of country-squires; and obstreperous at Quarter-sessions, and Justice-meetings; they cannot keep up the honour of a family by

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their punctuality in *Lunar* Visitations, nor get the character of extreme good-breeding by a cold and prudental reserve; by never pressing an unpopular argument, venting an unfashionable feeling, or speaking their real opinions with frankness and honesty.

And is no one to succeed in life, who cannot conform to these things? Can his interest be preserved no longer than while he is a slave to it? Are there no other principles to direct the justice or kindness of the world than those of flattery, and a narrow and interested individual preference? He, whose enlarged ambition is employed in informing or amusing the public, ought in return to obtain the public esteem and protection. He should not be abandoned, neglected, supplanted, and trod upon!

I have been interrupted in this Preface, at a point when I had not an hour to spare, by the receipt of Mr. Southey's two volumes of "*Remains of Henry Kirke White*," and they who know me will know that I could not proceed a step till I had read them through! In the highly interesting and admirable Memoir, which accompanies this publication, there is a passage which, if it be well-founded, puts much of what I have already written to shame. "It has been too much the custom," says Mr. Southey, "to complain that genius is neglected, and to blame the public, when the public is not in fault. They who are thus lamented as the victims of genius, have been in almost every instance, the victims of their own vices; while genius has been made, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins, and to excuse that which in reality

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it aggravates. In this age, and in this country, whoever deserves encouragement, is sooner or later sure to receive it." But how often is fame posthumous? Nay, was it not too much so with Henry Kirke White? I will confess, for one, that neither his reputation, nor his merits were known to me till his death! And is it sufficient,

"To deck the cold insensate grave with bays?"

I embrace this late opportunity of expressing my veneration of his almost unexampled prematurity of genius; and his numerous excellencies of head and heart. There are, I think, among these *Remains* a few of the most exquisite pieces* in the whole body of English poetry. Conjoined with an easy and flowing fancy, they possess the charm of a peculiar moral delicacy, often conveyed in a happy and inimitable simplicity of language. But I trust I shall hereafter have an opportunity at a moment of more leisure, and in a more proper place, to speak more fully on this subject.

I earnestly hope that Mr. Southey's remarks may be just; and that the opinions, with which I am impressed, may be nothing more than the gloomy colours of a sick and over-wearied mind.

For me, I expect but little; I am aware that I have no claim but for my industry; or rather for the recollection of the industry, which I once had (for it is now, alas! departed)—and for my unfeigned *love* of the Muse! In my days of youthful hope, I aspired to

* Three of the poems, among which is one of the very best Sonnets in the language, were, by Mr. Southey's kindness, inserted in a former volume of the CENSURA LITERARIA.

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loftier distinctions; I did not then bound my wishes to the character of an humble suitor; I had the presumption to expect I should share the Muse's favours. It is past; and I must be content, if I find a niche among the compilers of dull catalogues, and the copiers of obsolete verses, which have been forgotten, because they did not deserve preservation.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Dec. 27, 1807.

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FOUR PREFATORY SONNETS

TO

VOLUME VII. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

I.

A voice has told me that I toil in vain;
That day to day, and year to year to lose
In rescuing notes of the forgotten Muse,
Is tedious trifling, and unthrifty pain!
There are, I know, who in their pride disdain
These stores of ancient treasure to peruse;
And rather deem, that in Castalian dews
None e'er was steep'd except the modern strain.
O narrow Censors! to whose view, the mind,
Tho' with each flower of time and fashion crown'd,
Yet to one dull unchanging path confin'd;
One form of phrase, one track of thought must bound!
Be mine to toil, tho' Scorn those toils deface,
Thro' all the varying realms of Time and Space!

April 22, 1808.

II.

Tho' no kind Muse has smil'd upon my birth;
Nor prosperous Fortune shot a transient light
Thro' the black clouds that gather round my sight;
Yet still I strive to dress my soul with worth,
That shall exceed the praise, so rife on earth,
Labouring to cultivate the inward sprite
For those empyreal scenes, where is no night,
And living streams allow no thirst, or dearth!
Then, when some cynic glancing on my toil,
"Is this the fruit?" shall in contempt exclaim;
"For this the lonely day, the midnight oil,
The pallid cheek, and the enfeebled frame?"
"The struggle's mine," I cry in virtue bold,
"For wreaths thou canst not give, nor canst withhold!"

April 22, 1808.

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III.

As years have o'er me roll'd, and I begin
Descend the vale of life, methinks, the fire
Of my uneasy bosom should retire;
And, 'stead of flames and tossing storms, within
A calm its soothing influence should win!
I seek the Muse; I seize the slighted lyre,
With strains of joy and pleasure to inspire,
And call my thoughts from the vile worldling's din.
But, oh, how vain! my irritable eye
Catches new beams of insult, and of hate;
Deep in my aching heart new sorrows sigh;
And fresh neglects increasing ire create.
"Are these the fruits of all thy added store?
Is this the boast of thy proud Learning's lore?"
April 23, 1808.

IV.

In continuance of the Third Sonnet.

O yes! for still it may my heart relieve,
To listen to the lore that never lies;
And still, by fits, my soul's emotions rise
Up to those heights, where guile cannot deceive,
Nor human ills with base resentment grieve;
Tho' spite of that sublime advice, which tries
To strip our grovelling views of all disguise,
This frail machine some earth-born sighs may heave!
O blame not Learning's page, and Fancy's Song,
That they cannot create mankind anew;
And lift this mould of clay to that bright throng,
Where angels none but heavenly aims pursue.
'Tis no small praise, if they the mind refine,
E'en with faint glimmerings of the ray divine!
April 23, 1808.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME VIII. OF THE FIRST EDITION

WHOEVER shall hereafter look into these volumes, and I trust there will be many who will be tempted to turn to them, will find a storehouse of recondite materials, which surely will not be denied to be very useful to the rational antiquary. The progress of language is the progress of the human mind; manners, sentiment, genius, and learning, are all intimately and inseparably connected with it. Narrow indeed is the intellect of him, whose knowledge and taste are confined to the productions of a single age.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the causes why books, which are in many points of view curious and valuable, become obsolete, forgotten, and difficult of access. That, which, in the period immediately succeeding its own, is of little interest or use, obtains, in the lapse of time, new attractions by the contrast which it exhibits to the present; but, in the intervening period of its depression and neglect, its copies have been wasted and destroyed. Some diligence and labour, some generous attention to unprofitable studies, some touch of that praise-worthy and elevated trait of our nature, which aspires to "make the past predominate over the present," must be admitted by the

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man of liberal thought to characterize those who exert themselves to search out and revive what yet remains under the obscurity of age. The task is often forbidding; it is exposed to the ridicule of the ignorant and the light, the scoff of the jester, and the provoking laugh of the fool.

A rich black-letter library is what very few either can afford the expence, or enjoy the opportunity, of procuring. Some moderate substitute is wanted, and ought to accompany every tolerable collection. Time has proved the high value of the *Harleian Miscellany*, and the *Somers Tracts*, both which, it is much to the credit of the present day, that it has encouraged the undertaking to reprint; and it is still more creditable, that the editorship has fallen into the hands of two authors the best qualified to do them justice.*

The plan of this work is different; but not, I trust, less useful. It would be impossible to reprint the whole of every thing; and of many volumes, the title-page, a short notice of the contents, and an extract, are all that are required. In making these selections the attempt to satisfy all tastes would be hopeless. A work of this kind is no more to be read right onward than a dictionary. A portion too, must always be intended to form a store for future reference, as the occasion may demand. New tracks of inquiry and new questions may make that very interesting, which seems at present to lie inert and barren.

There are those who expect that an account should be given of no books, but of those of the most extreme

* Mr. Park and Mr. Walter Scott.

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rarity. Such a plan is neither practicable, nor if practicable is it to be desired. Who is qualified for such an undertaking? And, if one could be found, who that has a mind enlarged by a love of literature for its own sake, and that is therefore fitted for the general purposes of literary production, could thus limit his curiosity and his talents? And as to the use, I must confess, that, though I cannot admit a *certain degree* of rarity in old books to be, in many cases, a proof of their little worth, yet *extreme* rarity is very generally a presumption of want of merit.

Let us consider to whom such a plan would be acceptable! Not to the possessors of the originals; for they, like misers, wish to keep their treasure to themselves! Not to those to whom books, more valuable, though of more frequent occurrence, are rare! It must be acceptable then to those only, who possess the books of common rarity; and even of them it may be doubted, whether it will not rather excite the envy than the gratification!

It is so easy to find fault, and he who possesses a trifling superiority in one particular, is so apt to forget the variety of qualifications and opportunities which are requisite to the execution of a work, as well as to secure a reception from various tastes, that were we to listen to the passing topics of censure, we should suppose in general that publications were carried on by the very people most unqualified for such undertakings. But the difference between speculation and performance is well known to be wide indeed! It is neither an amply-stored library; nor a knowledge of title-pages; nor an eye micros-

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copic into the errors of the press; nor a memory exact in dates; nor a ready acquaintance with the price of rare books in the sale-rooms of the day; any one of which may enable a man to detect some oversights in a work of this kind: it is no one of these that ought to entitle a critic to censure a publication too severely, till the censurer proves his superiority by the production of a better. Were it improper for any one to presume to appear as an author before the public, unless he could unite in himself perfect preeminence of skill in writing, learning, and genius, the press would be without employ, and readers without new books to feed a liberal curiosity!

Nothing is more contemptible or more repressive than the narrow views of literature, which are too frequently entertained. It is not one plan of pursuit; one mode of exercising the understanding or the fancy; one mode of combining the materials of learning; one style of composition, or one sort of illustration, that engrosses all excellence or use. There are a thousand lights in which the same subjects may be contemplated; a thousand ways of operating on the same materials. Never can be minds too varied or too numerous to be employed on them with effect. There is employment for all; and advantage in the due application to them of all! The multiplication of any but immoral books is not an evil; it is the complaint of prejudice or interest or envy or ignorance and folly! It is a tax on no one. Who is bound to buy, if he can find neither instruction nor amusement in a work?

In the volume now offered complete to the public,

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there are accounts of several old works, which are both scarce, and possess considerable intrinsic merit. All the tracts of Robert Greene are deserving of notice, and afford matter either amusing in point of genius; or curious from the characters of his time, which they exhibit. Early translations of the classic poets must always be attractive. The works of Sir Thomas Eliot will always be esteemed for their sterling qualities. The genius of Gawen Douglas cannot be too often brought into notice. The scarce volumes of Plat, Howell, Sanford, Hutton, Carr, and Mainwaringe, will gratify the researcher into the rarer recesses of our forgotten treasures of poetry.*

I may speak of these communications with the praise for diligent and successful investigation which they deserve; for the merit belongs not to the Editor but to his Correspondents. It is indeed to his Correspondents that almost the whole of the antiquarian part of the present volume is due. The articles themselves speak, how much he owes to the generous zeal and unremitted labours of Mr. HASLEWOOD, whose ardour never abates, and whose opportunity from his residence in London, his acquaintance with the contents of sale-rooms, and his familiarity and constant communication with other collectors, has enabled him to preserve notices of some of the most curious books which the present liberal rage for possessing the works of our early printers has drawn forth. To his old and kind friend Mr. PARK, he owes, even amidst his own great and important occupations, much on which his readers

* This relates to the contents of vol. viii. as they stood in the first edition.

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will not be backward in setting its true value. To Mr. MARKLAND he is also indebted for three or four curious communications.

There is another department, on which I can only make my acknowledgments with the diffidence and respect due to the very deep, extensive, and able scholar, by whom it has been filled. To the Correspondent, who affixes the signature of S. to his profound disquisitions, and by whose constant letters I consider my pages to be particularly honoured, I feel a difficulty to speak in terms which shall shew my sense of the obligation, without offending him by the appearance of indelicate praise*.

While I thus express my thanks, it would indeed be strange, were I to withhold all hints of the kindness with which I have been aided by one, whose intimate friendship would shrink from my mention of his name on this occasion. But his talents and acquirements are too high to have their credit increased by my commendations.

As to the modern part of this volume, it is not necessary at this time to justify its introduction. It formed a regular part in the Prospectus of the New Series† of this Work; and the Preface of the First Volume will prove that it was proposed, as an occasional diversity in the former Series. How it has been executed my readers must judge. I am principally responsible for the papers of the *Ruminator*. They are such, as, on looking back on them, I feel no shame for. Better they might easily be: but I trust they will not be found totally deficient either in powers of thinking, sentiment, or language. If

* The Rev. F. Howes of Norwich, since deceased.

† The New Series began with vol. iv. in Jan. 1807.

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they are too serious, I have no hesitation to confess that gravity is the natural character of my mind, and has been increased and unalterably confirmed by the accidental circumstances of my life.

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, Aug. 23, 1808.

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PREFACE

TO

VOLUME X. OF THE FIRST EDITION.

THE motives and objects of this work have been frequently explained in former Prefaces. But if they had not, the explanation would now have been unnecessary; for the work having come to a close may fairly be left to speak for itself.

Whoever shall hereafter make researches into old English Bibliography, will scarcely neglect to turn to the copious stores furnished by these volumes. If Herbert, and Ritson, afford a more complete collection of title-pages, they who wish to go deeper, will come hither, for contents, specimens, and sometimes, it is hoped, for opinions. Few have now the opportunity or the means of gathering a large assemblage of black-letter literature, which is becoming every day more scarce, and higher priced. But every well-furnished library requires a substitute for it; and under that denomination it may surely be not too presumptuous to class the ten volumes of the CENSURA LITERARIA.

Of almost all the numerous, yet rare, poets, of Queen Elizabeth's reign, something beyond what is to be found in any other, may be learned in this col-

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lection. Even the elegant labours and beautiful criticisms of Warton, may be frequently illustrated by these pages; which at the same time, by descending far lower than the times of which Warton treats, communicate a variety of curious matter beyond his limits.

If the readers of this publication have not been numerous, it is matter of just pride that they have been those, whose notice is most flattering, and makes ample amends for numbers.

Unknown at book-sales, and living remote from the metropolis, the Editor has had to win his way against prejudice and indifference. But candour and kindness have gradually opened a path to him; he has had the satisfaction of seeing the usefulness of his work at least acknowledged by some, who long gave it an unwilling reception; and heard with no little triumph some gentle sighs of regret, now that it is about to close.

The few, (even if there be any) perfect copies now to be had, will at least secure to the Editor the satisfaction of seeing a high price put on his labours, which, as it cannot be expected that so large a work should ever be reprinted,* is not likely to diminish.

To the greater part of his Correspondents the Editor has neither space nor opportunity to return more than general thanks. Four he feels himself called on to particularize.

To Mr. Park he repeats his warm acknowledgments for his invaluable assistance to the early volumes; which his own increasing literary engagements have never entirely withdrawn from the latter.

To the venerable and profoundly learned Corre-

* Yet the calls of literature have in 1815 produced this unexpected event.

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spondent of NORWICH, every mark of respect and admiration is due for industry and vigour of research and command of acquirements in the most abstruse paths of literary inquiry, at an age, when the few who reach it, are generally in a second childhood.

To the Rev. MONTAGU PENNINGTON, (the nephew and biographer of the celebrated Elizabeth Carter) the delicacy of an intimate friendship restrains the Editor from expressing what he feels for his continued and various aid.

To Mr. HASLEWOOD it would be ridiculous to return thanks as to an occasional Correspondent. Every page almost of the latter volumes of the Bibliography displays his labours. To him almost all their curious contents are due. Coadjutor seems a word hardly strong enough. Perhaps his name ought long since to have been substituted for that of the first Editor.

With his aid, that Editor still glowing with the *Biblio-mania*, and undamped by its fatigues and languors, has been persuaded to undertake another similar work, which he has already announced.*

SAMUEL EGERTON BRYDGES.

Denton, May 25, 1809.

* The *British Bibliographer*; since completed in 4 vols. 8vo. followed by *Restituta*, of which two volumes were completed on April 1, 1815.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

TO

VOLUME I.

	Page
Preface to Vol. I. of the First Edition	i
Postscript to Vol. I. of the First Edition	vii
Preface to Vol. II. of the First Edition	xix
Prefatory Sonnet to Vol. III. of the First Edition	xxix
Preface to Vol. IV. of the First Edition	xxxi
Preface to Vol. V. of the First Edition	xli
Preface to Vol. VI. of the First Edition	xliii
Four Prefatory Sonnets to Vol. VII. of the First Edition	xlix
Preface to Vol. VIII. of the First Edition	li
Preface to Vol. X. of the First Edition	lvii

POETRY.

Art.		
1	Gower's Confessio Amantis. Berthelet, 1554	1
2	The Nutbrown Maid, from Arnold's Chronicle, 1502	14
3	Hampool's Devout Meditation, 1508	20
4	The Birth and Prophecy of Merlin, 1510, 4to	22

Digitized by Google

Art.		Page
5	Syr Degore, printed by Wynkyn de Worde	30
6	Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure, 1555	31
7	Roy's Satire on Cardinal Wolsey	39
8	The same Work, 1546	47
9	Gawen Douglas's Virgil, 1553	49
	——— 1553	51
10	Lydgate's Proverbs, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.	54
11	Skelton's Poem, a Comely Coystrawne, &c.	ib.
12	——— Balletys and Dyties	55
13	——— Replycasion against certain young Scholairs	ib.
14	Syrs, spare youre Good, Fragment by W. de Worde	ib.
15	John Bon and Mast Person, 1548, 4to.	59
16	Treatise of a Gallant.	62
17	A pore Helpe, b. l.	66
18	The Schole House of Women, 1561	68
19	Sterneholde's Psalmes, 1551, 1561, 1581, 1594	69
20	Tottel's Miscellany, 16mo. 1565	90
	——— by Sewel, 1717	91
	——— by Curll	ib.
21	Paradise of Daynty Devises, 1576, 1578	101
	——— Extracts from	113
22	Sir David Lyndsay's Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier	121
23	Kalender of Shepardes, 15—, 1618	130
24	Robinson's Handful of pleasant Delites, 1584	143
25	Phœnix Nest, 1593	146
26	England's Helicon, 1600	148
27	——— 1614	160
28	Davison's Poetical Rhapsodie, 1611	164
29	England's Parnassus, 1600	174
30	Belvedere, or the Garden of the Muses, 1600	195
31	Baldwin's Canticles of Solomon, 1549	201
32	——— Mirror for Magistrates, 1563, 1578, &c.	204
33	John Heywood's Play of the Wether, 4to. b. l.	238
34	——— Epigrams, 1587	244
35	Thomas Howell's Arbor of Amitie. 1568	256

Digitized by Google

Art.		Page
36	Thomas Howell's Devises, 1581	256
37	——— Fables, 1560	257
38	Churchyard's Legend of Jane Shore, 1559	261
39	——— 1593	278
40	——— Chippes, 1575	285
41	——— Challenge, 1593	287
42	——— Charitie, 1595	289
43	——— Praise of Poetry, 1595	295
44	Turberville's Epitaphs, Epigrams, &c. 1567, 1570	314
45	——— Ovid's Epistles, 1567	316
46	——— Eglogs of Mantuan, 1567	317
47	——— Tragical Tales, 1576, 1587	318
48	Barnaby Googe's First Six Books of Palingenius, 1561	320
49	——— Eglogs, &c.	339
50	——— Naogeorgus's Popish Kingdom, 1570	ib.
51	Jeney's Troubles of France, 1568	344
52	The Philosopher's Game, by W. F. 1563	345
53	A brief Register in Metre of Martyrs, 1559, 1599	349
54	Larke's Book of Wisdom, 1565	352
55	The Banquet of Dainties, b. l. 12mo.	364
56	Sir Hugh Plat's Floures of Philosophie, 1572	365
57	Fulwell's Flower of Fame, 1575	371
58	Jud. Smith's Version of Solomon's Song	376
59	Grange's Golden Aphroditis, 1577	378
60	Seneca's Tragedies, translated by Heywood, 1581	387
61	Stanyhurst's Virgil, 1583	400

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CENSURA LITERARIA.

POETRY.

ART. I. *Jo. Gower de Confessione Amantis. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelette the xii daie of March An. MDLIIII. Cum privilegio. Folio. Fol.* 191, *besides the Dedication, Preface, and Table.* *

ON the back of the title-page "Epigramma Autoris in suum librum."

"DEDICATION.

"*To the most victorious and our moste gracious soveraigne lorde kynge Henry the VIII. kynge of Englande and of France, Defender of the fayth, and lorde of Irelande, &c.*"

"Plutarke writeth, whan Alexander had discomfite Darius the kynge of Perse, amonge other jewels of the saide kynges, there was founde a curious littel cheste of great value, which the noble King Alexander beholding said: this same shall serve for Homere; whiche is noted for the greate love and favour that Alexander had unto lernyng: but this I thinke verily, that his love and favour therto was not so great as your gracis: whiche caused me, moste victo-

* The first edition was by William Caxton, Sept. 2, 1483. Herb. 1. 45. Berthelet printed a former edition in 1532. Ib. I. 419.

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rious, and most redoubted soveraigne lorde, after I had printed this worke, to deuise with my selfe, whether I might be so bolde to presente your highnesse with one of them, and so in your graces name put them forth. Your moste high and moste princely majestee abashed and cleane discouraged me so to do, both because the present (as concernynge the value) was farre to simple (as methought) and because it was none other wise my acte, but as I toke some peyne to printe it more correctly than it was before. And though I shulde saie, it was not muche greater peyne to that excellent clerke the morall Johan Gower to compile the same noble warke, than it was to me to print it, no man will beleve it, without conferringe both the printes, the olde and myn together. And as I stode in this bashment, I remembred your incomparable clemencie, the whiche, as I have myselfe some tyme sene, most graciously accepteth the sklender giftes of small value, which your highnes perceived were offred with greet and louinge affection, and that not onely of the nobuls and great estates, but also of your meane subjectes: the whiche so muche holdeth me againe, that though I of all other am your moste humble subjecte and servaunte, yet my herte geveth me, that your highnesse, as ye are accustomed to do, woll of your moste benigne nature consider, that I wolde with as good will, if it were as well in my power, give unto your grace the most goodliest and largest cite of al the worlde. And this more over I very well knowe, that both the nobles and commons of this your noble royalme, shall the sooner accepte this boke, the gladlier rede it, and

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be the more diligent to marke and beare awey the morall doctrines of the same, whan they shal see it come forthe under your graces name, whom thei with all their very hertes so truely love and drede, whom they knowe so excellently well lerned, whom they ever fynde so good, so juste, and so gracious a prince. And who so ever in redynge of this warke, doth consider it well, shall finde, that it is plentifully stuffed and fournished with manifolde eloquent reasons, sharpe and quicke argumentes, and examples of greet auctoritee, perswadynge unto vertue, not onely taken out of the poetes, oratours, historie writers, and philosophers, but also out of the holy scripture. There is to my dome no man, but that he maie by readinge of this warke get right great knowlage, as well for the understandynge of many and divers auctours, whose reasons, sayenges and histories are translated in to this warke, as for the pleintie of Englishe wordes and vulgars, beside the furtherance of the life to vertue. Whiche olde Englishe wordes and vulgars no wise man, because of their antiquitee will throwe aside. For the writers of later daies, the whiche began to loth and hate these olde vulgars, whan they them selfe wolde write in our Englishe tonge, were constreigned to bringe in, in their writynges, newe termes (as some call them) whiche thei borowed out of Latine, Frenche, and other langages, whiche caused, that they that understode not those langages, from whens these newe vulgars are fette, coude not perceive their writynges. And though our most alowed olde autors did other while use to borowe of other langages, either because of their metre, or elles for

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lacke of a feete Englishe worde, yet this ought not to be a presidente to us, to heape them in, where as nedeth not, and where as we have all redie wordes approved and received, of the same effecte and strength. The whiche if any man wante, let hym resorte to this worthy olde writer Johan Gower, that shal as a lanterne give him lighte to write cunningly, and to garnishe his sentences in our vulgare tonge. The whiche noble auctour I prostrate at your graces feete, most lowly present and beseche your highnes, that it maie go forth under your graces favour. And I shall ever praie God that is almightie, preserve your roiall majestee in most longe continuance of all welthe, honour, glorie, and grace infinite. Amen."

"*To the Reader.*

"In time past whan this warke was printed, I can not conjecte, what was the cause therof, the prologue before was cleane altered. And by that mene it wolde seme, that Gower did compile it at the requeste of the noble Duke Henry of Lancastre. And although the bookes that be written, be contrarie, yet I have folowed therin the print copie, for as muche as it maie serve both waies, and because moste copies of the same warke are in printe: but yet I thought it good to warne the reder that the written copies do not agree with the printed. Therfore I have printed here those same lines that I fynde in the written copies. The whiche alteracion ye shall perceive began at the xxiii line in the prologue, and goth forth on, as ye se here folowyng.

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" In our Englishe I thinke make
A boke for kynge Richardes sake,
To whom belongeth my ligeance
With all my hertes obeisance,
In all that ever a liege man
Unto his kynge maie done or can,
So far forth I me recommunde
To hym, whiche all me maie commande,
Pritende unto the high reigne,
Whiche causeth every kynge to reigne,
That his corone longe stonde.
I thinke & have it understonde,
As it befill upon a tide,
As thynge, whiche shulde tho betide,
Under the towne of newe Troie,
Whiche toke of Brute his firste joye,
In Themse, whan it was flowende,
As I by bote came rowende:
So as fortune hir tyme sette,
My liege lorde perchance I mette.
And so befelle as I cam nigh,
Out of my bote, whan he me sigh,
He bad me come into his barge;
And whan I was with him at large,
Amonges other thynges seyde,
He hath this charge upon me leyde,
And bad me do my businesse,
That to his high worthinesse
Some newe thynge I shulde boke,
That he hym selfe it might loke,
After the forme of my writynge,
And this upon his commandyng
Myn herte is well the more glad
To write so as he me bad.

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And eke my feare is well the lasse,
That none envie shall compasse,
Without a reasonable wite
To feige & blame that I write.
A gentill herte his tonge stilleth,
That it malice none distilleth,
But preiseth, that is to be preised:
But he that hath his worde unpeised
And handleth with ronge any thynge,
I praie unto the heven kynge,
Fro suche tonges he me shilde.
And netheles this worlde is wilde.
Of such jangling & what befall,
My kynges heste shall not falle,
That I in hope to deserve
His thonke, me shall his will observe,
And els were I nought excused.
For that thyng maie nought be refused,
What that a kynge hym selfe bit.
For thy the simplest of my wit
I thynke if that it maie availe,
In his service to travaile,
Though I sickenes have upon honde,
And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,
So as I made my beheste,
To make a boke after his heste,
And write in such a maner wise,
Which maie be wisedome to the wise,
And plaie to hem that list to plaie.
But in proverbe I have herde saie,
That who that well his warke beginneth,
The rather a good ende he winneth.
And thus the prologue of my boke,
After the worlde, that whilom toke,

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And eke som dele after the newe,
I woll begyn for to mewe.

And thus I saie for these lxx lynes, there be as many other printed, that be cleane contrarie unto these both in sentence and in meanyng. Furthermore there were lefte out in divers places of the worke lines and columes, ye and some tyme holle padges, whiche caused, that this moste pleasant and easy auctour coude not well be perceived: for that and chaungeyng of wordes, and misordrynge of sentences, wolde have mased his mynde in redyng that had ben very well lerned: and what can be a greater blemishe unto a noble auctour? And for to preise worthily unto you the great lernyng of this auctour, I knowe my selfe right much unable, ye shall your selfe now deeme, whan ye shall see hym (as nere as I can) set forth in his own shappe and likenes. And this the mene tyme I may be bolde to saie, that if we shulde never have sene his connyng warkes, the whiche even at the full do witnesse, what a clarke he was, the wordes of the moste famous and excellente Geffraie Chaucer, that he wrote in the ende of his most special warke, that is intitled *Troilus and Creseide*, do sufficiently testifie the same, where he saith:

O morall Gower, this boke I directe
To the, & to the philosophicall Strode,
To vouchsafe, ther nede is, to correcte
Of your benignitees & zeles good.

By the whiche wordes of Chaucer, we maie also understande, that he and Gower were both of one

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selfe, tyme, both excellently lerned, both great frendes together, and both a like endeavoured themselves, and imploied their tyme so well and so vertuously, that thei did not onely passe forth their lifes here right honorably, but also for their so doyenge, so longe (of likelyhode) as letters shall endure and continue, this noble royalme shall be the better, over and beside their honest fame and renowme. And thus whan thei had gone their journey, the one of them, that is to say, John Gower prepared for his bones a restyng place in the monasterie of Saynt Marie Overes, where somewhat after the olde facion he lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his head, in token that he in his life daies flourished freshely in literature and science. And the same monumente, in remembrance of hym erected, is on the north side of the foresaid churche, in the chapell of Sainte John, where he hath of his owne foundacion a masse daily songe. And moreover he hath an obite yerely, done for hym within the same churche, on Fridaie after the feaste of the blessed pope Saynte Gregorie.

" Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the which is written Charitie, and she holdeth this divise in hir honde

> En toy qui es fitz de dieu le pere
> Sauve soit, qui gist souz cest piere.

The second is written Mercie, which holdeth in hir hande this divise:

> O bone Jesu, fait ta mercie
> Al alme, dont le corps gist icy.

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The thyrde of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this divise folowynge.

Pur ta pitè Jesu regarde,
Et met cest alme in sauve garde.

And thereby hongeth a table, wherein appereth that whosoever praith for the soule of John Gower, he shall so oft as he so doth have a M and D daies of pardon.

" The other lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster in an ile on the south side of the churche. On whose soules and all Christen, Jesu have mercie. Amen."

Then follows a full table of contents of every book of this long poem; consisting of eight, besides the Prologue.

I shall give a specimen by copying the contents of the Prologue.

" How Iohn Gower in the xvi yere of kyng Richarde the seconde began this boke, fol. 1.

" Of the estate of roialmes temporally the same yere, fol. eodem.

" Of the estate of the clergie the time of Robert Gilbonense, namynge hym selfe Clement than Antipope, fo. ii.

" Of the state of the comon people, fo. iii.

" Howe some blame fortune, some the influence of plannettes for thynges that chance, fo. eodem.

" Of the image that Nabugodonosor saw in his slepe, fo. iiii.

" The interpretation of the same dreame, fo. eodem.

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" The Apostles wordes concerning the ende of the worlde, fo. vi.

" The mutabilitee of thinges, fo. eodem.

" Howe man by the matter of his complexion is divided, and of the division of the bodie and soule; and how Adam divided from the state of innocence was dejected out of paradise, fo. eodem.

" Howe the people through the worlde excepte Noe and his, for division were drowned, fo. eodem.

" The division of languages, and a token of the worldes ende, fo. vii.

" Of the harper Arion, fo. eodem.

" Thus endeth the contentes of the prologue."

I will transcribe the first division of the Prologue.

" *Hic imprimis declarat Joañes Gower, quam ob causam presentem libellum composuit, et finaliter complevit, An. regni regis Ric. Secundi* 16.

" Of them, that writen us to fore
The bokes dwell: & we therfore
Ben taught of that was written tho,
For thy good is, that we also
In our time amonge us here
Do write of newe some mattere
Ensampled of the olde wise,
So that it might in suche a wise,
Whan we be deade and els where
Beleve to the worldes ere
In tyme comyng after this
And for men seyne, & sothe it is,
That who that all of wisdom write,
It dulleth ofte a man's witte.

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To hym that shall it all daie rede
For thilke cause if that ye rede
I wyll go the middell wey,
And write a boke bytwene the twey,
Somwhat of lust, & somewhat of lore,
That of the lasse, or of the more
Some man maie like of that I write;
And for that few men endite
In our Englisshe, for to make
A booke for Englandes sake
The yere xvi of kynge Richarde.
What shall befalle here afterwarde
God wote, for nowe upon this tide
Men see the worlde on every side
In sondrie wise so diversed
That it well nigh stant all reversed.
Als for to speake of time ago
The cause why it changeth so
It nedeth nought to specifie,
The thynge so open is at the eie,
That every man it maie beholde.
And netheles by daies olde,
Whan that the bokes weren lever,
Writyng was beloved ever
Of them, that weren vertuous.
For here in erthe amonge us
If no man write howe it stode,
The pris of them that were good
Shulde (as who saiyh a great partie)
Be loste: so for to magnifie
The worthy princes, that tho were,
The bookes shewen here & there
Wherof the worlde ensampled is,
And tho that diden than amis

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Through tyrannie & crueltee
Right as thei stonden in degree,
So was the writyng of the werke.
Thus I, whiche am a borell clerke,
Purpose for to write a booke
After the worlde that whilom toke
Longe time in olde daies passed.
But for men seyn it is now lassed
In wers plight than it was tho,
I thynke for to touche also
The worlde, whiche neweth every daie,
So as I can, so as I maie,
Though I sekenesse have upon honde
And longe have had yet wolde I fonde
To write, & do my besinesse,
That in some partie, so as I gesse,
The wise man may be advised.
For this prologue is so assised
That it to wisedome all belongeth,
That wise man that it underfongeth,
He shall draw into remembrance
The fortune of the worldes chance,
The whiche no man in his persone
Maie knowe, but the god alone.
Whan the prologue is so dispended,
The boke shall afterwarde be ended
Of love, whiche dothe many a wonder,
And many a wise man hath put under.
And in this wise I thynke to treate
Towarde them, that nowe be greate,
Betwene the vertue & the vice,
Which longeth unto this office.
But for my wittes ben to smale
To telle every man's tale

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This booke upon amendement,
To stonde at his commandement
With whom mine herte is of accorde,
I sende unto mine owne lorde,
While of Lancaster is Henry named;
The hygh God hath hym proclamed
Full of knythode & all grace,
So wolde I nowe this werke embrace.
God graunte I mote it well acheve
With whole truste & whole beleve.

Tempus præteritum præsens fortuna beatum
Linquit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.
Progenuit veterem concors dilectio pacem,
Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.
Legibus unicolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,
Justitiæ planæ tuncque fuere viæ.
Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,
Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.
Instar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis
Lex gerit, et regnis sunt nova jura novis.
Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem
Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent."

For a critical account of this and other works of Gower see Warton's History of English Poetry, II. p. 1, & sequent.

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ART. II. *The names of the Balyfs, Custos, Mayres & Sherefs of y^e. cite fo.* London from the tyme of Kynge Richard the first called cure de lyon whiche was crowned y^e iii day of Septẽbre y^e yere of our lorde God xi^c Lxxxix. cap. pri^e.—fol. cxviii. sm. Folio.*

THIS is the book commonly called *Arnold's Chronicle;* and is the same edition described by Herbert, III. p. 1746. The copy, from whence the present account is taken, wants the "Kalender," or Table of Contents, which, according to Herbert, begins on signature A ii. This copy belonged to Wm. Cole, and afterwards to Dr. Farmer; who has made the following note.

"*This is the first edition of this very rare book;* 19 *years older than Hearne, Oldys, Capel, &c. supposed it. A copy wanting the* 8 *first leaves is among the Archives of the University of Cambridge. See Dr. Percy's Ballads, Vol. II. p.* 26."

The date of this edition seems to be 1502. The date of the edition, of which Oldys has given a full Table of Contents, in his *British Librarian, p.* 22, which I have compared with this edition, seems to be 1521. See an account also of the later edition in *Capel's Prolusions*, 1760, Sign. C. 6. The *Nut-brown Maid*, which is the article that has most distinguished *Arnold's Chronicle*, begins in both editions at Sig. N. 6.

* Sic.

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I have carefully collated the copy in this first edition of the beautiful poem, which Prior modernized into his very exquisite composition of HENRY AND EMMA, with the reprint of it in the last edition of Percy's Ballads, * and find the variations numerous in point of spelling, and am therefore induced to reprint the whole of a production of such uncommon merit and so singularly curious, with all the care my eyes and industry will allow, from this its first edition.

The Nutbrown Maid. Carefully copied from the Original Edition.

" Be it right or wrong these men among on women do complaine,
Affermyng this, how that it is a labour spent in vaine
To love them wele, for never a dele they love a man agayne ;
For lete a man do what he can ther favour to attayne,
Yet yf a newe to them pursue, ther furst trew lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her though † he is a bannished man.

I say not nay, bat that all day it is bothe writ and sayde,
That woman's fayth is as who saythe all utterly decayed ;
But nev'theless right good witnes in this case might be layde,
That they love trewe and contynew recorde the Nutbrowne maide,
Whiche from her love, whan her to prove, he cam to make his mone,
Wolde not departe for in her herte she lovyd but hym allone.

Than betwene us lete us discusse, what was all the maner ;
Betwene them too we wyl also telle all they peyne in fere
That she was in. Now I begynne, soo that ye me answere.
Wherfore ye, that present be, I pray you geve an eare ;
I am the Knyght ; I cum be nyght, as secret as I can,
Sayng alas, thus stondyth the cause : I am a banisshed man.

* It differs also in many minutiæ from the readings given by the laborious and accurate Capel in his Prolusions.

† Sic.

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And I your wylle for to fulfylle in this wyl not refuse,
Trusting to shewe in wordis fewe, that men have an ille use
To ther owne shame wymen to blame, and causeles them accuse.
Therfore to you I answere now alle wymen to excuse;
Myn owne hert dere, with you what chiere, I prey you telle anoon,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you allon.

It stondeth so a dede is do, wherfore moche harme shal growe;
My desteny is for to dey a shamful dethe I trowe;
Or ellis to flee the ton must bee; none other wey I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlaw, and take me to my bowe;
Wherfore adew, my owne hert trewe; none other red I can;
For I muste to the grene wode goo alone a bannysshed man.

O Lorde what is this worldis blisse, that chaungeth as the mone;
My somer's day in lusty May is derked before the none;
I here you saye, farwell; nay, nay, we departe not soo sone:
Why say ye so? Wheder wyl ye goo: alas, what have ye done?
Alle my welfare to sorow and care shulde chaunge yf ye were gon;
For in [my] mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I can beleve it shal you greve, and shomwhat you distrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde within a day or tweyne
Shal sone a slake; and ye shal take comfort to you agayne.
Why shuld ye nought? for to make thought your labor were in vayne;
And thus I do; and pray you, loo, as hertely as I can;
For I muste too the grene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Now syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shal be playne to you agayne lyke as ye shal me fynde;
Syth it is so that ye wyll goo, I wol not leve behynde.
Shal never be sayd, the Nutbrowne Mayd was to her love unkind:
Make you redy, for soo am I, although it were anoon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet I you rede, take good hede, whan men wyl thinke and sey;
Of yonge and olde it shal be told that ye be gone away
Your wanton wylle for to fulfylle, in grene wood you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyte noo lenger make delay.
Rather than ye shuld thus for me be called an ylle woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wodde goo alone a banysshed man.

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Though it be songe of olde and yonge that I shuld be to blame,
Theirs be the charge that speke so large in hurting of my name.
For I wyl prove that feythful love it is devoyd of shame,
In your distresse and heynesse to parte with you the same;
And sure all thoo that doo not so trewe lovers ar they noon;
But in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

I councel yow remembre how it is noo maydens lawe
Nothing to dought, but to renne out to wod with an outlawe.
For ye must there in your hande bere a bowe to bere and drawe,
And as a theef thus must ye lyeve ever in drede and aye;
By whiche to yow gret harme myght grow: yet had I lever than
That I had too the grene wod goo alone a banysshyd man.

I thinke not nay; but, as ye saye, it is noo mayden's lore.
But love may make me for your sake, as ye have said before,
To com on fote to hunte and shote to gete us mete and store;
For soo that I your company may have I aske noo more;
From whiche to parte it makith myn herte as colde as ony ston,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

For an outlawe this is the lawe that men hym take and binde
Without pytee hanged to bee, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, as God forbede, what rescous coude ye finde;
For, sothe, I trowe, you and your bowe shul' drawe for fere behynde;
And noo merveyle; for lytel avayle were in your councel than,
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshd man.

Ful wel knowe ye that wymen bee ful febyl for to fyght,
Noo womanhed is it indeede to bee bolde as a Knight;
Yet in suche fere yf that ye were amonge enemys day and nyght,
I wolde wythstonde with bowe in hande to greeve them as I myght,
And you to save, as wymen have, from deth many one:
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude not sustein
The thorney wayes, the depe valeis, the snowe, the frost, the reyn,
The colde the hete; for, drye or wete, we must lodge on the playn;
And us a bovve noon other rove but a brake bussh or twayne;
Whiche sone shulde greve you I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had too the grenewode goo alone a banysshyd man:

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Syth I have here ben partynere with you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your woo endure, as reason is;
Yet am I sure of on plesure, and shortly, it is this,
That where ye bee, meseemeth perde, I coude not fare amysse.
Wythout more speche I you beseche that we were soon a gone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yf ye goo thedyr, ye must consider, whan ye have lust to dyne,
Ther shel no mete be fore to gete, nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wine;
Ne shetis clene to lye betwene, made of thred and twyne:
Noon other house but levys and bowes to kever your hed and myn.
Loo, myn herte swete, this ylle dyet shuld make you pale and wan.
Wherfore I to the wood wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Amonge the wylde dere suche an archier, as men say that ye bee
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete plente,
And water cleere of the ryvere shal be ful swete to me,
Wyth whiche in hele I shal right wele endure as ye shall see:
And er we goo a bed or twoo I can provide anoon,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Loo yet before ye must doo more yf ye wyl goo with me,
As cutte your here up by your ere; your kirtel by the knee,
Wyth bowe in hande for to withstonde your enemys yf nede be;
And this same nyght before daylyght to woodward wyl I flee;
And ye will all this fulfylle, doo it shortely as ye can:
Ellis wil I to the grene wode goo alone a banysshyd man.

I shal as now do more for you that longeth to womanhod,
To short my here, a bowe to bere, to shote in tyme of nede:
O my swete moder, before all other, for you have I most drede:
But now adiew; I must ensue, wher fortune duth me leede.
All this make ye; now lete us flee; the day cum fast upon;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Nay, nay, not soo; ye shal not goo; and I shal telle you why,
Your appetyte is to be lyght of love, I wele aspie;
For right as ye have sayd to me, in lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answere, who so ever it were, in way of company.
It is sayd of olde, sone hote sone colde; and so is a woman.
Wherfore I too the woode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

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Yef ye take hede, yet is noo nede suche wordes to say bee me;
For ofte ye preyd, and longe assayed, or I you lovid perdee;
And though that I of auncestry a baron's doughter bee,
Yet have you proved how I you loved, a squyer of lowe degree,
And ever shal, what so befalle; to dey therfore anoon;
For in my mynde of al mankynde I love but you alone.

A Baron's childe to be begyled, it were a cursed dede;
To be felow with an outlawe Almyghty God forbede:
Yet bettyr were the power squyer alone to forest yede,
Than ye shal saye another day that be wyked dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore good maide, the best red ye I can,
Is that I too the greene wode goo alone a banysshed man.

Whatsoever befalle, I never shal of this thing you upbraid;
But yf ye goo, and leve me soo, than have ye me betraied.
Remembre you wele, how that ye dele, for yf ye, as the sayde,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde your love the notbrowne maide,
Trust me truly, that I dey, sone after ye be gone,
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Yef that ye went, ye shulde repent, for in the forest now
I have purveid me of a maide, whom I love more than you.
Another fayrer than ever ye were; I dare it wel avowe;
And of you bothe eche shulde be wrothe with other as I trowe.
It were myn ease to lyve in pease; so wyl I yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyl goo alone a banysshid man.

Though in the wood I understode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remeve my thought; bat that I wil be your;
And she shal fynde me softe and kynde, and curteis every our,
Glad to fulfylle all that she wylle commaunde me to my power;
For had ye, loo, an houdred moo, yet wolde I be that one.
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Myn owne dere love, I see the prove, that ye be kynde and trewe;
Of mayde and wyf, in all my lyf, the best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad; be no more sad; the case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe that for your trouth you shuld have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you whan I began,
I wyl not too the grene wod goo; I am noo banysshyd man.

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Theis tidingis be more glad to me than to be made a Quene,
Yf I were sure they shuld endure; but it is often seen,
When men wyl breke promyse, they speke the wordis on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle and stele fro me I wene;
Then were the case wurs than it was, and I more woo begone;
For in my mynde of all mankynde I love but you alone.

Ye shal not nede further to drede: I wyl not dispage,*
You God defende; sith you descende, of so grete a lynage,
Now understonde, to Westmerlande, whiche is my herytage,
I wyl you bringe, and wyth a rynge, be wey of maryage,
I wyl you take, and lady make, as shortly as I can,
Thus have ye wone an Erles son, and not a banysshyd man.

Here may ye see, that wymen be in love meke kinde and stable.
Late never man repreve them than, or calle them variable;
But rather prey God that we may to them be comfortable,
Whiche somtyme provyth suche as loveth, yf they be charitable.
For sith men wolde that wymen sholde be meke to them echeon,
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve but hym alone."

ART. III. *Richard Hampool's Devoute Medytacyon in sayenge deuoutly the Psalter of our Lady, with diuers ensamples. Emprynted at London, in Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, MCCCCCVII, the furthe daye of Februarie.*

THIS volume did not appear to have any regular title-page. The above is a correct † copy of the

* Qu? disparage?

† The circumstance of having by chance corrected the catalogue by the original, will account for its varying both from that and the hand-bill afterwards distributed. The work does not appear to be mentioned by Herbert.

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head title (a mode occasionally found adopted by the early printers) which immediately preceded the prayers. It was a quarto printed on vellum, in black letter, and formed an article in the catalogue of the library of the late Mr. Voight; but on the morning of sale it was not to be found. Several instances of similar depredation have occurred lately at different auction rooms. In the present instance, harsh as the allegation may appear, yet the craving of a black-letter appetite can alone be suspected. So little was known of its real value, that had it been taken by one of *Newgate notoriety*, he would scarcely have found a pawnbroker to give it hoarding room with the advance of a crown; and if offered to a book-seller, was there one in the metropolis, who would appreciate its value above waste, but knew of so singular an article being exhibited for public sale, or has since seen the hand-bill distributed from Bow-street? If it was taken by a mercenary purloiner, a hunting jackall of the more indolent and wealthy collector, this registry may yet be the means of tracing it to its present lodgment, and induce a restoration; if the possessor reflects, neither Russian surtout nor Morocco mantle will be sufficient disguise to parry recollection within *the memory of man*. Its singular rarity renders it perhaps matchless, and in what manner can it hereafter appear without condemning the possessor? Unless it is intended to form an inchoated article in the *Bibliotheca Purloiniana*, it must be kept more sacred than a cabinet curiosity, unknown, unseen, or the publicity of the theft may lead to a discovery. Where is the opportunity for ostentatious display, too often the parsimonious gra-

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tification which alone delights the sordid collector of old books? The *unique copy* must hide its guilty head, doomed to an unexplored nook, and decreed at last to destruction, in order to save the fair fame of its possessor from posthumous censure and obliquity. Purchase may be alleged, but that is such equivocal transfer, where only a solitary copy is known, that it must appear a vain attempt to screen connivance at an act founded on fraud, covin, and petty larceny. Let it be hoped this register may help to check such acts in future, perhaps deter, which is much better than to detect.

Conduit Street. J. H.

ART. IV. *Here begynneth a lytel treatyse of the byrth and prophecye of Marlyn.* (Beneath this labelled title is a neat wood cut of Marlyn, Uter, and Pendragon.) The Colophon runs—*Here endeth a lytell treatyse of Marlyn, whiche prophesyed of many fortunes or happes here in Englande. Enprynted in London in Flete strete, at the signe of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde: the yere of our Lorde, a MCCCCC and X.* (44 leaves, 4to. about 32 lines in a page.)

THIS printed edition of the romance of Merlin was unknown to Herbert; neither is it adverted to by Dr. Percy in his Essay on our Metrical Romances, nor by Mr. Ellis in his abstract of the romance itself, both of whom only speak of manuscript copies. From those copies this tale appears to differ in many respects,

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particularly in its curtailment of some incidents and enlargement of others. The diction of the poem (as was commonly the case, even in coëval transcripts) varies also considerably, from the MSS. that have been preserved; as will be shewn by citing a few passages which run parallel to those Specimens exhibited by Mr. Ellis.

The first leaf of the printed relique I quote from, is a little mutilated, which has rendered four of the lines imperfect; but notwithstanding this defect I am led to introduce the exordium, because it presents a diversity of metre from the rest of the work, which is in short couplets; and also because it differs so widely from those introductory lines which have been printed by Dr. Percy and Mr. Walter Scott,* from the Percy and Auchinleck MSS.

" Cryste on crosse his blode y^{t} ble[
And lyfe for lyfe he layd to w[
As it was his wyll;
Graunt them grace of myrthes r[
Joye and blisse in all their l[
That me herkeneth tyll.

I shall you tell solace and game,
Frendes, felawes, sythe all in same,
And herken of grete nobly;
Sounde and sauffe than mote ye be;
And all that herkeneth unto me,
What I shall you say.

I shall you tell here afore
How Merlyn was goten and bore;
And of his dedes also,
And of other mervaylles many mo."

* See Reliques of English Poetry, III. xxxix. and Introduction to Sir Tristram, p. cxix.

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The following passage is cited, for the opportunity it gives of comparison with Mr. Ellis's extract, in his Metrical Romances, Vol. I. pp. 197-8. It displays the same mock-denial with which Richard the Third refused the crown, according to Shakspeare and Rapin.

" Tho* answered Syr Vortyger,
As a lorde of grete power,
' Why bidde ye me such a thinge?-
I was never your kynge!
Ne never yet here beforne
Was I to you sworne
To helpe you at your nede:
And, therfore, so God me spede!
Go home to your kynge,
And pray hym, upon all thynge,
That he you help of your fone,†
For helpe of me gete ye none!'
Tho a bolde baron answerde—
' Syr our kynge is but a cowarde!
For whan he seeth swerdes drawe,
He weneth‡ anone for to be slawe:||
He dooth us no more good,
But fleeth away as he were wood.§
Haddest thou be amonge us all,
Than had us not that shame befall:
All that we lost in that saute,**
In hym w s all the defaute,
And all the losse of our baner.'
' I trowe well, sayd Vortyger:
Certes, he sayd, it was grete dole
To make a kynge so grete a fole!
Had ye made a man your kynge,
He wolde you helpe in all thynge;

* Then. † foes. ‡ thinketh. || slain. § frantic. ** assault.

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As certaynly syker* ye be,
Helpe gete ye none of me,
But and your kynge were dede, I plyght
I wolde you helpe with all my myght."

Another passage differs thus remarkably from Mr. Ellis's text. See his Specimens, p. 201.

"Kynge Angys,† veramente,
Hadde a doughter fayre and gente,
That was a hethen Sarasyn,‡
And Vortyger, for love of hym,
Toke her anone to his wyfe,
And was *accorded* all his lyfe:
Soone he wedded her there,
And menged‖ theyr blode bothe in fere.§
So that the cure of Englonde
Was loste in the fendes honde."

The printed copy contains but a small portion of the *second part* of this romance, as conveyed in the elegant narrative of Mr. Ellis from a transcript of the Auchinleck MS. communicated by Mr. Scott; and what it does contain, deviates greatly from the written text, as will be seen by comparing the following extract with its counterpart in Vol. I. p. 234 of the Romance Specimens: where it is much compressed.

"So on a day the messengeres,
As they satte at theyr dyneres
In a towne of the west countre,
With mete and drynke grete plente,
An olde chorle** there came ynne
With long heres on his chynne:

* Sure. † i. e. Hengist. ‡ *alias* Saxon, ‖ mingled.
§ in fellowship. ** This was Merlin in masquerade.

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A staffe in his honde he had,
And shone* on his fete full bad.
He began to coughe and grone thore,†
And sayd—'he was an hongred sore,
And bad them on the bench above,
Gyve hym some mete, for Goddes love."
They hym answered, without lesynge,‡
He sholde neyther have mete ne other thynge,
They swore, by hym that Judas solde!
He was a stoute chorle, and a bolde,‖
And myght travayle for his mete,
Yf he with trouthe wolde it gete.
They called hym Fayter! § everychone.
And bad hym trusse** faste, and [be] gone:
And swore 'by the trouthe that God hym gaffe,
He sholde have of his owne staffe
Thre stroses†† well i-set,
But‡‡ he hyed hym oute the bet.'
Than answered the olde man,—
'Felowes, he sayd, no chorle I am:
I am an olde man of this worlde,
And many wonders I have herde;
And ye but wretches of yonge blood,
And knowe all but lytell good:
And yf ye coude, as ye ne can,
Ye wolde scorne none old man,
As ye go in your prynces nede:
For olde men myght you rede.‖‖
For to finde Marlyn the chylde
Your prynce was bothe good and wylde
To sende men that done outerage,
For to wende§§ on his message.

* Shoes. † qu. there? ‡ i. e. very frankly. ‖ a sturdy and bold fellow. § Deceiver. ** pack up quickly. †† a misprint probably for strokes. ‡‡ unless. ‖‖ advise. §§ to go.

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For Marlyn is of suche manere,
Though he stode before you here,
And spake to you as I do;
Ye sholde hym knowe never the mo.
Thryes* to-daye ye have hym met,
And yet ye knowe hym never the bet:
Therfore go home, by my rede,
To fynde hym shall ye not spede.
Bydde your prynce take barons fyve,
And go seche Marlyn blyve; †
And that Marlyn shall them abyde,
On hye by the forest syde."

Aurelius Ambrosius, or Aurilis Brosias, in the MS. Romance, seems to be called Pendragon in the printed copy, and is made the elder brother of Uther. This Uther was a strong man, says the metrical record, and in the absence of his brother, being befriended by Merlin, had an affray with King Hengist, in which he

" Gave hym such a stroke,
That he flewe tayle over toppe,
And toke hym by the hede ‡ anone,
And smote it fro the necke bone."

After this achievement the army of Hengist fled, but in their flight 500 of the stoutest were slain: and three days afterwards the rest were suffered to depart for Denmark, upon taking an oath that they would never return to England more. The tidings of the death of Hengist, soon roused two of his nephews to revenge, Sir Gamoure and Metradore, both 'grete

* Thrice. † blithe. ‡ head.

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lordes of londe'; the latter holding two, and the former three duchies. These lords collected together a mighty host, with whom they set sail for England, and landed at Bristol. Merlin by his skill in prescience, having announced the approach of these formidable foes to Uther and Pendragon, and predicted that one of these brothers would fall in the conflict, directed Pendragon to make the attack on land, and Uther to follow up the assault by sea. Desperate was the encounter and furious the resistance; but while Uther, the favourite of Merlin, escaped with life, the doughty Pendragon fell; after having had his horse killed under him, and after contending on foot with a hundred Saracens, or Saxons, who in murderous combination

> " Atte ones * began on hym to hewe,
> And brake bothe backe and arme,
> And slewe."

After this account of the catastrophe of Pendragon, the printed copy of the romance or "treatyse of Marlyn," thus concludes—

> " Whan Uther that understode
> That his broder was slayne, he was wode,
> And badde his folke faste fyght;
> And he bestyred hym as a knyght,
> Of xxx M. that were on lyve,
> There escaped away not fyve.
> Of Englysshe men there were slayne
> But thre hondred yt ony man coude sayne.†
> Bytweene Bath and Brystowe tho
> Thre myle myght no man go,

* At once. † Say.

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Neyther in dale, neyther in den, *
But he trade on dede men.
Whan it was agaynst the nyght
Uther dyde discomfyte the fyght,
With many an erle and baroune,
And with knyghtes of grete renoune,
They wente home to theyr in†
On y^e morowe, by the counceyll of Marlyn.
Pendragon was out sought,
And in the erthe faire i-brought:
Beryed he was full mery
In the towne of Glastenbery.
Thus ended the doughty kynge:
God gyve his soule good endynge!
And after that Pendragon was dede,
Uther was crowned by comyn rede,‡
And helde Englonde to ryght.
I praye to God, full of myght,
Graunte them heven blysse above!
Amen! for his moders love.
And gyve them all good endynge
That have herde this talkynge."

It will be seen from Mr. Ellis's prose continuation, that the second part of Merlin embraces a new series of events, from the union of Uther with the beautiful Igerna, which gave birth to heroic Arthur.

T. P.

* Den is usually put for cave or dell, but here seems opposed to the latter, and may mean a woody acclivity.

† Habitation. ‡ public choice.

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ART. V. *Syr Degore.* (On a label, above a wooden cut of an equestrian Knight and his Esquire) Colophon: *Thus endeth the treatyse of Syr Degore. Emprinted at London in Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde.* (18 leaves in 8vo. of 4to. size.)

AN abstract of the fable of this Romance has been given by Mr. Warton,*, and a more complete analysis by Mr. Ellis,† from a copy printed by Copland. The present edition by W. de Worde, which seems to vary in some particulars, is not mentioned by either of those accomplished scholars, nor is it noticed by the industrious Herbert. I have therefore cited both title and colophon, for the benefit of Herbert's reputed editor, and will add the titles to the chapters which constitute the divisions or fitts of this romantic legend.

The first division, which recounts the birth, parentage, and education of Sir Degore, has no prefix. The second sets forth "How Syr Degore, fought with a dragon in a forest, and slewe hym." The third "How Syr Degore justed with the Kynge of Englonde, and smote hym downe." The fourth "How Syr Degore wedded his Moder, the Kynges doughter of Englonde, and howe shee knewe that he whas her Sone by the gloves." The fifth "How Syr Degore foughte for a Lady with a Gyaunt, and slewe hym." The sixth and last "How Syr Degore fought with his Fader, and how his Fader knewe hym by the broken swerde." A

* History of English Poetry, I. 182.

† Specimens of Metrical Romances, III. 347.

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wood cut, illustrative of the ensuing subject, follows each of these titles of contents.

I extract a few lines from the commencement and the close of this romance.

" Lordynges, and ye wyll holde you styll,
A gentyll tale tell you I wyll
Of knyghtes of this countree,
That hath travayled beyonde the see
To seke aventures, bothe nyght and daye,
And how they myght theyr strength assay.
* * * * *
Thus came the knyght out of his care:
God gyve us grace well to fare,
And that we all, upon domesday,
Come to the blysse that lasteth ay.
Amen."

T. P.

ART. VI. *The History of graund Amoure and la bel Pucell, called the Pastime of Pleasure, conteynyng the knowledge of the seuen sciences, and the course of mans lyfe in this worlde. Inuented by Stephen Hawes,* grome of Kyng Henry the seuenth, his chamber. Anno Domini* 1555.

At the end, *Imprinted at London, in Forster Lane, by Ihon Waley. Anno M.D. LV.* 4to. *black letter, pp.* 219. *Wood cuts.*

IT appears that the first edition of this very rare work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1517, 4to.

* See Wood, Athenæ Oxon. Warton, Hist. of Engl. Poetry, Phillips's, Theat. Poet. Anglic. edit. 1800.

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In 1555 there were two ;* I know of none subsequent. The following table of contents will in a great measure inform the reader of the author's plan.

"Howe graunde Amoure walked in a medowe, and met with Fame enuyroned with tongues of fyre.'

Of the swete report of Fame, of the fayre Lady la bell Pucell, in the tower of Musike.

Howe Fame departed from graunde Amoure, and left him gouernaunce and grace, and how he went to the tower of doctrine.

How he was let in by Countenaunce the portresse, and of the marueylous buildyng of the same tower.

How Science sent him first to Gramer, where he was receyued by dame Congruitie.

Howe he was receyued of Logyke.

Howe he was receyued of Rethoryke, and what Rethoryke is.

Of the first part called Inuencion, and a commendation of Poetes.

A replication against ignoraunt persones.

Of Disposition, the second parte of Rethorike.

Of Elocution the thirde parte of Rethorike, with colouryng of sentences.

Of Pronunciation, the fourth part of Rethorike.

Of Memory the fifth part of Rethorike.

A Comendation of Gower, Chaucer and Lidgate.

Of Ars-metrike.

Of musike mundain, humayn, and instrumental.

Howe graunde Amoure was enamoured of la bell Pucell in the tower of Musike, and met with Counsayle in a temple.

* See Bib. Steevens. 1800, No. 901, where was a copy printed by Richard Tottel, 4to. 1555.

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Of the dolorous and lowly disputacion betwene la bell Pucell, and graunde Amoure.

Howe la bell Pucell graunted graunde Amoure loue, and of her dispiteous departage.

Of the great sorowe that graunde Amoure made after her departyng, and of the wordes of Counsayl.

How graunde Amoure went to Geometry, and what Geometry is.

Of dame Astrononime.

Of the direct operation of nature.

Of the fyve internall wittes.

Of the hye influences of the supernal bodies.

Howe graund Amoure departed from the tower of science, and went to the tower of chyualry, where he was let in by Fortitude.

Of the maruelous argument, betwene Mars and Fortune.

Howe Minerue ledde graunde Amoure to kyng Melyzyus, whiche made hym knyght.

How he departed from kynge Melyzyus, with his grayhoundes, and attendaunce his varlet, and met with false reporte, that chaunged his name to Godfrey Gobilyve.

Howe graunde Amoure in the temple of Venus made his supplication.

The copy of the letter that Venus sent to la bell Pucell.

Howe Godfrey Gobilyve was taken of correction, and punyshed.

How graunde Amoure disconfited the gyaunt with thre heades, and was receiued of thre ladyes.

Howe he met with Perceueraunce, and reposed hym in the manour place of comfort.

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How he vainquyshed a Gyaunt with seuen heades, and was receiued of six ladyes.

How he made oblacyon to the goddes Pallas, and sayled over the tempestous flode.

How he dyscomfited the wonderfull monstre of the seven mettalles made by enchauntment.

How he was receiued of la bell Pucell.

The mariage of graunde Amoure and la bell Pucell.

How whan graunde Amoure had liued longe wyth la bell Pucell, was arrested by aige, that brought unto him polycy and auaryce.

Howe he was arested by death.

Howe remembraunce made his epytaphy on his graue.

Howe fame came into the temple wyth burnyng tongues, and other prayse.

Howe tyme came into the temple in maruaylous semilitude, and of his replycacyon.

Howe eternyte came into the temple, and of her vertuous exhortacyon.

The excusacion of the auctour."

"This boke, called the pastyme of pleasure, was made and compyled by Stephen Hawes one of the gromes of the most honorable chambre of our souerayne lorde Kynge Henry the seuenth. The xxi yere of his most noble reygne, chapitred and marked after the table herebefore sette."

Then follows the dedication to the King.

" Ryght myghty Prynce, and redoubted souerayne,
Saylinge forth well, in the shyppe of grace
Over the waues, of his lyfe uncertayne
Ryght towarde heuen, to haue dwelling place,
Grace dothe you guyde, in euery doubtful cace;

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Your gouernaunce dothe euermore eschewe
The synne of slouthe, enemy to vertewe.

Grace stereth wele, the grace of god is grete,
Whiche you hath brought to your ryall se,
And in your right, it hath you surely sette
Aboue us all, to haue the soueraynte,
Whose worthy power, and regall dignite
All our rancour, and our debate and ceace*
Hath to vs brought, both welthe reste and peace.

(Four stanzas are here passed).

Besechyng your grace, to pardon myne ignoraunce
Whiche this fayned fable, to eschue idlenes,
Haue so compyled, nowe without doubtaunce
For to present to your hye worthynes,
To folowe the trace, and all the perfitenes
Of my maistre Lydgate, with due exercise
Suche fayned tales I do fynde and deuyse.

For under coloure, a truthe may aryse
As was the guyse, in old antiquitie,
Of the Poetes olde a tale to surmyse,
To cloke the truthe, of their infirmitie,
Or yet on joye, to haue mortalitie,
I me excuse if by neglygence
That I do offende, for lacke of science."

I would not have so extended this article, was not the book of such extreme rarity, as to be very seldom met with, and then (excepting by accident) of greater

* "Ceace," qu. does it signify tax, subsidy, or trouble and confusion? the verb "*to cess*," to assess, to impose, was, if I mistake not, in use during the reign of Elizabeth.

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price than to warrant any person, but a collector, becoming the purchaser: this will, I hope, plead my excuse.* P. B.†

Additional extracts from Hawes's Pastime of Pleasure.

The author having, in the preceding chapter, digressed from the tale, in order to introduce "a com̃endation of Gower, Chaucer, and Lidgate," thus continues. We must, however, premise that the hero, "Graund Amoure," is now in the castle of Doctrine, that he has been received by Grammar, Logic, and Rethoric, and is now about to enter the chamber of Arithmetic.

Chapt. xv.

"Now in my boke, ferder to procede,
To a chambre J wente, replete wyth rychesse,

* Warton has given a very circumstantial, elegant, and interesting analysis of the whole poem in Hist. E. P. II. pp. 220—236. He says it is Hawes's capital performance, and was finished at the beginning of the year 1506; and adds "it is almost the only effort of imagination and invention, which had yet appeared since the days of Chaucer. It contains no common touches of romantic and allegoric fiction. The personifications are often happily sustained, and indicate the writer's familiarity with the Provencial school. The model of the versification and phraseology is that improved harmony of numbers, and facility of diction, with which his predecessor Lydgate adorned our octave stanza. But Hawes has added new graces to Lydgate's manner." *Editor.*

† Hawes is one of the old poets, of whom a republication has been strongly recommended. Perhaps, as a national work, a reprint of a small impression of every old poet of fame would be worthy of literature. 4

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Where sat Arysmatryke, in a golden wede,
Lyke a lady pure, and of great worthynes;
The walles about, dyd full well expres,
Wyth golde depaynted, euery perfyte nombre
To adde, detraye, and to deuyde asonder.
The rofe was paynted, with golden beames,
The wyndowes cristall, clerely claryfyde
The golden rayes, and depured streames
Of radyant Phebus, that was puryfyde
Right in the bull, that tyme to domysyde
Through wyndowes, was resplendyshaunt
About the chambre, fayre and radyaunt.
J kneled downe, right soone on my kne,
And to her J sayd, o lady maueylous,
J right humbly beseche your maieste
Your arte to shewe, me so facundyous
Whyche is defuse, and right fallacyous."

"Arysmatryke" grants his request, and explains the nature and utility of her science; from thence Grand Amour proceeds to "the tower of musike," where he meets with La Bell Pucell, and discloses his passion. "The description of her person is," says Warton, "very elegant." Grand Amour relates his various adventures in a supplication to Venus, and describes his first meeting with the lady, who,

Chap. xx.

" Her shining here so properly she dresses
Alofe her forehed with fayre golden tresses.
Her forehead stepe, with fayre browes ybent,
Her eyen gray, her nose streyght and fayre,
In her whyte chekes the fayre bloud it went,
As among the whyte the rede to repayre,
Her mouth right small, her breth swete of ayre,

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Her lyppes softe and ruddy as a rose,
No hert on lyue but it wold him appose.

With a lyttle pytte in her well fauoured chynne,
Her necke longe and whyte as ony lylly,
Wyth vaynes blew in which the blode ran inne,
Her paypes round and therto right prety,
Her armes sclender and of goodly body,
Her fingers small, and therto right longe;
White as the milke, with blew vaynes among.

Her fete proper, she gartered well her hose,
I neuer saw so swete a creature;
Nothing she lacketh as I do suppose
That is longing to fayre dame nature;
Yet more ouer her countenaunce so pure,
So swete, so louely, wold any hert inspyre
Wyth feruent loue to attayne his desyre."

Hawes concludes his volume with the following "excusation of the aucthoure."

" Unto all Poetes, J do me excuse
Jf that J offende, for lacke of science,
This lyttle boke yet do ye not refuse,
Though it be deuoyde of famous eloquence,
Adde or detra, by your hye sapience,
And pardon me of my hye enterpryse,
Whiche, of late, this fable dyd fayne and deuise.

Go, little boke, I praye God the saue
From misse metryng, by wrong impression,
And who that euer list the for to haue,
That he perceyue well thyne intencion
For to be grounded, without presumption,
As for to eschue the synne of ydlenes,
To make suche bokes J apply my busines.

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Beseechyng God, for to geue me grace
Bokes to compyle, of moral vertue,
Of my maister Lidgate to folowe the trace,
His noble fame for to laude and renue,
Whiche in his lyfe the slouthe did eschue,
Makyng great bokes, to be in memory;
On whose soule, J pray God haue mercy.
FINIS."

Another edition of this poem, not mentioned in the former article, is "Historie of Graunde Amoure and La Bell Pucel," &c. printed by Jn. Waylande, 1554, 4to. black letter.* P. B.

ART. VII. *Rede me and be nott wrothe*
For I saye no thinge bot trothe.
8vo. *no date.*

SUCH may be considered the title of this curious book; for what follows is "dialogue-wise" between the subject and the author of the satire, viz.

I will ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompous honoure shall never dye.

To this is the following response:

O catyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall.

The boast and the prophesy are prevented from treading too closely upon each others heels, by the intervention of a coat of arms, allusive to the situation of the Cardinal before his elevation. This heraldic in-

* See Bib. Harleian. Vol. III. No. 5935.

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vention, of which an idea of the collected appearance may be formed from the subjects of which it is composed, is traced in black and crimson characters; and at the back of the same leaf is the following metrical

"*Descripcion of the armes.*"

Of the prowde Cardinall this is the shelde,
Borne up betwene two angels of Sathan;
The sixe blouddy axes in a bare felde
Sheweth the crewelte of the red man.
Which hath devoured the beautifull swan;*
Mortal enemy unto the Whyte Lion;*
Carter of Yorke the vyle butchers sonne.

The sixe bulles heddes in a felde blacke,
Betokeneth his stordy furiousness;
† Wherefore the godly light to put abacke
He bringeth in his dyvlishe darkeness:
The ‡ Bandog in the middes doth expresse
The mastiff curre bred in Ypswitch towne,
Gnawinge with his teth a kynges crowne.

The clubbe signifieth playne his tiranny
Covered over with a Cardinals hatt,
Wherein shall be fulfilled the prophecy,
Aryse up Jacke and put on thy salatt;
For the tyme is come of bagge and walatt,
The temporall chivalry throwen downe,
Wherfor prest take hede and beware thy croune.

* Titles adopted from the crests of Buckingham and Surry. We learn from the "prologue of the translatour" that the *Knighte of the Swann*, a French Romance, was translated at the request of the former. The printer (Copland) adds "this present history compyled, named Helyas, the *Knight of the Swanne, of whom lineally is descended my said lord.*"

† A correction at the end teaches us to read "whereby."

‡ See Gifford's Massinger, Vol. I. p. 44.

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From the conviction of the title page alone it will readily be conceived by those who remember the rancour with which Skelton was persecuted for his "Why come ye not to Court?" that Wolsey would not be backward to punish the author of the present more virulent attack. The writer, however, if he remained in England, successfully concealed himself, and procured the "litel boke" to be printed abroad by a friend, of no inferior zeal as it appears, who offered his assistance in future services of the like nature: "Yf any mo soche smale styckes," says he, "come unto youre hondes, which ye shall judge apte unto the augmentacion of this fyre, sende them unto me (yf in Englonde they may not be publisshed) and by Godde's grace with all my power and possibilitie I shall so endever myselfe to kyndle them that as many as are of the sede of Abraham shall se theyr light."

This light which was "to lighten the Gentiles," the Cardinal, however, spared neither pains nor expence to extinguish, that the influence of its beams might not be too extensive he endeavoured to get all the copies into his own possession: how well he succeeded in his purpose may be calculated from the rare occurrence of the tract even in the most curious collections. His authority was sufficient to suppress it during his life, but it was altered and reprinted at Wesell in 1546, in the preface to which we are informed that "this boke was prynted in the Cardinal hys tyme, whiche whon he harde that it was done, caused a certayne man, *whome I coulde name* if *I lusted* to bye them all uppe."

The intrinsic merit of the satire is sufficient to justify us in rejoicing that some few copies escaped the Cardinal's destructive inquisition.

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The pasquinade is introduced by a dialogue between the author and "The treatous" wherein the latter urges the danger that awaits his venturing into the world from the displeasure of the Cardinal.

Yf I presume to make relacion
Of secret matters that be uncertayne,
They will count it for diffamacion,
Or things contryved of a froward brayne.
To describe theyre faultes it is but vayne,
Excepte I were in some authoritie,
Wherefore my deare author it cannot be.

The Author.

As touching that thou need not to be dejecte,
The truth shall be thy conservacion,
Whyles thou presume no faultes to detecte,
But wheare thou hast hadde certificacion
By theyre knowledge and informacion
Which have forsaken the whore of Rome:
Ut inveniatur iniquitas ejus ad odium.

The scruples of "the Treatous" are at length overcome, and the dialogue is succeeded by a lyrical lamentation, supposed to be "said or sung" by Wolsey, or some of his adherents, on account of the suppression of the mass, together with the loss of wealth, ease, and honours, of which the inhabitants "black, white, and grey," were deprived at the dissolution of the monastries. All the indignities which the Monks can be supposed to have suffered when "fallen from their high estate," the sensual gratifications in which they indulged, and the extravagant pomp which they assumed, are minutely detailed and lamented with mock solemnity, and each strophe, or antistrophe, is closed with a pathetic ejaculation.

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Aproche proud patriark with your pope,
Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinalls gaye,
With other prelats that had your hope
To be mayntayned by the masse allwaye;
Who shall find our belly and ryche araye,
Seyng that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas! alas!

Drawe nere ye priestes in your long gownes,
With all the fryers of the beggerly ordres,
Come hyther Monkes with brode shaven crownes,
And all soche as are shorne above the ears:
Helpe me to lament with dolorous teares,
Seynge that gone is the masse,
Now deceased, alas! alas!

Two servants, Watkin and Jeffray, are now introduced debating the very natural question what course it would be prudent to take under the present adverse circumstances of their master: the dialogue commences with an explanation, on the part of the former, of the causes productive of the disgrace of the mass. Among many others more active in promoting the reformation in Germany, the author gives "a quip" to Erasmus on account of his pusillanimous and temporising policy during that period. The two "true and faithful servants" finding their master's degradation at hand at length resolve that

It is goode that they looke aboute,
Least they solfe a new lesson.

they then fall roundly to abusing and exposing the Cardinal.

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The first subject of reprobation arises from the order for burning Tyndal's testament at Paul's-Cross, 1526. As this is the first object of rebuke, it was, probably, the primary cause of this satire's appearance. The reputed author of the tract was associated with Tyndall in that translation,* and was joined with him in an injunction afterwards issued by Henry, forbidding any person to keep in their possession any of the works of Tyndall, Wickliffe, Roy, and others.† The cause therefore of Tyndall was his own. The cardinal is afterwards charged in succession with extortion, avarice, whoredom, and in general or particular with every crime that comes within the scope of human turpitude. The word of a satirist should be cautiously received; but he was, it should be remembered, charged with many of these crimes in the articles preferred against him by the lords.

The satire, so far from being confined to Wolsey, is in a great measure levelled at the Romish church in general; and the gluttony and idleness of its members are lashed with wit and vigour:

As for preaching they take no care,
They wolde se a course at an hare
Rather than make a sermon;
To follow the chace of wylde dere,
Passinge the tyme with joly chere,
Among them all is common.

To playe at the cardes and dice,
Some of them are nothing nyce,
Both at hasard and momchance,

* Vide Tanneri Bibliotheca, sub voce Roy.

† Fox's Martyrology, Vol. II. p. 587, Ed. 1641; and Collier' Eccl. Hist. Vol. II. p. 70.

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He adds

- - - - they eat theyr belies full,
Every man as moche as he wull,
And none sayth *blacke is his eye!**

These gentlemen seem, like Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, to have cared more for good living than good life, and perhaps the satirist, if they were not beyond his reach, notwithstanding his elevated nose, would have preferred the good things he railed at rather

Than sing, "my mind to me a kingdom is,"
When the lank hungry belly barked for food†.

In fact, three fourths of the pages are lavished on the profligacy and insolence of the clergy in general; towards the conclusion, however, he quits the meaner multitude, and bestows what remains on the immediate object of his vengeance.

Sans autre écart revenons au Hèros.

The burning of Tyndall's translation, with which he began his attack, is renewed near the end, and a "brief oracion" is pronounced to his stateliness, more furious and vehement than any thing that precedes it.

‡ Agaynst thine ambicion all people do cry,
Pompously spendinge the sustenance of the pore;
Thy haughte honours highly to magnify,
Maketh theeves, traytors, and many a whore.

* "Then having estraunged themselves thus for a small space, they return again, not to their pristine cursed life (I dare say) but to their countrey, and then no man say *black is their eye*, but all is well, and they as good christians, as those that suffer them unpunished." Stubbes's Anatomy of Abuses, 1595, p. 65.

† Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act I. Sc. i.

‡ Of the pomp with which Wolsey appeared publicly, a curious

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In the course of the satire the Cardinal's amorous propensities are descanted upon in language not over delicate, and also his insolence to the nobles which was singularly tyrannical. Skelton's description of Wolsey at the council-board is well known, and in Lodge's Illustrations of British History, Vol. I. Page 28, is a curious account of his intolerable haughtiness by a personal sufferer.

Och! there is neither duke ne barone,
Be they never of so grett power,
But they are constrained to crouche
Before this butcherly slouche,
As it ware unto an Emperoure.

That there were great grounds for complaints of this kind is evident from the articles exhibited against Wolsey, more particularly the charges urged against him in the fifteenth clause.

I find from the transactions of the society of Antiquaries, of which three MS volumes, in folio, are in my possession, that this tract has been twice exhibited at the meetings of that society, and as often attributed to Skelton: again by Anstis in a letter to Dr. Fiddes; and the latter in his ponderous tome of indis-

account may be found in Stow's Chronicle, pa. 502, ed. 1631. And his magnificence and pride were not overlooked by Skelton.

Set up the wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly.
Make him a great state,
And he will play checke-mate
With royall majestie
Count himself as good as hee;
A prelatt potentiel, &c.

" Why come ye not to court?"

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criminate apology, miscalled "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey," speaks of it as "a scandalous libel written by *one Skelton*, poet laureat," evidently confounding it with "Why come ye not to court?" Bale, however, a labourer in the same vineyard with Roy, asserts him to have been the author of it. From the preface to the "Parable of the wicked Mammon" he appears to have been an ecclesiastick; he resided some time with Tindall, whom he assisted in his studies; he afterwards went to Strasburg when he wrote *inter patrem Christianum et filium contumacem dialogum Christianum.* Perhaps, says Tanner,* he was the same Roy whom Sir Thomas More remembered to have written "an exposition on the seventh chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians." He flourished about 1528, and suffered in Portugal, by the faggot.

Stamford. O. G.

ART. VIII. *The Boke.*

Reade me frynde and be not wrothe
For I saye nothynge but the trothe.

¶ *The Byshoppes speake in the Cardynall.*

I wyll ascende makynge my state so hye,
That my pompouse honoure shall neuer dye.

[*Cardinals arms, as before described, not coloured.*]

The Christen Congregation speaketh.

O catife, whan thou thynkest least of all,
Wyth confusyon thou shalt haue a fall.

* Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica, Pa. 645. Folio, 1748.

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Colophon; *Prynted at Wesell in the Yeare of our Lorde* 1546, *on the last of June, by Henry Nycolson.*

This work is certainly too rare to make an apology necessary for the little now to be added to the full account given of the first edition, in the preceding article. Indeed my task is limited to one leaf, as this is the second edition, described by Herbert, p. 1560: but his copy wanted the title, and his coined one of "*Burying of the Mass*," may now be corrected as above. The two editions appear to vary in orthography, and probably in many other instances, upon collation. The fifth and sixth lines of "¶ The description of the Armes," at the back of the title, given in p. 40, are thus materially altered.

"Which hathe devowred all that he may or can,
Mortall enemy unto the worthy Reade lyon."

At the end of this description, on the same page, are the following lines, which do not appear to be noticed by Herbert, or in the above account, and therefore I presume are not in the first edition.

¶ *An Exhortation to the Papistes.*

"O ye byshoppes and prestes, that yet be alyve,
Repent from your tyranny after Iohn's counsell,
Least ye be served as the folyshe virgynes fyve,
And utterly be condempned to the pytte of hell,
Therefor put all your affiaunce in the pure Gospell,
Dyspise the worlde and cast your selves downe,
Than shall ye receyve of God an immortall crowne."

Conduit street. J. H.

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ART. IX. *The XIII Bukes of Eneados of the famose Poete Virgile Translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish Metir bi the Reverend Father in God Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, and Unkil to the Erle of Angus. Every buke having his perticular Prologe. Imprinted at London*, 1553.*

ENGRAVED title-page, and black letter, except the three first lines, and printer's date.

There is a preface in verse, of eight pages. The book is a small thick quarto, containing 382 pages.†

The beginning of the First Book.

"The battalis, and the man I will descrive,
Fra Troyis boundis, first that fugitive
By fate to Italie came, and wist lavyne
Over land and se, cachit with meikill pyne
Be force of goddis above, fra every stede
Of cruel Juno," &c.

The description of Fame in the fourth book, and of Dido and Æneas retiring into the cave in the storm, are wholly omitted; probably from the good Bishop's delicacy; for in a very long prologue in this book he gives many exhortations to young women, in this manner:

* Herbert I. 357, says "By William Copland;" and adds that the title is "in a neat compartment of a garland, or chaplet of flowers. At the bottom is a tablet supporting a boy at each end, holding Roman ensigns in their hands." *Editor.*

† Qu? Herbert says, "CCC LXXX *leaves.*" See next article.

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" Eschawe, young virgins, and fair dampcellis,
Furth of wedlock for to disteyne your kellis,
Traist not all talis, that wantoun womaris tellis,
You to defloure," &c.

Probably there is an older edition; for he says it was written in eighteen months, and finished in 1513. The work ends with the Translator's Rebus.

" *To knaw the name of the Translater.*

" The gaw unbrokin mydlit with the wine
The dow ioned with the glas, richt in ane lyne,
Quha knawis not the translatouris name;
Seik no farther, for, lo, with lytil pyne
Spye leile this vers, men clepis him sa at hame."

M. P.

Warton says " This translation is executed with equal spirit and fidelity: and is a proof that the low-land Scotch and English languages were now nearly the same. I mean the style of composition; more especially in the glaring affectation of anglicising Latin words. The several books are introduced with metrical prologues, which are often highly poetical; and shew that Douglas's proper walk was original poetry. The most conspicuous of these prologues is a Description of May."*

This translation was reprinted in folio at Edinburgh, 1710, with a glossary by Ruddiman, and a life of the author by the Rev. John Sage.†

* Wart. Hist. E. Poetry, II. 281.

† Irving's Lives of Scottish Poets, II. 24.

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Douglas's "Palis of Honour" was printed at London, by William Copland, in 1553, 4to. and at Edinburgh 1579 by John Ross for Henry Charters, 4to. and has been lately reprinted in Pinkerton's Scotish Poems, and among the "Select Works of Gawin Douglass," at Perth, 1787.*

Pinkerton has also in the above publication printed for the first time Douglas's "King Hart."†

The Xiii bukes of Eneados of the famose Poete Virgill. *Translatet out of Latyne verses into Scottish metir, bi the Reuerend father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkel, & vnkil to the Erle of Angus. Euery buke hauing hys perticular prologe.* Imprinted at Londo" 1553. b. l. C cc lxxxi leaves. Fo.

THIS is the first edition of a work generally known by the more valuable republication of Ruddiman in

* Irving's Lives of Scottish Poets, II. 24.

† An excellent edition of another old Scotch poet has lately been given to the public by Mr. Chalmers, under the following title. "*The Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lion King of Arms, under James V. A new Edition corrected and enlarged: with a life of the author, prefatory Dissertations; and an appropriate Glossary. By George Chalmers, F.R.S. S.A. In three volumes. London. Printed for Longman and Co.* 1806." 8vo. The eighth Dissertation, containing "A philosophical View of the Teutonic language of Scotland, from the Demise of Malcolm Ceanmore, to the Age of Lyndsay," is peculiarly curious, interesting, and full of deep research, and accurate and original deductions. The writer of this note never read an antiquarian discussion so completely satisfactory. *Editor*

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1710. The name of Gawin Douglas, with specimens of his poetry, must be in the possession of every reader; I shall therefore only add, to assist in perfecting early copies (according to the suggestion of Herbert) a collated transcript of the last leaf.

" *Ane exclamacion aganis detractouris and uncurtase redaris, that bene ouer studious, but occasioun, to note and spye out faltis, or offensis, in this volume or any vthir thrifty werkis.*

" Now throw the dępe fast to the porte I merk,
For here is endit the lang disparit werk,
And Virgil has his volume to me lent:
In souir raid now ankerit is our werke;
We dout na storme, our cabillis ar sa sterk;
We haue eschapit, full mony perrellis went;
Now God belouit has, sic grace till vs sent,
Sen Virgil beis wyde quhare, in Latine soung,
Thus be my laboure red in vulgare toung.

But quhat dangere is ocht, to compile allace,
Her and thir detractouris in till euery place,
Or euer thay rede the werk, biddis birn the buke,
Sum bene sa frawart in malice and wangrace
Quhat is wele sayd thay loif not worth ane ace.
Bot castis thame euir to spy out falt and cruke,
Al that thay fynd in hiddillis, hirne, and nuke,
Thay blaw out, sayand, in euery mannis face,
Lo here he failzeis, lo here he leis, luke.

Bot gif I le lat Virgill be our iudge,
His werk is patent, I may haue na refuge:
Thareby go not, my faltis one be one
No wounder is the volume is sa huge,

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Quhay mycht perfectly, al his hie termes luge
In barbare language, or thame deulie expone
Bot wele I wate of his sentence wantis none
Quha can do bettir lat se, quhare I foruayit
Begyn of new, al thing is gude vnassayit.*

Fer ethar is quha list, syt doun and mote
Ane vthir sayaris faltis to spye and note
Than but offence or falt thame self to w[r]yte
Bot for to chyde sum bene so birnand hote
Bald thay thare pece the word wald skald thare throte,
And has sic custom, to jangil and bakbite,
That bot thay schent sum thay suld birst for site:
I say no more, quhen al thare rerd is roung
That wicht mon speik, that can not hald his toung,

Go vulgare Virgil, to euery churliche wycht
Say, I auow, thou art translatit richt.
Beseik al nobillis the correct and amend;
Beis not effrait to cum in prisaris sicht,
The nedis not to eschame for thy licht,
For I haif brocht thy purpois to gude end.
Now sal thou with euery gentil Scot be kend,
And to vnletteryt folk be red on hicht,
That erst was bot with clerkis comprehend.
Finis."

"*To knaw the name of the Translator.*

"The Gaw vnbrokin mydlit with the wine,
The Dow ioned with the glas, richt in ane lyne.
Quha knawis not the translatouris name
Seik no forther, for lo wyth lytil pyne
Spye leile this vers, men clepis him sa at hame.
Finis."

Conduit street. J. H.

* Conclusion of the page.

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ART. X. *The Proverbes of Lydgate.*

BELOW is the portraiture of a gentleman with a stick in his hand, standing with two holy fathers in conversation. On the other side of the title-page is another very curious print which represents an holy father sitting under a canopy with a number of books before him on a table, and an ancient reading-desk thereon. It is comprized in 56 pages, also in black letter, prologue, title, &c. included. At the end, "Here endeth the Proverbes of Lydgate upon the Fall of Princes." Imprinted by Wynkin de Worde, with his usual marks. *

ART. XI. *Skelton Laureate agaynst a comely Coystrawne, that curyously chawntyd and curryshly cownted, and madly in his maskys mokkyshly made agaynst XI Musys of Polytyke Poems and Poettys Matryculat.*

UNDERNEATH is a wood cut of the Laureat, as it seems, a man in a loose robe, with a book in his hand, which he is holding up, and an inscription in the background: he is decorated with a crown of laurel, and seated under a Gothic canopy. His poem begins,

"Of all nacyons under the hevyn;"

it closes thus:

"Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the clay,
On Candlemass evyn the calendes of May."†

* See Herbert, I. 230. *Editor.*

† This edition is not mentioned by Ritson, who says the poem was included in Skelton's Works by T. Marsh, 1568. *Editor.*

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This and the two following are "Imprinted by Richard Pynson, Printer to the King's most noble Grace."

ART. XII. *Here followyethe the dyvers Balletys and Dyties salacyous divised by Master Skelton Laureat.*

IT begins with,

"Lullay, lullay, lyke a chylde;"

and is comprized in eight pages, black letter, printed as above.

ART. XIII. *Honorificatissimo, Amplissimo, longeque Reverendissimo in Christo patri ac domino Domino Thom. &c. &c.——A Replycasion against certain young Scholairs, abjured of late, &c. &c. by Master Skelton, Laureat.*

COMPRIZED in 20 pages of black letter, printed as above.

ART. XIV. *Syrs, spare youre good.* [The fragment of a poem printed in quarto by Wynkyn de Worde.]

OF the shattered remains of two leaves the first page has apparently the customary ribband, for title

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which begins, " Sy." Beneath, a wood-cut of an old man and a young one in the attitudes of walking, and the last pointing to the preceding figure, yet looking at an object past; probably meant to represent the intention of youth to follow the course of experience. A tree between the figures and a blank label over each person. The same cut appears noticed in Herbert, 1780, as prefixed to " the complaynt of a louer's lyfe." On the second page the poem commences, and might have been entitled prologe." Some letters of the rhime of the first couplet remain, as follows :

aye
ye
gesse
haue I blesse
it well by a thynge
whiche I hauh had knowlegynge
As here after ye shall here full well
Of a knyghtes sone howe it befell
A ryche knyght there was in Fraunce I vnderstande
And was a man of grete lande
And hyght Syr Thomas perlore
A sone he hadde wyth his wyfe and no more
And she was called fayre ysaungrayne
And theyr sone was called Rafeleyne
And of this chylde ye shall here
And of his fader and his moder dere
Of his fader he was lefe and dere
So was he of his moder I you ensere
So it happened vpon a daye
That this yonge man sholde sporte and playe
His fader badde hym go amonge wyse men
That he might lerne some good of theym

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But this yonge man hym bethought
That after his faders counseyll he wolde do nought
But to yll compayne he hym drewe
And lerned all vyce and lefte vertue
Tyll fader and mode [r] were dede
Than coude he none other rede
But burye theym after the comen vse
Other sorowe wolde he none vse

[*Conclusion of second side.*]

Whan soeuer in the world of ryote my be th[ought]
I coude it lyghtly helpe for to be wrought
Whiche is now bytter it was than swete at that
Therfore spare your good that ye haue in hap

Wherefore sholde not I take no sorowe agayne
Ye certes there is none that wyll me ony thynge lene
Euen thus the whele of fortune rennethe
And yf good locke dyde rayne, I sholde not be wete
If it be good locke or yll happe
It cometh to hym that shall haue it at a clappe
Euery body may se by me in this shande
Thyr fore spare your good that ye haue in hande

A man maye well a good felawe be
In the wine in good ale in bere where so it be
And yf he thynke for the comune profyte also
Here or there where so euer he go
Thus maye a man haunte myrth and game
If he do it not by mesure he is to blame
For in euery thynge mesure is good I vnderstande
Therefore spare your good that ye haue in hande

Fare well I sette you all this testamente
Who well lerne this shall be vnshente
And can kepe hym amonge good company
Shall be fre of all sorowe and miserye

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Who so euer taketh this testament in remembraunce
Pouerte and myserye shall not fall to his chaunce
His good his worshyp shall he kepe I vnderstande
Therfore spare your good that he haue in hande

FINIS

[*Conclusion of third side.*]

[Her]e endeth a lytell treatyse very profytable for [euery] yonge man and yonge women called Syrs spare [youre] good. Emprynted at London in the Fletestrete [at the] sygne of the Soone by me Wynken de Worde.

AMEN.

After the colophon the printer's device in three compartments, viz. 1. An irradiated sun central of two blazing stars, with lesser ones black. 2. Caxton's small sign. 3. "Wynkyn de Worde" on twisted riband, greyhound couchant, sagittarius with arrow discharged; a rose central with border of leaves at bottom; the whole square on a white ground.

From the errors of the press, and entire neglect of punctuation, this tract appears to have been one of the earliest attempts by Wynken de Worde. The alteration of measure in the verse also implies that the first portion contained an introductory description of the whole relation, and the hiatus a deficiency of four pages. *

* It is difficult to ascertain the deficiency of such fragments. To ascertain at what period printers first adopted the plan of occasionally printing by sixes of a quarto size, or inserting a half sheet in the middle, is become material from the many titles and ends discovered as above described. I believe it was not practised so early as Wynken de Worde's time.

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These fragments were pasted within fly leaves of an old folio volume, and are now in the possession of the Reverend JAMES ASHLEY, of Binfield, Buckinghamshire, from whose obliging communication the transcript has been made.

Conduit Street. J. H.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

ART. XV. *John Bon and Mast* Person.* [Woodcut of four priests bearing the host, with five attendants carrying torches.]

" ALASSE, poore fooles, so sore ye be lade,
No maruel it is, thoughe youre shoulders ake;
For ye beare a great god, which ye yourselfes made:
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wafar cake;
And between two irons printed it is and bake;
And loke where Idolatrye is, Christe wyl not be there,
Wherfore ley down your burden; an idole ye do beare.
Alasse, poore fools."

Colophon.—*Imprinted at London by John Daye, and Willya Seres, dwelling in Sepulchres Parishe, at the signe of the Resurrection, a little aboue Holbourne Conduite. Cum gratia & priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.* 4*to.* (4 leaves.)

This tract was printed according to Herbert. p. 619. in 1548: " said to be written by one Luke a

* Qu. if Forster's copy is not MAT? Three accounts taken of it, at the time it was exhibited for sale, coincide in this particular. It should be as above, but where is the fac-simile? [*Mast.* seems a contraction for *Master.*]

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physician; and for the printing of it, Day had like to have been sent to prison." A copy having been purchased by Mr. Stace the bookseller, at the sale of the late Mr. R. Forster's library, he was induced from its extreme scarcity to have it reprinted as a fac simile, to the number of fifty copies, to accommodate the collectors of old poetry; and it forms a fair typographical specimen of modern black-letter. It is written after the manner of a dialogue, consisting of 164 lines, of which the first thirty will be sufficient specimen.

"THE PARSON.

"What John Bon, good morowe to the.

JOHN BON.

Nowe good morrowe, Mast Parson, so mut I thee.

PARSON.

What meanest y^{u} John, to be at worke so sone?

JOHN.

The z̄oner I begyne the zoner shall I have done,
For I tend to warke no longer then none.

PARSON.

Mary, John, for that Gods blessinge on thy herte:
For surely therbe wyl go to ploughe an carte,
And set not by thys holy corpus christi even;

JOHN.

They aer the more to blame, I swere by saynt Steven!
Bu[t] tell me, Mast Parson, one thinge and you can:
What saynt is copsi cursty, a man or a woman?

PARSON.

Why, John, knoweste not that? I tell the it was a man;
It is Christe his own selfe: and to morowe is hys daye
We beare hym in prosession, and thereby knowe it ye maye.

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JOHN.

I knowe, Mast Parson? and na, by my faye,
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye?
That it should be a man howe can it come to passe,
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smal a glasse?

PARSON.

Why neybor John, and art thou now there?
Nowe I maye perceyve ye love thys newe geare.

JOHN.

Gods forbod, Master, I should bee of that facion,
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication.
A playne man ye may se will speake as cometh to mind,
Ye muste hold us ascused, for plowe-men be but blynd:
I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more,
And yet in all my lyfe I knewe not this before.

PARSON.

No dyd, why sayest thou so? upon thy selfe thou lyest,
Thou haste ever knowen the sacramente to be the body
of Christ.

JOHN.

Ye syr, ye say true, all that I know in dede;
And yet, as I remember, it is not in my crede."

To the reprint is affixed a short note written by Mr. Forster, which he introduces by saying—"This is the only copy of the *Enterlude* of John Bon and Mast Person that I have ever met with." The late Mr. Reed, in the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, inserted a poem of Lydgate's entitled "Chichevache and Bycorne;" and, as Ritson justly observes, thereby absurdly supposed to be of a dramatic cast," this, it seems, is the only authority for naming the present poem an "Enterlude."

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If the unsatiated appetite of a hunter of black-letter books appears preposterous and inconsistent, how much more ridiculous and farcical is the pursuit of an old play collector; who, not contented with having 700 plays to obtain, printed before 1661,* at an enormous price swells his collection with polemic controversies, political sarcasms, Virgilian eclogues, Tyburn ballads, and Grub-street dialogues. Authors whose ambition never aspired to dramatic fame, if their title-pages inadvertently express "the strange but true——shire tragedy, a comedy lately performed, or farce newly printed," are now registered among the writers for the stage; though the first shall be the account of a murder, the second a recent change in the ministry, and the last a conversation between parish officers and paupers, on a subject as illegitimate as either of the pieces alluded to, which ground this absurdity.

Conduit Street. J. H.

ART. XVI. *Here begynneth a treatise of a gallant.*

"RYGHT as small flodes encrease to waters fell,
So that narowe furrous may not sustayne,
Ryght so pryde unclosed may not counsell,
This new wretchednes y^{t} causeth us co̅playn;
How wo hath wrapped us in a cruell chayne:
Our pryde sheweth it well, bothe ferre and nere;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

* See Kirkman's Preface to "A Cure for a Cuckold," 1661, 4to.

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The synne that now reygneth to beholde is ruthe,
Of fraude and dysceyte grete abhomynacyon,
But nede constrayneth us now to saye the truthe
Of pryde and dysceyte this newe dyscymulacyon,
That blyndeth and consumeth our Englysshe nacyon.
Lucyfer's progenye amonge us dooth appere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Ryght late stode our londe in suche prosperyte,
Of chyvalry, manhode, and ryche marchaundyse,
Thrughe all crysten realmes sprange our felycyte,
Of grete welth and prowesse in sondry wyse,
Our sadnes is chaunged for the newe guyse,
We haue exyled our welth, I note where,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Pryde hath founde waye to exclude man fro blys,
In dysfygurynge nature by this newe araye,
Bothe men and women can saye what it is,
For bothe nede and poverte gooth now ryght gaye:
But alas our sorowe encreaseth every daye,
And yf ye lyve long ye shall bothe se and here,
That Englonde shall wayle that ever it came here.

For pryde hathe our plente torned to evyll fare,
And fedeth us as beestes that draweth in the ploughe,
Many a worthy man bryngeth he to sorowe and care,
Where fortune somtyme fresshely on hym loughe,
Examyne the lyvinge that this worlde useth ynoughe,
How nede with synne groweth every where;
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For many a vengeaunce, as scripture maketh mencyon,
Hath fallen to kyngdomes in sondry wyse,
And fynally put the people in dystruccyon,
For theyr obstynacy, a newe fangle guyse;

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Alas Englonde, that somtyme was so wyse!
Other nacyons refuse, hast bought so dere,
That thou may wayle that ever it came here.

Som tyme we had Fraunce in grete derysyon,
For theyr hatefull pryde and lothesome unclennes;
Use we not nowe the same in our regyon,
And have permuted our welthe for theyr gladnes?
Lechery of our people is become a maystres,
Our gentylnes, for galantyse have we lefte there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came heere.

Yf ye beholde the galantes progenye vyperius,
That out of Fraunce be fledde for theyr intoxicacyon,
Hathe nowe vengeaunce consumed that realme gloryus,
For theyr pryde and synfull abhomynacyon,
That all the worlde may wayle theyr desolacyon.
O Fraunce why ne had these galauntes byden there,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

For in this name galaunt ye may expresse
Seven lettres for some cause in especyall."—

The remainder of this, sixteen others, and beginning of the next stanza, wanting.

" Good makynge of man is nowe layde on syde,
This newe araye is brought up in this londe so wyde,
And yet for all that it may not last a yere,
Englonde may wayle that ever it came here.

Beholde the rolled hodes stuffed with flockes,
The newe broched doublettes open at the brestes,
Stuffed with pectoll of theyr loves smockes,
Theyr gownes and theyr cotes shredde all in lystes,
So many capes as now be, and so few good prestes.

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I can not reken halfe the route of theyr marde gere:
Englond may wayle that ever it came here.

These galauntes use also full abhomynable,
Theyr typpettes be wrythen lyke to a chayne,
And they go haltred in them as hors in the stable,
It is a perillous pronostycacyon certayne;
For synful soules shall be bounde in payne,
Hande and fote in perpetuall fyre:
They shall curse the tyme that ever it came here.

All these newe bulwarkes they weare at theyr knees,
They laboure sore in theyr wyttes fantasyes to finde,
No man holdeth hym contente with his degrees,
Pryde gothe before and shame cometh behynde;
Alas that Englyshe men sholde be so blynde,
So moche sorowe amonge us and so lytell fere,
We may wayle the tyme that ever it came here.

Forgete not lyghtly how many straungers,
Have entred this kyngdome and kepte the possessyon,
Fyve tymes as wryteth olde cronyclers,
And chaunged our tonges in sondry dyvysyon;
O clergy praye for our Englysshe nacyon,
That God for his mercy of this synne make us clere,
Elles shall we wayle that ever it came here.

Effectually pray God for his reformacyon,
Of welthe, manhode, and of marchaundyse,
And tresory of peas, that Cryste in his passyon
Lefte bytwene God and man whan he sholde dye;
The comynalte in love, conserue perseverauntlye,
With charyte bothe hyghe and lowe to joyne in fere,
In voydynge of synne that tourmenteth us here.
O Englonde, remembre thyn olde sadnes,
That thou may resorte agayne to thy gladnes;

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Exyle pryde, relyeve to thy goodnes,
Synne hath consumed this worldes humanyte;
Praye God thou may rejoyse thyn olde felycyte;
And his blessyd moder, as this londe is her dowere,
We have no cause to wayle that ever it came here."

FINIS.

Here endeth his treatyse made of a galaunt. "Enprynted at London, in the Flete strete, at the sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde."

This fragment of a poem, printed in black letter, was found pasted within the fly leaf, on the oak board binding, of an imperfect volume of Pynson's Statutes, and purchased from the Nash-Court collection. The first side having the printer's letter, A j, connected with the end, seems conclusive that it did not form a portion of any particular work, or extend beyond a sheet ballad, or poem, folding in quarto, of which the above is the contents of the first and last leaf; the stanzas wanting, calculated for a deficiency of four pages. The title, as customary at that period, is on a ribband. No mention of such a tract occurs in Herbert.

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ART. XVII. *A pore helpe.*

The bukler and defence
Of mother holy Kyrke,
And weapen to drive hence
Al that against her wircke.

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[Surrounded by a rude wood cut representing the fall of Adam, &c.] *b. l. one sheet, small 8vo. without name of place or printer.*

HERBERT registered this little tract in his general history of printing, from Strype's Ecclesiastical Memorials, but seems to have confounded the opening of the book with its title, which runs as above, in the only ancient copy now supposed to exist. Mr. Warton has added the date of 1550, but his authority for so doing is not apparent. The style is highly Skeltonical, if not the pettish production of that coarse satirist himself. I cite two extracts, as specimens, from the commencement and the close.

"Wyll none in all this lande
Step forth and take in hande
These felowes, to withstande,
In nombre lyke the sande;
That with the Gospell melles,
And wyll do nothynge elles,
But tratlynge tales telles
Agaynst our holy prelacie
And holy churches dygnitie,
Sayinge if is but papistrie,
Yea fayned, and hipocrisy
Erronious, and heresye:
And taketh theyr authoritie
Out of the holy evangelie," &c.

Is it possible that "Sir Harry," in the following lines, should have reference to Henry the Eighth, who received the title of Defender of the Faith in 1521?

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" Because I maye not tary,
I praye to swete Syr Harry,
A man that will not vary,
And one that is no sculker,
But kan knyghte of the sepulchre.
That he maye stande fast
And be not over cast,
Or els to be the last
Of all them that do yelde
In cyte, towne, or fielde.
For yf he styke therein,
No doubt he shall not blyn
Tyll he come to eternytie
With all his whole fraternyte.
Amen, therefore saye ye
That his partakers be.
Ye get no more of me.
Finis."

T. P.

ART. XVIII. Here beginneth a lytle Boke named *The Schole House of Women: wherein every man may rede a goodly prayer of the condytyons of weomen. Imprinted at London, in Paules Churchyarde, at the sygne of the Maydenhead, by Thomas Petyt. MDLXI.* *

Comprized in 32 folios of poetry, in black letter.

* See Herbert, I. 553. *Editor.*

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ART. XIX. *Psalmes of Dauid drawen into English Metre by Thomas Sterneholde. Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.** Col. *Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche. Anno Domini* 1551. 16*mo.* folds G eights.

" To the most noble and verteous King, oure Soueraygne Lord Kyng Edward the vi Kinge of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, &c. Thomas Sternholde, Grome of hys Maiestie's robes, wysheth increase of healthe, honour, and felycytie. Althoughe moste noble Soueraigne, the grosnes of my wit doth not suffyce to searche oute the secrete mysteryes hidden in the boke of Psalmes, whyche by the opinion of many learned men, comprehe deth the effect of the wholle Bible: yet trustrg to the goodnesse of God, whyche hathe in hys hande the key thereof, which shutteth and no man openeth, openeth and no man shutteth, albeit I cannot geue to youre Maiestie great loaues thereof, or bring into the Lorde's barne ful handefulles; yet to thintent I woulde not appear in the haruest vtterly ydle and barraine, being warned with the exaumple of the drie figtre, I am bold to present unto your Maiestie, a fewe crummes which I haue pycked vp from vnder the Lorde's borde.——Seing further, that youre tender and godly zeale dooeth more delight in the holye songes of veritie, then in any fayned rymes of vanytie, I am encouraged to trauayle further in the saide booke of psalmes: trustynge that as your

* In a compartment having the sun at the top, and at the bottom the printer's mark, central of anno 1545.

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Grace taketh pleasure to heare them song sometymes of me, so ye will also delyght not only to see and reade the youre selfe, but also to commaunde them to bee songe to you of others: that as ye haue the psalme it selfe in youre mynde, so ye maye iudge myne endeuoure by youre eare. And yf I maye perceyue youre Maiestie wyllynglye to accepte my wyl herin, where my doyng is no thanke worthy, and to fauour so this my beginning, that my labour be acceptable in perfourming the residue, I shall endeuoure myself with diligence, not only to enterpryse that which better learned ought more iustlye to do, but also to perfourme that without faulte, which youre Maiestie wyll receyue with iuste thanke. The Lord of earthli kinges, geue youre Grace daily encrease of honour and vertue, and fulfyll all your godlie requestes in hym, without whose gifte we haue or can obtain nothing. Amen."

After the Dedication follow the Psalms, to the number of thirty-seven; each having a quatrain prefixed of principal matter. * At the conclusion "Here ende the psalmes, drawen into Englishe metre, by M. Sternhold." On the next page an address "to the Reader. Thou haste here (gentle Reader) vnto y^e^ psalmes that were drawen into English metre, by M. Sternhold vii † moe adioined. Not to the intẽt that they shoulde bee fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimacion to bee the more hyghly esteemed: neither for that they

* This might be an imitation of the proem introductory to two of three psalms versified by Lord Surrey. *Nugæ Antiquæ, by Mr. Park*, Vol. II. p. 360.

† No. 30, 33, 43, 52, 79, 82, 146.

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are, in myne opinion (as touching the metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite doinges. But especially for that they are fruiteful, although they bee not fine: and comfortable vnto a Christyan mind, although not so pleasaunt in the mouthe or eare. Wherefore, yf thou (good reader) shal accept and take thys my doyng in good part, I haue my hearte's desire therein. Farewell. J. H."

Foure score and seuen Psalmes of Dauid in English mitre by Thomas sterneholde and others: conferred with the Hebrewe, and in certeine places corrected, as the sense of the Prophet requireth. Whereunto are added the Songe of Simeon, the ten Commandements and the Lord's Prayer. James v. If any be afflicted let him pray: and if any be merie let him sing Psalmes. M.D.Lxj. Without printer's name. 12mo. 154 leaves.

Warton, in the third volume of his valuable History of English Poetry, has given a long and critical account of the English Version of the Psalms. He appears to have seen an edition of those translated by Sternhold, as printed by Whitchurch, in 1549, and another edition (which he considered the second) in 1552. These from his account must be supposed to contain in number fifty-one. "Sternhold died in the year 1549. His fifty-one psalms were printed in the same year by Edward Whitchurch." Unfortunately dates and numbers, when accurately preserved by an editor, seldom pass the chances of the press correctly. The useful and laborious Wood is the earliest writer I have seen that assigns such a number to Sternhold; his words are,

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that "being a most zealous reformer, and a very strict liver, he became so scandalized at the amorous and obscene songs used in the court, that he forsooth turned into English metre 51 of David's psalms, and caused musical notes to be set to them, thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets." In the same column, to a quotation from Heylin's Church History, there is added, by Wood, where it states Sternhold to have translated "no more than thirty-seven, [that sure is false.]" * Wood also states the initials T. S. are "set before, to distinguish them from others:" but I have never in any copy of the whole psalms, that appeared like an authority, been able to extend the number beyond 43, and some of those doubtful.

Warton, whose genius kept no beaten track, like the steeple hunter, unheeding land-posts, turnpikes, and tickets, while he distanced his contemporaries, left little facts to be gleaned by lesser minds; and, as this number did not originate in the History of Poetry, Ritson, who could occasionally loiter to plumb a pool for pebbles, considered the authority sufficient to repeat it.

One error in Wood is manifest,—the considering Sternhold as having "caused musical notes to be set to them;" for although he had sung them to the King and others, neither of the editions of 1549, 1551, 1552, nor one by the same printer, without date, contain any musical notes. †

* Ath. Ox. Vol. I. Col. 76.

† Upon this point there was considerable variation in the arrangement of the notes, and several omissions. Sixty psalms have musical notes in 1561, as well as the four accompanying pieces at

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How often the Psalms were printed by Whitchurch is uncertain; nor should the above article of 1551, (now first known), be presumptively considered as the second edition. Neither is it probable, with their novelty and rising popularity, that they remained, without being again reprinted, until 1561, although unnoticed in the most accurate researches into early typography. That of 1561 is not mentioned by Herbert, and may be considered extremely rare. For the copy here described I was obliged to the rich and extensive collection of Mr. Bindley, whose liberal communications and assistance in researches of this nature claim continual acknowledgment. The whole seems arranged for church service, having the musical notes attached. There is not any prefixture, but, in addition to the notice of the title, at the end is "a prayer to be said before a man begins his worke," in prose, and an index.

Every reader of Warton must regret the inattentive want of accuracy in quoting the several authorities before him. Although in the present instance there appears little doubt of the statement being erroneous and first taken from Wood, yet I cannot proceed with a task, begun some months since, without acknowledging that every attempt has proved ineffectual to obtain an inspection of either of the other editions, which Warton possessed, of 1562,* 1564, 1577, when the entire version was

the conclusion. In 1581 only forty-five psalms are thus distinguished with eighteen tunes for the additions.

* An account of this edition, with notice of any prefatory advertisement, and corrections as to the following statement, would be a serviceable article.

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first published. In a complete state my best authority is

The whole Booke of Psalmes, collected into English meter by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others, conferred with the Hebrue, with apt notes to sing them withall. Set forth and allowed to be song in all churches, of all the people together before and after Morning and Euening prayer: as also before and after sermons, and moreouer in priuate houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all vngodly songes, and balades which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth. James v. If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if any be mery, let him sing psalmes. Coloss. iii. Let the worde of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisedome, teaching and exhorting one an other in psalmes, hymnes, and spiritual songes, and sing vnto the Lord in your hartes. At London printed by Iohn Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate. Anno 1581. *Cum &c. 4to.* Sixty leaves.

HAVING enumerated the leading authorities, I shall proceed to the list of persons who assisted in the first metrical version adopted in church service.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, supposed to have been born in Hampshire. He held the situation of Groom of the Robes to Hen. VIII. and Edw. VI. and of the first was a sufficient favourite to obtain a bequest of 100 marks in the Royal will.* He died 1549. His portion is the first seventeen; 19, 20, 21,

* "Henry the Eighth, for a few psalmes of David, translated and turned into English meetre by Sternhold, made him Groome of his Privie Chamber. *Brathwait's English Gentleman*, 1630. p. 191.

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25, 28,* 29, 32, 34, 41, 43, 44, 49, 63, 68, 73, 78, 103, 120, 123, 128, in all thirty-seven: in these numbers both the early copies uniformly agree. The following are additions of 1581. Psalm 18,† 23, 53, 56, 66, 67, making the whole 43. Of these number 23 is a second translation, following one by Whittingham, and unusually entitled "an other of the same by Thomas Sternehold." This circumstance favours the idea that some portion by this writer was posthumous in its appearance.—To 56, 66, and 67, ‡ the initials are repeated in 1583, though in the Stationers' reprint of 1609, 1616, and 1620, and by Field (the printer to the University of Cambridge) 1666, they are displaced for those of Hopkins.

John Hopkins, a clergyman and schoolmaster, in Suffolk. He was living 1556. To him Wood has given 58; the certain ones are 24, 27, 30, 31, 33, §

* By misprint this stands as 27, and 123 as 122, in edition 1561, and also in another noticed by Herbert, p. 549, containing only 19: again, 33 stands for 34; but 138 is a mistake for 128. A copy is in Mr. Bindley's possession, it was printed without date.

† Warton notices this as one "in which Sternhold is supposed to have exerted his powers most successfully." Should it be hereafter confirmed as the attempt of Sternhold, its posthumous appearance, joined to the revision and continual alterations of Hopkins, will leave it doubtful from which is derived that well-known passage, so happily rendered, of

"The Lord descended from aboue, and bowed the heauens hye,
And vnderneath hys feete he cast the darckness of the skye,
On Cherubes and on Cherubins full royally he rode;
And on the winges of all the windes, came flying all abroad."

‡ This was substituted instead of one by Whittingham.

§ In some places given to S., but 33 is one of the seven, printed by H in 1561.

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35, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 45, 46, 47, 48, (a second version of) 50, 52, 54, 55, 57, to 62 inclusive; 64, 65, 69 to 72 inclusive; 74, 76, 77, 79 to 99 inclusive; 146, in all 56.

WILLIAM WHITTYNGHAM, Dean of Durham, died 10 June 1570, aged about 55. Only five are generally given to him, but he contributed more largely, and in the edition of 1561 the numbers are 23, 37, 50, ¶ 51, 67, * 71, * 114, 115, * 119, 121, 124, 127, 129, * 130, 133, 137, in all 16. He paraphrased the ten Commandments, † still inserted at the end of the Psalms, and also the Song of Simeon, and two versions of the Lord's Prayer, now only to be found in ed. 1561.

WILLIAM KETHE, an exile during the reign of Queen Mary. He was "no unready rhymer," and another distinguished contributor towards the "fourscore and seven:" though his name was at first unknown to Warton, ‡ it is there given at length. He translated 27, * 36, * 47, * 54, * 58, * 62, * 70, * 85, * 88, * 90, * 91, * 94, * 100, § 101, * 104, 107, 111, ‖ 112, 113, 122, 125, 126, 134, 138, 142, in all 25. Of these only twelve were retained by Hopkins, the others being new Versions either by himself or Norton.

JOH PULLAIN, (the name is thus spelt ed. 1561),

¶ In 1581 and 1583, same reprinted as anonymous.

† By 1581 he appears to have added a prayer at their conclusion.

‡ Undeciphered in note b. of V. III. p. 418.

§ Two versions of the hundreth Psalm are printed 1581 and 83 as anonymous. The first is by Kethe; the other unknown. T. N. is sometimes prefixed.

‖ Retained in the whole collection, and improperly, under the letter N.

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born in Yorkshire, admitted senior student of Christ Church, 1547, at the age of thirty. He preached the reformation privately at St. Michael, Cornhill, 1556, but afterwards became an exile. He returned in the happier period of Elizabeth, and was made Archdeacon of Colchester. He died 1565. His numbers are only 148 and 149.* The first stands in the general collection, and by mistake with I.H. prefixed. [The above *asterisks* denote the translations afterwards rejected.]

D. Cox. A Version of the Lord's Prayer, printed anonymously 1561, is given afterwards with this name. *

Thomas Norton, a Barrister at Law, and assistant of Lord Buckhurst in the once popular tragedy of Gorboduc. His name, and the subsequent notices, first occur in the entire Version. He appears to have studiously supplied deficient numbers. The initials T. N. are to a second translation of number 51, but the usual distinguishment is only the N. as prefixed to 75, 101, 102, 105, 106, 108, 109, 110, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129, 131,† 135, 136,‡ 138 to 145 inclusive: 147, 149, 150, in all 28.

Robert Wisdom. A second version of psalm 125,§

* A writer not mentioned by Ritson. He has likewise a grace before and after meat, in sixteen lines each, of alternate rhime, in a Manvel of Christian Prayers by Abraham Fleming, printed by Peter Short for the assignes of William Seres, 1594, 16mo.

† Letter M. in 1581, the other authorities N.

‡ A second version by T. C. added at some period after 1583 From that period, when ascertained, the probability will appear of its being done by Thomas Churchyard.

§ So little care or research has been considered essential to rectify errors upon the present subject, that every mention of this writer particularizes this number as 25.

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and a well-known prayer at the end of the collection.*

M. Unnoticed by Ritson, it might be *John Mardley*, who "turned twenty four psalms into English odes, and made many religious songs." Supposing the first supplied number 132, from the last might be selected "the humble sute of a sinner," and "the lamentation of a sinner."

T. B. Usually supposed to denote *Thomas Bastard*, but appears too doubtful to be applied to the Morning and the Evening Prayer.

E. G. Initials unapplied, prefixed to *Da pacem Domine.*

Anonymous. Of the prefixtures, Veni Creator, Veni exultemus, Te Deum, Song of the Three Children, Benedictus, Magnificat, Song of Simeon, Creed of Athanasius, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and Complaint of a Sinner. Of the affixtures, the Creed, Prayer to the Holy Ghost, the Lamentation and Thanksgiving. Some of these are attributed to Whittingham in the History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 168.

To this detail of numericals may be subjoined comparative specimens of the Psalmody. As an introduction I shall borrow part of Warton's just and ap-

* It seems improbable that this "arch-botcher of a psalm or prayer" should be ridiculed into celebrity by the facetious Bishop Corbet, unless he was a noted psalm singer, or author of more than generally ascertained. He is likewise mentioned by Sir Thomas Overbury, who says a Precisian "conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather than in the church, and is of so good discourse, that he dares challenge the Almighty to talke with him extempore. He thinks every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of Robert Wisdom's psalmes, then the best hymn a Cherubin can singe." *Wife*, &c. 1638. Wisdom died in 1568.

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propriate observations, reviewing the translation as well with respect to the period of its first appearance, as also embracing the variation of an incumbered idiom arising from the lapse of time. "It is certain had they been more poetically translated, they would not have been acceptable to the common people. Yet however they may be allowed to serve the purposes of private edification, in administering spiritual consolation to the manufacturer and mechanic, as they are extrinsic to the frame of our liturgy, and incompatible with the genius of our service, there is perhaps no impropriety in wishing that they were remitted.—Whatever estimation, in point of composition, they might have attracted at their first appearance in a ruder age; and however instrumental they might have been at the infancy of the reformation in weaning the minds of men from the Papistic ritual, all these considerations can now no longer support even a specious argument for their being retained. From the circumstances of the times, and the growing refinements of literature, of course they become obsolete and contemptible. A work grave, serious, and even respectable for its poetry, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, at length, in a cultivated age, has contracted the air of an absolute travestie.—Attempts have been made from time to time to modernise this ancient metrical version, and to render it more tolerable and intelligible by the substitution of more familiar modes of diction. But to say nothing of the unskilfulness with which these arbitrary corrections have been conducted, by changing obsolete for known words, the texture and integrity of the original style, such as it was, has been destroyed:

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and many stanzas, before too naked and weak, like a plain old Gothic edifice, stripped of its few signatures of antiquity, have lost that little, and almost only strength, and support which they derived from ancient phrases. Such alterations even if executed with prudence and judgment, only corrupt what they endeavour to explain; and exhibit "motley performance, belonging to no character of writing, and which contains more improprieties than those which it professes to remove. "Hearne is highly offended at these unwarrantable and incongruous emendations, which he pronounces to be *abominable* in any book, "much more a sacred work;" and is confident, that were Sternhold and Hopkins "now living, they would be so far from 'owning what is ascribed to them, that they would proceed against the innovators as CHEATS."* It is certain that this translation, in its genuine and unsophisticated state, by ascertaining the signification of many radical words now perhaps undeservedly disused, and by displaying original modes of the English language, may justly be deemed no inconsiderable monument of our ancient literature, if not of our ancient poetry."

HOPKINS is not traced later than 1556, but from the additions made, in his name, after 1561, there is little doubt he was living beyond that period, and was the ostensible editor of the complete Version. Presuming this fact, notwithstanding in the above advertisement he expresses much cautious fear that

* Gloss. Rob. Gl. p. 699. This united testimony in favour of correct transcripts may be aptly applied, as unanswerable, to those who object to the servile copy of a text which they consider obsolete and unintelligible.

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his own performance might "be fathered on the dead man, and so through his estimation to be the more highly esteemed;" yet he proves not equally tenacious upon reprinting the portion by Sternhold. Though the thirty-seven Psalms are considered as the translation of his predecessor, the alterations are always to be traced in a greater or lesser degree. The following specimen is long but not incurious. By the alternate pages will be seen what was the real performance of Sternhold, and what the subsequent revision supposed by Hopkins *

(From the edition of 1551.)

Quam bonus. Psal. lxxiii.

He wondereth how the foes of God doe prosper and encrease: And howe the good and godly men, doe seldome liue in peace.

How good is God to suche as bee, of pure and perfect hearte!
Yet slip my fete awaye from hym, my steppes decline apart,
And why, because I fondly fall, in enuye and disdayne
That wicked men all thynges enioye, without disease or payne.
And beare no yoke vpon their neckes nor burden on theyr backe:
And as for store of worldly goodes they haue no wante or lacke.

* This can only extend to supposition. The question is every way doubtful, and to assert the revision entirely by *Hopkins* is inconsistent with the further language of the advertisement describing his own metre as not in any part to be compared with *Sternhold's* "MOST EXQUISITE DOINGS." If the "arch botcher" may be considered as the interpolating editor of the whole collection it would account for *Corbet* invoking the ghost of *Wisdome* to "patch us up a zealous lay, with an old *ever and for ay*, or *all and some*;" language that is not used in either of the pieces ascribed to him.

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And free from all aduersitie, when other men be shente:
And with the rest they take no parte of plage or punishement.
Wherby they be full gloryously in pryde so hyghe extolde:
And in theyr wronge and violence, be wrapte so many folde,
That by aboundaunce of theyr goodes, they please theyr appetite:
And doe all thynges accordyngly vnto theyr heartes delyte.
All thynges are vyle in theyr respect, sauing themselues alone:
They bragge theyr mischieffe openlye to make theyre power be knowne.
The heauens and the liuing lorde, they care not to blaspheme:
And loke what thyng they talke or saye, the worlde doth well esteme.
The flocke therefore of flatterers, doe furnish vp theyr trayne:
For there thei be ful sure to sucke some profite and some gayne.
Tush, tush, say they vnto themselues, is there a God aboue;
That knoweth and suffereth all this yll and wil not vs reproue?
Loe, ye may see howe wicked menne, in ryches styll increase:
Rewarded well with wordly goodes, and live in rest and peace.

[*Conclusion.**]

And loe, all suche as thee forsake, shall perysh euerychone,
And those that trust in any thyng sauyng in thee alone.

(*From the edition of* 1561.)

Psalme lxxxiii. Tho Ster.

The p̃phet teacheth by his exa̅ple, that neither the worldelie p̃sp̃itie of the vngodlie, nor yet the afflictio̅ of the good ought to discourage God's children, but rather ought to moue vs to consider our father's prouidence, and to cause vs to reuere̅ce God's iudgeme̅tes, forasmuche as the wicked vanish away like smoke, and the godlie euer into life euerlasting, in hope whereof he resigneth himselfe into God's handes.

Howeuer it be, yet God is good and kinde to Israel:
And to all suche, as safely kepe their conscience pure and wel.
Yet, like a foole, I almost slipt, my fete began to slide,
And, or I wist, euen at a pinch, my steppes awrie gan glide.
For when I sawe suche foolish men, I grudgde and did disdaine,
That wicked me̅ all thi̅gs shulde haue without turmoile or paine.

---

* The variation of the intermediate lines is very trifling.

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They neuer suffer pangs nor grief, as if death shulde them smite:
Their bodies are bothe stoute & stro̅g, and euer in good plite.
And fre from all aduersitie, when other men be shent;
And with the rest they take no parte of plague or punishment.
Therefore p̅sumptio̅ doeth embrace their necks, as doeth a chaine.
And are euen wrapt, as in a robe, with rapine and disdaine.
They are so fed, that euen for fat their eyes oft times out start:
And as for worldelie goods they haue more then can wish their heart,
Their life is moste licencious, boasting muche of the wrong,
Which they haue done to simple men, and euer pride among.
The heauens and the liuing Lord, they spare not to blaspheme,
And prate they do on wordelie thi̅gs: no wight they do esteme.
The people of God oft times turne backe to se their prosprous state;
& almoste drinke the selfe same cuppe, and followe the same rate.
How can it be that God, say they, shulde knowe and vnderstand
These worldelie thi̅gs, since wicked men be lordes of sea & land?
For we may se how wicked men in riches still increase;
Rewerded wel with worldlie goods, and liue in rest and peace.

[*Conclusion.*]

And lo, all suche as thee forsake, thou shalt destroy echone;
And those that trust in any thing, sauing in thee alone.
Therefore will I drawe nere to God, and euer with him dwell:
In God alone I put my trust, thy wonders wil I tel.

In attempting to supply the mechanic with the plainest Version, the labour of the editor did not end with only improving the text of a deceased writer, and HOPKINS sought by rejection to perfect the whole. Pursuing this laudable attempt, still it is doubtful if the untoward rhimes of Ainsworth, (who printed an English Version at Amsterdam half a century afterwards), from more nearly resembling the original, would not have been considered better to supply a deficiency, than the refined strains of Lord Surry, and others, contemporary, which could have

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been adopted. The pen of Norton supplied a substitute to Whittingham's 129th Psalm, thus commencing,

"Of Israel this may now be the song,
Euen from my youth my foes haue oft me noyed;
A thousand ils, since I was tendre and yong,
They haue me wroght, yet was I not destroyed.

As yet I beare the markes in bone and skin,
That one wolde thinke that the plowme with their plowes,
Upon my backe haue made their balkes farre in,
For, like plowde grounde, euen so haue I long forowes." &c.

In the portion selected of KETHE's numbers, the variation is very slight from the modern copies. The following may compare with the editor's second Version.

"Saue me, o God, for thy name's sake,
And by thy grace my cause defend;
Oh, heare my prayers which I make,
And let my wordes to thee ascend.

For strangers do against me rise,
And tyrants sicke my soule to spil;
They set not God before their eyes,
But bent to please their wilful wil.

Beholde, God is mine helpe and stay,
And is with suche as do me aide;
My foes, dispite he wil repay:
Oh, cut them of as thou hast saide.

Then sacrifice, o Lord, wil I
Present ful freely in thy sight;
And wil thy name stil magnifie,
Because it is bothe good and right.

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For he me broght fro troubles great,
And kept me, from their raging ire:
Yea, on my foes, which did me threat,
Myne eyes haue sene mine heart's desire." (Ps. 54.)

PULLAIN is the last name requiring notice,* and being little known as a writer, I shall trespass on the page to give the single omission.

" Sing vnto the Lord with heartie accord
A new ioyful song:
His praises resounde in euerie grounde
His saintes all among.
Let Israel reioyce, and praise eke with voyce,
His maker louing;
The sonnes of Sion let them euerie one
Be glad in their king.
Let all them aduance his name in the dance,
Bothe now and alwayes;
With harpe and tabret, euen so likewise let
Them vtter his prayes.
The Lord's pleasure is, in them that are his,
Not willing to start,
But all meanes do seke, to succour the meke,
And humble in heart.
The saintes more and lesse, his praise shal expresse,
As is good and right;
Reioycing, I saye, both nowe and for aye,
In their beddes at night.
Their throte shall brast out, in euerie route,
In praise of their Lord;
And as men moste bolde, in hand shall they holde
A two-edged sworde;

* COX, NORTON, &c. may be referred to in any copy.

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Auenged to be in euerie degre
The heathen vpon:
And for to reproue, as them doth behoue,
The people echone;
To bind strange kings fast in chaines that will last;
Their nobles also;
In hard yron bands, as wel fete as hands,
To their grief and wo;
That they may in dede giue sentence with spede,
On them to their paine;
As is writ. Alwayes suche honour and prayes,
His saintes shal obtaine.
(Ps. 149.)

To render a translation in our vernacular tongue, that should unite all the energetic simplicity and wild sublimity of the original, when forced into measure, and fettered with rhime, is perhaps impossible. The pressure of this difficulty might induce Warton, after "condemning the practice of adulterating this primitive Version," to reprobate "any Version at all, more especially if intended for the use of the church." Admitting the many objections that must occur to reflection upon this subject; admitting that any translation partakes of the character of "sacred poems;" that "the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension, and elevation of his fancy; [and that] this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion:" (since "whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being;—Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved;")—admitting "all

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that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear;" yet as for these purposes it may be very useful,* let us not entirely reject metrical psalmody. In the substitution of hymns for this languid versification may be traced the rapid increase of the proselytes to methodism. Rather let the best paraphrastic Imitations be selected, under dignified authority, and if those who have wandered do not return, it will at least prove, in part, an antidote to the chanting delusions of modern sectarists.†

J. H.

The whole book of Psalms with their wonted tunes; compiled by ten sondry authors, who have so laboured herein, that the unskilful with small practice may attaine to sing that part, which is fittest for their voyce. Imprinted at London by Thomas

* Dr. Johnson's Life of Waller.

† In the critical observations, particularly on the ninetieth Psalm, which appear in the last volume of CENSURA, the name of Sternhold seems intended to imply the whole Version. The passages from Psalms translated by him are the 7th and 120th, given at p. 403. Subsequent alterations leave little trace of their earlier translator.

" His sweorde to whet, his bowe to bend,
and stryke vs for our sinne.
He wyll prepare his killing tooles,
and sharpe his arowes preste;
To stryke and pearce with violence,
the persecutour's brest. 7th.
Howe huftefull is the thyng,
Or els how doth it styng,
The tonge of suche a lyer;
It hurteth no lesse I wene,
Then arowes sharpe and kene,
Of whote consumyng fyer." 120th.

Such is the language printed by Whitchurch.

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Este, the assigne of William Byrd, dwelling in Aldersgate streete at the signe of the black horse, and are there to be sold. 1594. 12*mo.*

THIS is an ancient edition of the Version of the Psalms by Sternhold, accompanied with the proper tunes then in use; probably not the first edition, but sufficiently ancient, to shew what alterations have been since made in that Version, and always for the worse. This has apparently been done at different times, in order to substitute more modern words for such as were become obsolete, and not commonly understood: it may have rendered many sentences more intelligible, but has done injury to the credit of the author. The name of *Sternhold* is generally coupled with that of *Blackmore*, as being examples of poetic dulness; but if the effect of the unambitious simplicity of language in the subjoined Version of the first part of the ninetieth psalm be compared with the stiff, formal, turgid language and pedantic conceits of the poets in the reign of Elizabeth, it will perhaps shine as a bright star in a cloudy night: it is at least a proof how little the ordinary language of that age differed from what prevails at present; so that the inverted construction of sentences and studious kind of obscurity, which is found both in the prose and poetry of those times, appear to have been the effect of misplaced labour and design, in order to rise above the form of common composition.

"Thou Lord hast been our sure defence,
Our rock and place of rest,
In all times past, in all times since
Thy name is ever blest;

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Ere there was mountain made or hill,
Or earth, and all abroad,
From age to age, and ever still,
For ever thou art God:
Thou bringest man through grief and pain
To death and dust, and then,
And then thou sayest, return again,
Again, ye sons of men.
The lasting of a thousand year
What is it in thy sight?
As yesterday it doth appear,
Or as a watch by night:
Whene'er thy judgements come on men,
Then is their life soon done;
All as a sleep, or like the grass,
Whose beauty soon is gone,
Which in the morning shines most bright,
But fadeth bye and bye,
And is cut down e're it be night,
All withered dead and dry.
So through thy wrath our days soon waste,
Till nought thereof remain,
Our years consume as words or blaste,
And ne'er return again.
Our age is three score years and ten,
That we the sun behold,
Four score if any see, yet then
We count them wondrous old;
And all this time our strength and life,
Which we thus count upon,
Are little else but painfull strife,
Untill our breath be gone.
Instruct us then, O Lord, to know
How long our days remain,
That we may now our thoughts apply,
True wisdom to attain." &c.

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I have removed two or three vulgar expressions for such as are less exceptionable, lest they should depreciate the rest; but they might not have had that vulgarity in the age of Elizabeth; and the common Editions have in like manner changed some obsolete words; yet none of these affect the meritorious part of the Version, which otherwise exhibits the true state of the English language in that reign, as it subsisted in the ordinary mode of composition; and on this account, at least, may deserve a place among the other remains of that age; while at the same time the use of a few obscure or insipid words may be rather the fault of the age than the author; excepting the removal of which, not the least other alteration is made, in order that, he may speak for himself whether he ought to be altogether excluded from among the relics of what is called poetry in that reign. The new Version of this psalm can bear no comparison with that of Sternhold. S.

ART. XX. "*Songes and Sonnetes of Henry Earle of Surry*" *and others.* "*Imprinted at London, in Fletestrete, within Temple barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre by Richard Tottel, the fifte day of June, An.* 1557. *Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.*"—Sixteens. Frequently reprinted; viz. 1565, 1567, 1569, 1574, 1585, 1587,* and afterwards;—yet very scarce.†

* The Bodleian Catalogue says, "Lond. by R. Robinson, 1587, 8vo."

† Herbert II. 812. Warton, III. 11, 12, 60, 69.

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" *Poems of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Printed from a correct copy. With the Poems of Sir Thomas Wiat, and others his famous cotemporaries. To which are added some Memoirs of his Life and Writings. London, Printed for W. Meares at the Lamb, and J. Brown at the Black Swan, without Temple Bar.* 1717." 8vo. *With a Preface by George Sewell, M. D.*

" *Songes and Sonettes written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Haward, late Earle of Surrey. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, within Temple Barre, at the signe of the Hand and Starre, by Richard Tottell. Anno* 1567. *Cum privilegio. Reprinted by E. Curll. Anno* 1717." 8vo.

Advertisement to Curll's Edition.

" In order to give the publick as correct an Edition as I could of these valuable Poems, I procured among my friends these several editions, printed in the years 1565, 1567, and 1569, all which I found very full of typographical errors; but the most correct was that of 1567, from which this Edition is printed, and to which the folios numbered by numeral figures in the margin refer. When I had made the edition of 1567 as correct as I could from the other two, I heard of another copy* in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, among Mr. Selden's books, wherein were many considerable amendments, supposed to be made by that eminent person: which I got collated by a learned gentleman there. So that I hope it will appear I have given my

* There was another edition printed Anno 1585.

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Lord Surrey's Poems in their antique dress, in as careful and accurate a manner as possible: and if these admirable Songes and Sonettes meet with a reception equal to their merit, they shall be immediately followed by the remainder, in the same volume, written by himself, and his intimate friend Sir Thomas Wiatt the elder; to which will be subjoined a very full and particular account of these noble authors, who have hitherto been undeservedly deny'd the justice due to their memories."

"London, April 13, 1717. "Vale."

Curll's Edition ends with the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and totally omits the poems of "Uncertain Authors" which are entirely reprinted in the other edition of the same year (1717).

The Original Preface.

"To the Reader.

"That to have wel written in verse, yea, and in small parcelles, deserveth great prayse, the workes of dyvers Latines, Italians, and other, doe prove sufficiently; that our Tong is able in that kynde to dooe as prayse worthely as the rest, the honourable style of the noble Earle of Surrey, and the weightinesse of the deep witted Syr Thomas Wyat the elder's verse, with several graces in sundry good English writers, doe shew abundantly. It restethe nowe, gentle reader, that thou thynke it not evil done, to publish to the honour of the Englysh Tong, and for the profite of the Studiouse of Englysh eloquence, those woorkes which the ungentle horders up of such treasure have heretofore envyed thee; and for this point, good reader, thyne owne profite and pleasure in these presently,

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and in mo hereafter shall aunswere for my defence. If perhappes some myslyke the statelinesse of style removed from the rude skyll of common eares, I ask helpe of the learned to defende thyre learned frends the authors of this woorke; and I exhorte the unlearned by reading to learne to be more skyllfull, and to purge that swinelike grossenesse that maketh the sweet Majerome not to smell to theyr delight."

The Editor of the Republication by *Mçares* and *Brown*, after giving a short account of Lord Surry's life, adds: "For the beauties of his poetical vein, I chuse rather to appeal to the judgment of others, than endeavour to impose my own on the reader. He was intimate with Sir Thomas Wyat and Sir Francis Brian his cotemporaries, who were far the best judges and poets of those days. And as for those who succeeded him, if it is a true observation, that those who deserve best themselves are the forwardest to do justice to others, there was hardly a poet of note since this nobleman's time, who has not paid some respect to his memory. Sir Philip Sidney, whose praise itself were a sufficient honour, where he recounts those few of our own nation, who had written, as he speaks, with poetical sinews, takes notice, "that in the Earl of Surrey's Lyrics there were many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind." And afterwards by finding fault with the bare rhimers of the age, who laid down no plan in their poems, he gives a backward glance to our author, whose subjects are always finely chosen, and the same scheme justly pursued, without the feeble help, as Sir Philip says, of one lame verse begetting another.

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"To come lower; Mr. Drayton, in his Heroical Epistles, written in imitation of Ovid's, singles him out as his favourite, and has indited one in his name to the Lady Geraldine. There are a great many beauties, as well as a good share of antiquity in this letter, and were I to judge I should allow it the firstplace in his compositions. I cannot forbear repeating those fine verses he puts in his mouth in honour of the Muses; a subject frequently touched by the Latin poets, but more excellently here.

When Heaven would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost power it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,
By them confirm'd, distinguish'd only thus.
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise.
T'eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second power by death.
When Time shall turn those amber locks to gray,
My verse again shall gild and make them gay,
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred power that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins.*

"It were easy to shew how these lines, with a little modern polish, have been imitated, turned, and worked twenty ways by Lee, Dryden, and others; but that business is not of this time, and so we must pursue our subject."†

* See before p. 237.

† Mr. Park, at the end of his new edition of Harrington's "*Nugæ Antiquæ*," has printed from MSS. Lord Surry's "Exhortation to the Citizens of London;" his "Five Chapters from the Ecclesiastes of

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Anderson in his "English Poets" has given only a small selection of the "Poems of Uncertain Authors," which accompany those of Surry and Wyat in Tottel's editions, and "form the first printed poetical Miscellany in the English language—"a garland," adds Warton, "in which it appears to have been the fashion for every flowery courtier to leave some of his blossoms." "Richard Tottel," continues this elegant historian, "deserves highly of English literature, for having collected at a critical period, and preserved in a printed volume, so many admirable specimens of ancient genius, which would have mouldered in manuscript, or perhaps from their detached and fugitive state of existence, their want of length, the capriciousness of taste, the general depredations of time, inattention, and other accidents, would never have reached the present age."

As these poems of "Uncertain Authors" are at present scarce, I shall give a few specimens.

"*The felicity of a mind embracing virtue, that beholdeth the wretched desires of the world.*

1.

When dreadful swelling seas,
Through boistrous windy blasts,
So top the ships, that all for nought
Serves anchor, sail, and masts:

Solomon, versified;" and "Three Psalms versified;" none of which are in Tottel's collection. From the preface to this publication I also learn that it was Bishop Percy's intention to give a new edition of Tottel's Miscellany, which was printed some years ago; but burnt at Mr. Nichols's fire. A splendid edition by Dr. Nott is now in the press. 1815.

Mr. Park also here ascribes to Lord Rochford the beautiful lines,

"My lute, awake, perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste," &c.

which Tottel gives to Wyat.

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Who takes not pleasure then,
Safely on shore to rest,
And see with dread and deep despair
How shipmen are distrest.

2.

Not that we pleasure take,
When others feelen smart,
Our gladness grow'th to see their harms,
And yet to feel no part.
Delight we take also,
Well ranged in array,
When armies meet, to see the fight,
Yet free be from this fray.

3.

But yet among the rest,
No joy may match with this,
T'aspire unto the temple high,
Where Wisdom throned is.
Defended with the saws
Of hoary heads expert,
Which clear it keeps from error's mist,
That might the truth pervert.

4.

From whence thou may'st look down,
And see, as under foot,
Man's wandring will and doubtful life,
From whence they took their root.
How some by wit contend,
By prowess some to rise,
Riches and rule to gain and hold,
Is all that men devise.

5.

O miserable minds,
O hearts in folly drent,
Why see you not what blindness in
This wretched life is spent?

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Body, devoid of grief,
Mind free from care and dread,
Is all and some that Nature craves,
Wherewith our life to feed.

6.

So that for Nature's turn
Few things may well suffice,
Dolour and grief clean to expell,
And some delight surprize.
Yea, and it falleth oft
That Nature more content,
Is with the less, than when the more
To cause delight is spent.*

The Lover in liberty smileth at them in thraldom, that sometime scorned his bondage.

At liberty I sit and see
Them that have erst laugh'd me to scorn,
Whipp'd with the whip that scourged me,
And now they ban that they were born.
I see them sit full soberly,
And think their earnest looks to hide;
Now in themselves they cannot spy,
That they or this in me have spied.
I see them sitting all alone,
Marking the steps, each word, and look:
And now they tread, where I have gone,
The painful path that I forsook.
Now I see well I saw no whit,
When they saw well that now are blind;
But happy hap hath made me quit,
And just judgment hath them assign'd.

* In the original these are printed as Alexandrine couplets, but are here divided according to the modern mode.

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I see them wander all alone,
And tread full fast in dreadful doubt
The self same path that I have gone:
Blessed be hap that brought me out!
At liberty all this I see,
And see no word but erst among,
Smiling at them that laugh'd at me,
Lo, such is hap: mark well my song.

Of Fortune and Fame.

1.

The plague is great, where Fortune frowns;
One mischief brings a thousand woes,
Where trumpets give their warlike sounds,
The weak sustain sharp overthrows:
No better life they taste or feel,
That subject are to Fortune's wheel.

2.

Her happy chance may last no time;
Her pleasure threateneth pains to come;
She is the fall of those that climb,
And yet her wheel advanceth some;
No force, where that she hates or loves,
Her fickle mind so oft removes.

3.

She gives no gift, but craves as fast;
She soon repents a thankful deed;
She turneth after every blast;
She helps them oft that hath no need.
Where Power dwells, and riches rest,
False Fortune is a common guest.

4.

Yet some affirm, and prove by skill,
Fortune is not a flying fame;

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She neither can do good nor ill,
She hath no form, yet bears a name;
Yet we but strive against the streams,
To frame such toys on fancy's dreams.

5.

If she hath shape or name alone,
If she do rule or bear no sway,
If she have body, life, or none,
Be she a sprite I cannot say;
But well I wot, some cause there is,
That causeth woe, and sendeth bliss.

6.

The causes of things I will not blame,
Lest I offend the prince of peace:
But I may chide, and brawl with fame,
To make her cry, and never cease
To blow the trump within her ears,
That may appease my woeful tears.

All worldly pleasures fade.

1.

The winter with his grisly storms
No longer dare abide;
The pleasant grass with lusty green
The earth hath newly dyed.

2.

The trees have leaves, the boughs down spread,
New changed is the year;
The water-brooks are clean sunk down,
The pleasant banks appear.

3.

The spring is come, the goodly nymphs
Now dance in every place;
Thus hath the year most pleasantly
Of late ychang'd his face.

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4.

Hope for no immortality,
For wealth will wear away;
As we may learn by every year,
Nay hours of every day.

5.

For Zephyrus doth mollify
The cold and blustering winds;
The summer's drought doth take away
The spring out of our minds.

6.

And yet the summer cannot last,
But once must step aside;
Then autumn thinks to keep his place,
But autumn cannot bide.

7.

For when he hath brought forth his fruits,
And stuff'd the barns with corn,
Then winter eats and empties all,
And thus is autumn worn.

8.

Then hoary frosts possess the place,
Then tempests work much harm;
Then rage of storms doth make all cold,
Which summer had made so warm.

9.

Wherefore let no man put his trust
In that, that will decay;
For slipper wealth will not continue,
Pleasure will wear away.

10.

For when that we have lost our life,
And lie under a stone,
What are we then? we are but earth;
Then is our pleasure gone.

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11.

No man can tell what God Almight
Of every wight doth cast;
No man can say, to-day I live,
Till morn my life shall last.

12.

For when thou shalt before thy judge
Stand to receive thy doom,
What sentence Minos doth pronounce,
That must of thee become.

13.

Then shall not noble stock and blood
Redeem thee from his hands;
Nor sugred talk with eloquence
Shall loose thee from his bands.

14.

Nor yet thy life uprightly led
Can help thee out of hell;
For who descendeth down so deep,
Must there abide and dwell.

15.

Diana could not thence deliver
The chaste Hippolitus,
Nor Theseus could not call to life
His friend Pirithous.

ART. XXI. "*The Paradyse of Daynty Devises aptly furnished with sundry pithie and learned inventions, devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards, sometimes of her Majesties chappel: the rest by sundry learned gentlemen, both of honor and woorshippe.*

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viz.

S. Barnarde.	*Jasper Heywood.*
E. O.	*F. K.*
L. Vaux.	*M. Bewe.*
D. S.	*B. Hill.*

M. Yloop with others."

The device—an angel crowned, holding in his right hand a flaming heart, and in his left a cross. The motto about it, "Ego sum via et veritas."

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng in Paules Churchyard, at the south west doore of Saint Paules Church, and are there to be solde. 1576. *4to.**

On the next leaf is the coat armour in twelve escutcheons of Henry Lord Compton, to whom the book is dedicated by H. D. the printer.

This Collection was again printed by Disle in 1577, and 1578, and is the only book of his printing which has escaped the devastations of time.

There was an edition in 1585, probably by Edward White, to whom the copy was granted by Timothy Rider. White also put forth editions in 1596, and 1600.

Edward Allde also put forth an edition in 1596, 4to. to which the device is a flowerpot.

Notwithstanding all these editions, the work is now very scarce.†

* From the transcript of this book by the late George Steevens, who says "It has been attempted to render the following MS. a facsimile of the first edition of the Paradise of Dainty Devices, with all its inaccuracy of spelling, punctuation, &c.; but as habits of orthography, &c. are not easily got rid of, they may occasionally have prevailed over the blunders which the transcriber has professed to copy." † It has been reprinted entire in the *British Bibliographer.* See *Triphook's Catalogues,* 1814.

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To the Right Honorable Syr Henry Compton, Knight, Lorde Compton of Compton.

RIGHT HONORABLE and my very good Lord, (presuming uppon your curtesy) I am bolde to present unto your honor, this small volume; entituled, The Paradise of deynty devises, being penned by divers learned gentlemen, and collected togeather, through the travell of one both of worship and credite, for his private use; who not long since departed this lyfe, which when I had perused over, not without the advise of sundry my freendes, I determined by theyr good motion, to set them in print, who thereunto greatly perswaded me, with these and like woordes: The wryters of them were both of honor and worship: besides that our own countreymen, and such as for theyr learnyng and gravitie might be accounted of, among the wisest. Furthermore, the ditties both pithy and pleasant, as well for the invention as meter, and wyll yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in five partes, or song to instrument. Which wel consydering, I purposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching your honor to accept it in good part, cheefely for the aucthours sake: who though some of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings shall continue for ever: for like as the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth vertue: and as the shadow goeth sometimes before, and sometimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue: but the later it commeth the greater it is, and to be the better esteemed. Thus fearing to offende your honor with these my rude speeches, I end, wishing your L. many yeres of joy.

Your good Lordship's wholy to commaund

H. D.

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Contents of this first edition of this Miscellany.

1. The Translation of the blessed St. Barnard's Verses conteyning the unstable Felicitie of this Wayfaring Worlde. The author's signature, "My Lucke is Losse."

2. "Beware of had I wyst." Same signature.

3. The perfect Tryall of a Faithfull Freend. Signed "Yloop,"

4. No Pleasure without some Payne. By E. S.

5. Our Pleasures are Vanities. By D. S.

6. May. By M. Edwardes.

7. Fair Woordes make Fooles Faine. By the same.

8. In his Extreame Sycknesse. By Lord Vaux.

9. For Christmas Day. By F[ranc]. K[inwelmarsh.]

10. Easter-Day. By Jasper Heywood.

11. For Whitsunday. By M. Kindlemarsh.

12. "Who mindes to bring his shippe to happy shore,
Must care to knowe the lawes of wysdome's lore." By Jasper Heywood.

13. Of the Unconstant Stay of Fortune's Giftes. By R. Hill.

14. No woordes, but Deedes. By R. D.

15. He desyreth Exchange of Lyfe. By Ld. Vaux.

16. Of the Instabilitie of Youth. By the same.

17. "Most happy is that state alone,
Where woordes and deedes agree in one."
By F. K.

18. "Who wyll aspire to dignitie,
By learnyng must advaunced be."
By the same.

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19. "Man's flitting life fyndes surest stay,
Where sacred vertue beareth sway.
By M. T.

20. Nothing is comparable unto a Faithfull Freend. By F. K.

21. Respice finem. By D. S.

22. He persuadeth his Frend from the fond Effects of Love.*

23. Wantyng his desyre, he complayneth. By M. Edwardes.

24. Trye before you Trust. By D. S.

25. A Lady Forsaken complayneth. By M. D.

26. Finding Worldly Joyes but Vanities, he wysheth death. By F. M.

27. Having marryed a woorthy Lady, and taken away by Death, he complayneth his mishap. By F. G.

28. A woorthy Dittie, song before the Queene's Majestie at Bristowe. By D. S.

29. His good Name being blemished, he bewaileth. By the Earl of Oxford.

30. Of Fortune's Power. M. Edwardes.

31. "Though Triumph after bloudy warres,
The greatest brags do beare,
Yet Triumph of a conquered minde,
The crowne of Fame shall weare."
By the same.

32. "Whoso will be accompted wise." By the same.

33. A Frendly Admonition. By R. Hill.

34. Sundrie Men, sundrie Affectes. By the same.

* Ritson attributes this to Thomas Churchyard.

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35. † Time gives Experience. By R. H.

36. Of Sufferance cometh Ease. By E. S.

37. † Being trapped in Love, he complayneth. By the same.

38. † "Though Fortune have sette thee on hie,
Remember yet that thou shalt die."
By F. K.

39. A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the Praise of hir Love. By M. K.

40. Oppressed with Sorowe, he wysheth Death.

41. "Where reason makes request,
There wisdom ought supplie,
With friendly answere prest,
To graunt, or else denie."
Signed, "My Lucke is Losse."

42. "Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes."
Same signature.

43. "What Joy to a Contented Mynde." Same signature.

44. Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est. By M. Edwardes.

45. Thinke to dye. By D. S.

46. Beyng asked the occasion of his white head, he aunswereth thus. By Lord Vaux.

47. † "I would to God, I were Acteon." By M. B.

48. "Why should I lenger long to live." By E. S.

49. Prudens. The historie of Damocles, and Dionise.

50. Fortitude. A yong man of Ægipt, and Valerian.

51. Justice. Zalouch, and his sonne.

52. Temperaunce. Spurina, and the Romaine Ladies. By F. M.

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53. A Bunche of Herbes and Flowers.

54. † "Now mortall man beholde and see
This worlde is but a vanitie."
By M. Thorn.

55. In commendation of Musick. By M. Edwardes.

56. † "When sage Ulisses sailed by." By M. Bew.

57. Findyng no Joye, he desireth Death. By W. H.

58. Hope well, and have well. By the same.

59. † He repenteth his Folly. By the same.

60. He requesteth some frendly Comfort, affirmyng his constancie. By M. Edwardes.

61. He complaineth his Mishapp. By M. H.

62. No foe to a Flatterer.

63. "The Spider with great Skill." By W. Hunnis.

64. "The subtill slily Sleights." By M. Edwardes.

65. "With painted Speache I list not prove." By M. B.

66. † Trie, and then trust. By Richard Hill.

67. Complainyng to his Frende, he replieth wittily. By M. Edwardes.

68. † No Paines comparable to his Attempt. By W. H.

69. No Pleasure without some Paine. By Lord Vaux.

70. The Fruites of fained Frendes. By W. H.

71. Beyng importunate, at the length, he obtaineth. By M. B.

72. Requryng the favour of his Love, she aunswereth thus. By E. S.

73. A Lover's Joye. By F. K.

74. † The Judgement of Desire. By the E. of O.

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75. The Complaint of a Lover, wearyng blacke and tawnie. By the same.

76. † He complaineth thus: "Lo heare the Man," &c.

77. Findyng no relief, he complaineth thus. By R. H.

78. † Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By Lord Vaux.

79. † A Lover Disdained, complaineth. By the same.

80. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By M. B.

81. A Lover Rejected, complaineth. By E. of O.

82. Not attainyng to his Desire, he complaineth. By the same.

83. † His Mynde not quietly setled, he writeth thus. By the same.

84. † Of the Mightie Power of Love. By the same.

85. Beyng Disdained, he complaineth. By L. Vaux.

86. Of the Meane Estate. By the same.

87. Of a Contented Mynde. By the same.

88. Trie before you trust. By the same.

89. He renounceth all the Affectes of Love. By the same.

90. † Beyng in Sorrowe he complaineth. By the same.

91. Beyng in Love, he complaineth. By R. L.

92. Beyng in Trouble, he writeth thus. By T. M.

93. Beyng troubled in Mynde, he writeth as followeth. By J. H.

94. Looke or you Leape. By Jasper Heywood.

95. † He bewaileth his Mishappe. By R. H.

96. The Complaint of a Synner. By F. K.

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97. "The fruite that sprynges from wilful wites,
Is ruthe, and ruins rage,
And sure what heedelesse youthe committes,
Repentaunce rues in age."

Signed, "Yloop."

Finis.

Imprinted at London by Henry Disle, dwellyng at the south-west doore of Paules churche, 1576.

This edition contains seventeen articles which are not in the edition of 1600. They are thus distinguished†.

The following articles, which are found in the edition of 1600, are wanting in this.

	Page
1. "Amid the Vale." By Jasper Heywood.	3
2. "A Faithfull Friend." By M. Edwardes.	36
3. "Alacke, when I looke Backe." By W. Hunnis, - - -	61
4. "I read a Maying Rime." By M. S. -	26
5. "If thou delight." By W. Hunnis -	48
6. "In Loathsome Race." By Candishe.	70
7. "In Searche of Thinges." By W. Hunnis.	71
8. "In Wealthe we see." By the same.	72
9. "In May by Kinde." By M. Edwardes.	82
10. "Like as the Doleful Dove." By W. Hunnis. - - -	61
11. "My eye." By the same. -	55
12. "My owne Godfather." By H. D. -	66
13. "O Soveraigne Salve." By Jasper Heywood.	83
14. "Perhaps you thinke." By A. Bourcher.*	20
15. "The Deepe Turmoiled Wight." -	21

* Ritson says this is also in the edition of 1596.

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16. "The Wandring Youth." By J. Heywood. 84
17. "Who seekes the Way." - - 69
18. "What is the World." By G. Gaske. 79
19. "What Fond Delight." By J. H. - 80
20. "You Muses Nine." By Lodowicke Loyd. 28

Such is the irregularity of the first edition that the pages run backwards and forwards, so that the same number sometimes occurs twice over.

A Table of the Names or Signatures of the Authors in this Collection. With the number of Poems furnished by each.

1. My Lucke is Losse; a signature not decyphered. Five copies.
2. Yloop, supposed to be Pooley, two copies.
3. E. S. five copies.
4. D. S. [Sand] five copies.
5. R. Edwardes, ten copies.
6. Lord Vaux, thirteen copies. Ritson says some of them are distinguished as those of Lord Vaux, the elder; but in Steevens's copy I can find no such distinction.
7. F. K. Francis Kinwelmersh, nine copies.
8. Jasper Heywood, three copies.
9. Richard Hill, four copies.
10. R. D. qu. Robert Dillington? one.
11. M. T. qu. Thorn? one.
12. M. Thorn, one.
13. M. D. qu. Dyer? one.
14. F. M. not mentioned by Ritson, two.
15. F. G. Fulke Greville, one.

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16. Earl of Oxford, seven.
17. M. B. qu. Bew? four.
18. M. Bew, one.
19. R. H. qu. Hill or Hall? three.
20. W. H. William Hunnis, seven.
21. R. L.
22. T. M. qu. Thomas Marshall? though Ritson says no such name, or initials, occur in this edition, but if Steevens's copy deserve credit, they certainly do occur once.
23. J. H. qu. Jasper Heywood? one copy.*

To these are to be added the following names from the edition of 1600.

24. M. S. which Ritson supposes may be Sackville, but surely as Sackville had borne the title of Lord Buckhurst for more than thirty years, he would not have been so designated in 1600.
25. Mr. Candishe
26. H. D. not in the edition of 1576, though Ritson says it is.
27. A. Bourcher.
26. G. Gaske, which Mr. Park thinks, with apparent probability, means Gaskoine.
27. J. H. qu. Jasp. Heywood?
28. Lod. Loyd, who, according to Ritson, has a copy in the edition of 1576, which I cannot find there.

For the sake of juxta-position, I here add a table of the names or signatures of the authors of England's Helicon, 1600.

* Consult the reprint in the *British Bibliographer* for a more full and corrected account of this rare Collection.

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1. Sir P. Sydney, thirteen copies.
2. E. B. Edmund Bolton, five.
3. Edm. Spenser, four.
4. Michael Drayton, five.
5. Robert Greene, six.
6. Thomas Lodge, eleven.
7. Nicholas Breton, eight.
8. Shepherd Tonie; evidently a fictitious signature, seven.
9. George Peele, three.
10. J. D. qu. Sir John Davies? one.
11. J. M. qu. Jervis Markham? two.
12. Earl of Surry, two.
13. Thomas Watson, five.
14. John Wootton, two.
15. S. E. D. *Sir Edward Dyer*, six.
16. William Shakspeare, one.
17. Ignoto—under which signature, some are supposed to be *Sir Walter Raleigh's*, eleven copies.
18. * W. H. qu. William Hunnis? two.
19. Bartholomew Young, twenty-four.
20. Richard Barnefield, two.
21. * Earl of Oxford, one.
22. H. C. *Henry Constable*, four.
23. T. B. *qu. Thomas Bastard?* one.
24. W. S. William Smith, one.
25. * M. F. G. *Fulke Grevile*, one.
26. J. G. who, Ritson supposes, may be *J. Gough* —why not *J. Grange?*
27. M. H. Nowell, called N. Howell, in the second edition, 1614.
28. Christopher Marlow.

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N. B. Those who were contributors to the Paradise of Dainty Devises have an asterisk against their names.

The Paradyse of Dainty Devises, 1578.

Contains a dozen or fourteen poems not entered in the contents of the first edition, mentioned in the preceding article.

EXTRACTS

From the Paradise of Dainty Devises, 1576.

I have already given an account of the contents of this curious collection. Notwithstanding the various editions, through which it passed, I believe it to be so scarce, that a republication of any of its flowers must be acceptable to the lovers of old English poetry; and I venture to assert this, though it seems to be in direct contradiction to the opinion of the *British Critic*; who intimated, (I must say too hastily) that the extracts from this work, given in the first volume of the *Poetical Register*, were too common and too familiar to all readers of this cast to occupy the space they there filled.

The poems of this collection are characterised almost entirely by moral sentiment. There is nothing in them of legendary or historical matter: nor indeed even of imagery or description. They form a strong contrast therefore to the style and manner of "*the Mirror for Magistrates*," which are entirely narrative.

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For the reasons here given, I think I shall be performing an useful service to the literary world, by introducing into this work a more than usually portion of Extracts from this very rare miscellany.*

N° I.

The Translation of the Blessed Saint Barnard's Verses containing the unstable Felicity of this wayfaring world.

1.

" Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria,
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia,
Quam vasa figuli, quæ sunt fragilia.

" Why doth each state apply
Itself to worldly praise?
And undertake such toil
To heap up honour's gain?
Whose seat, though seeming sure,
On fickle fortune stays,
Whose gifts were never prov'd
Perpetual to remain:
But e'en as earthen pot
With every fillip fails,
So fortune's favour flits,
And fame with honour quails."

2

" Plus crede literis, scriptis in glacie,
Quam mundi fragilis vanæ fallaciæ,
Fallax in premiis, virtutis specie,
Quæ nunquam habuit tempus fiduciæ.

* This was done in 1807, before the whole was reprinted.

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"Think rather firm to find
A figure graven in ice,
Whose substance subject is
To heat of shining sun,
Than hope for stedfast stay
In wanton worlds device,
Whose feigned fond delights
From Falsehood's forge do come,
And under virtue's veil
Are largely dealt about,
Deceiving those who think
Their date will never out."

3.

" *Magis credendum est viris fallacibus,*
Quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus,
Falsis insaniis et voluptatibus,
Falsis quoque studiis et vanitatibus.

"The trifling truthless tongue
Of Rumour's lying lips,
Deserves more trust, than doth
The highest happy hap,
That world to worldlings gives;
For see how honour slips
To foolish fond conceits,
To Pleasure's poison'd sap,
To studies false in proof,
To arts applied to gain,
To fickle fancy's toys,
Which Wisdom deemeth vain."

4.

" *Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?*
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel pulcher Absolon, vultu mirabilis?

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" Where is the sacred King,
That Solomon the Wise?
Whose Wisdom former times
Of duty did commend?
Where is that Samson strong,
That monstrous man in size,
Whose forced arm did cause
The mighty pillars bend?
Where is the peerless Prince,
The friendly Jonathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape,
And favour, did surpass?"

5.

" *Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?*
Vel Dives splendidus, totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius, clarus eloquio?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?
"Where is that Cæsar now,
Whose high renowned fame
Of sundry conquests won
Throughout the world did sound?
Or Dives rich in store,
And rich in richly name,
Whose chest with gold, and dish
With dainties did abound?
Where is the passing grace
Of Tully's pleading skill?
Or Aristotle's vein,
Whose pen had wit and will?"

6.

" *O esca vermium, O massa pulveris!*
O ros, O vanitas, cur sic extolleris?
Ignoras penitus, utrum cras vixeris;
Fac bonum omnibus, quam diu poteris!

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"O food of filthy worms,
O lump of loathsome clay,
O life full like the dew,
Which morning sun doth waste;
O shadow vain, whose shape
With sun doth shrink away,
Why gloriest thou so much,
In honour to be placed?
Sith that no certain hour
Of life thou dost enjoy,
Most fit it were thy time
In goodness to employ!"

7.

"*Quam breve festum est hæc mundi gloria?*
Ut umbræ hominum, sic ejus gaudia;
Quæ semper subtrahit æterna premia,
Et ducunt hominum ad dura devia.

"How short a banquet seems,
The pomp of high renown!
How like the senseless shape
Of shivering shadow thin,
Are wanton worldly toys,
Whose pleasure plucketh down
Our hearts from hope, and hands
From works which heaven should win,
And takes us from the trod,
Which guides to endless gain,
And sets us in the way,
Which leads to lasting pain."

8.

"*Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur,*
Sacris in literis flos fœni dicitur,
Ut leve folium, quod vento rapitur,
Sic vita hominum, hæc vita tollitur.

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"The pomp of worldly praise,
Which worldlings hold so dear,
In holy sacred book
Is liken'd to a flower;
Whose date doth not contain
A week, a month, or year,
But springing now doth fade
Again within an hour.
And as the lightest leaf
With wind about is thrown,
So light is life of man,
And lightly hence is blown.

Finis. My Lucke is Losse."

II.

"*Beware of had I wyst.*

"Beware of *had I wyst*,
Whose fine brings care and smart,
Esteem of all, as they deserve,
And deem as deem'd thou art:
So shall thy perfect friend
Enjoy his hoped hire,
And faithless fawning foe shall miss
The effect of his desire.
Good Will shall have his gain,
And Hate shall heap despite;
A faithless friend shall find distrust,
And love shall reap delight.
Thyself shall rest in peace;
Thy friend shall joy thy fate;
Thy foe shall fret at thy good hap,
And I shall joy thy state.

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But this my fond advice
May seem perchance but vain,
As rather teaching how to lose,
Than how a friend to gain.
But this not my intent,
To teach to find a friend;
But safely how to love and leave
Is all that I intend.
And if you prove in part,
And find my counsel true,
Then wish me well for my good will,
'Tis all I crave. Adieu!

Finis. My Lucke is Losse."*

Who will aspire to dignity,
By learning must advanced be.

" The poor that live in needy rate,
By learning do great riches gain:
The rich that live in wealthy state,
By learning do their wealth maintain.
Thus rich and poor are further'd still,
By sacred rules of learned skill.

All fond conceits of frantic youth,
The golden gift of learning stays:
Of doubtful things to search the truth,
Learning sets forth the ready ways.
O happy him do I repute,
Whose breast is fraught with learning's fruit.

* No. III. Beginning " *Not stayed state, but feeble stay,*" is printed in " Ellis's Specimens."

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There grows no corn within the field,
That ox and plough did never till:
Right so the mind no fruit can yield,
That is not led by learning's skill:
Of ignorance comes rotten weeds,
Of learning springs right noble deeds.

Like as the captain hath respect
To train his soldiers in array:
So learning doth man's mind direct,
By *Virtue's* staff his life to stay.
Though friends and fortune waxeth scant,
Yet learned men shall never want.

You imps therefore in youth be sure,
To fraught your minds with learned things:
For learning is the fountain pure,
Out from the which all glory springs.
Who so therefore will glory win,
With learning first, must needs begin.

Finis. F. K."

Time gives experience.

"We read what pains the powers divine,
Through wrath conceiv'd by some offence,
To mortal creatures they assign
Their due deserts for recompence.
What endless pain they must endure;
Which their offences did procure.

A gripe doth *Titius'* liver tear,
His greedy hungry gorge to fill;
And *Sisiphus* must ever bear
The rolling stone against the hill.
A number more in hell be found,
Which thus to endless pain are bound.

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Yet all the woe that they sustain,
Is nothing to the pain of mine,
Which cometh through the proud disdain
Of one that doth to love repine:
Therefore I cry woe worth the hour,
Since first I fell in *Venus'* power.

The gnawing gripes of irksome thought,
Consumes my heart with *Titius'* grief;
I also have full vainly wrought,
With *Sisiphus*, without relief.
Even when I hope to end my pain,
I must renew my suit again.

Yet will I not seem so untrue,
To leave a thing so late begone:
A better hap may yet ensue,
The strongest towers in time be won.
In time therefore, my trust I place,
Who must procure desired grace. Finis. R. H."

ART. XXII. *A Dialogue betweene Experience and a Courtier, of the miserable estate of the Worlde, first compiled in the Schottishe tongue, by Syr Dauid Lyndsey, Knight, (a man of great learning and science) nowe newly corrected, and made perfit Englishe, pleasaunt and profitable for al estates, but chiefly for Gentlemen, and such as are in authoritie.*

Hereunto are anexid certaine other pithy pieces of woorkes inuented by the said Knight, as shal largely appeare in the table after following. Anno 1566. *4to. folios* 154. *b. l.**

* Q. Colophon, the copy wanting the last two leaves.

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Mr. Chalmers, in his late excellent edition of Sir David Lyndsay's poems, says, "In the beginning of the year 1565-6, there was entered on the Stationer's register, for William Pickeryng, a book, entitled "A Dialogue betwene Experyence and a Courtier, compyled by Mr. Davy Lyndsay; bothe in Englesshe and Skottesh." It is to be lamented that this edition of Lyndsay's Monarchie was not printed, as proposed by the bookseller, in 'Englesshe and Skottesshe;' as the slight differences of the two languages, in that age, would have clearly appeared." In the following year Purfoot printed the present edition, and was joined by Pickering in those of 1575 and 1581; it is therefore probable the entry made by Pickering was of the work printed by his coadjutor; and Mr. C. has assigned sufficient reason for altering the plan of printing in both languages as "the doer of the English booksellers not only translated the Scotish tung into perfect Englishe; but he altered the words, changed the sentiments, and twisted the stanzas." [Vol. I. p. 86, ed. 1806.]

The following is the introductory epistle prefixed by the editor on performing his task, and also a specimen for the purpose of comparing the slight difference between the languages, so ably and convincingly pointed out and proved by Mr. C. in his dissertation on that subject.

At the back of the title a square wood cut of Lucrece stabbing herself with a sword beneath the right pap, a three quarters length; at the bottom the printer's name, "Thomas Pvrfoote." On the following page,

"An Epistle to the Reader: Plato, the Prince of

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philosophers perfectly perceiuing, by proofe of experience, that we are not borne to benefite our selues alone, but likewyse, our frendes, together with the common wealth and countrey wherein we have receiued life and liuing; did not onely commende this sacred saiyng vnto letters, for profit of posteritie, but also laboured to accomplishe it with toyling, trauile, and great anxietie. For howe much he hath deserued, as well of straungers studious in vertue, as of his owne natiue nation: his woorthy woorkes, and deuine volumes, most abundantly declare and testifie. Whose counsell, and example, diuerse men diuersly have folowed, studiyng rather the wealth of many then the ease and pleasure of one. But in my iudgement, they are first to be registred in the book of fame, who by their watche and labour, leaue in letters, ornatly and pleasantly penned, the state and condition of former time, wherin (as it were a glasse) what end, doings good or euill haue had, we may clearely see and beholde. Therefore the author of this booke meriteth no small praise; who being a gentleman, borne of a woorshipfull house, had his childhod furnished with good letters, as he that was play felowe with the Prince; and after that, spent al his youth, and most of his age in the court, where for his wisedome, grauitie, and learning, he was alwayes occupied in the most waightie affaires of the kingedome; and nowe, after he came vnto crooked olde age, applied him selfe to write suche thinges as the court had taught him by experience, for the behoofe and instruction of others. But what initeth he? The seemely sightes, the pleasure or delightes, the blisse and brauery of the court; nothing lesse, but

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the misery, the chaunge, and instabilitie of the world. Why (I pray you) is that to be learned in the court? In no place soner, for the higher a tree groweth, the more is it subiect to the blast and tempest: so that if the roote be loosened and shake, most great and fearful is the fal thereof, as in this woorke by many reasons and example is made most plaine and manifest. Therefore I will no longer deteine thee (gentle reader) from reading so fruitful a booke, but now keepe silence that thou maist heare himselfe speake thereof. Farewell."

"*To the bier of this booke.*

"Reade and regarde, then gratefull gaine
thou shalt receiue hereby,
Both to requite thy cost and paine,
though deare thou doe it bie;
Thy pecock pride it pulleth downe,
thy hart to honour bent:
It telles the how fortune can frowne,
and take that she had lent.
It telles thee how the lowest tree,
the wynde doth seldome blowe:
But those that are growen vpon hie,
doth often ouerthrowe.
Therfore to heauen lift vp thy hart,
this world is short and vayne
Then from it willingly depart,
with God in yoies* to reigne.

Finis."

Then follows the table.†

* Misprint for joies.

† After "The ende of the fourth Monarchies.—The tragedy of Dauid Beto.—His Epistle to the Prelates.—To the Princes.—The

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"*An Exhortation to the Reader touching the writing of vulgar speache.*

"Gentill reader haue no despite,
Thinking that I presumptuously intend
In vulgar tong so hie matter to write,
But where I mis, amend it right sone;
To the vnlerned I wold ye cause were knowen,
Of our miserable trauell and torment,
And how in earth no place is permanent.

How be it that diuers deuout cunning clarkes,
In Latine tong haue written diuers bokes.
The vnlearned knowes littell of their warkes;
More than they do the rauing of the rokes;
Wherefore to Colliers, Carters, and Cokes,
To Jack and Tom my rime shall be directed;
With cunning men, I know it will be liked.

Thoughe euery commen may not be a clarke,
Nor hath no speache but their toung maternall,
Why should, of God the marueilous heuenly worke,
Be hid from them? I thinke it not fraternall.
The father of heauen which was and is eternall,
To Moyses gaue the lawe vpon mount Synay,
Not in the Greke nor Latine I heare say.

He wrote the lawe in tables hard of stone,
In their owne language of Hebrew,
That the children of Israell every one,

testament of the Popiniaye.—Her complaint.—The Popiniayes epistle to the King.—The Popiniay to her brethre in the court.—The communicatio betwene the Popiniay and her executors.—The dreame of Sir Dauid Lindsay, the prologue.—The quatitie of ye earth.—the deuision of ye earth.—Of earthly paradise.—The complaint of the commoweale of Scotland.—An exhortation to the Kinges grace.—The death of Queene Magdalene. Finis."

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Myght knowe the lawe, and so the same insew
Had he it written; in Latine this is trew,
It had bene to them but a sauerles iest:
Ye may well knowe God wrote all for the best.

Arystotell, nor Plato, I heare say plaine,
Wrote not their hye Philosophy naturall,
In Duche, nor Frenche, nor speach Italian;
But in their most ornat tong maternall;
Whose name and fame doth raine perpetuall.
Famous Virgill the prince of poetry,
Nor Cisero, the flower of oratorye.

Wrote not in Caldei speache, this is trew,
Nor yet in the language Sarazene;
Nor in the vulgar language of Hebrew;
But in the Romaine tounge this may be sene,
Which was their proper language as I wene;
When Romaines as gouernours did procede,
The decked Latine was their speache in dede.

In the meane time, when that the bold Romaynes
Ouer all the world had dominion,
Made Latine scoles their glory to aduance,
That their language might be ouer all common:
To that intent, by my opinion,
Trusting that their empire should euer endure;
But of fortune alway they were not sure.

Of languages the first diuersitie,
Was made by God's malediction,
When Babilon was builded in Caldee,
Those bilders had no other:
Before the time of that punicion,
Was but one tounge, which Adam spake himself;
Where nowe of tounges are thre score and twelfe.

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Notwithstanding I thinke it great pleasure,
Where cunning men haue languages inewe;
That in their youth by diligent labour,
Have learned Latine, Greke, and also Hebrew;
That I am not one of that sort I rew,
Wherefore I wolde all bokes necessarye.
For our faith were in the tounge vulgar.

Christ after his glorious assention,
To his disciples sent the holy sprite,
In tounges of fyre to that intencion,
They being of all languages replete,
Thorow all the world with words fayre and swete,
To euery man the faith, they should forth shewe
In their owne speche deliuering them the lawe.

Therefore I think it great derision,
To heare these nunnes and sisters night and daye;
Singing and saying psames and orison,
Not knowing what th[e]y sing or saye;
But like a starling or a popingaye,
Which learned are to speake by long vsage,
Them I compare to byrdes in a cage.

Right so children and ladies of honours,
Praye all in Latyne, thorowout the land so wide,
Mumbling their mattens, euensong and howres,
The Lorde's prayer also, and the crede,
Were it not as pleasant to the spirite in dede,
God have mercy vpon me for to say thus,
As to saye, Miserere mei Deus.

Saint Jerom in his owne tounge Romaine,
The lawe of God did truely translate
Out of Hebrew and Greke, in Latine plaine,
Which hath bin hid from vs long time God woot,
Vnto this time; but after my conceite

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Had Saint Jerom bene borne in Argyle,
Into Irishe his bokes he wold compile.

Prudent Saint Paull doth make narration,
Touching the diuers speache of euery lande,
Saing; there is more edification,
In fyue wordes that men do vnderstand,
Then to pronounce of wordes ten thousand,
In a straunge language, that is to no reason:
I think such pattering is not worth too peason.

Vnlearned people on the holye daye,
Solemly heare the gospell sounge,
Not knowing what the priest doth saye;
But as a bell, when they heare it rounge;
Yet if the priestes in their mother tounge,
Would passe to the pulpit and that doctrine declare,
Vnto the lewd people, it were more necessare.

I would prelats and doctours of the law,
With vs lewd people, were not discontent,
Though we in our vulgar tounge did know,
Of Christ Jesu the life and testament;
And how to kepe his commaundement:
Both in our language let vs pray and reede,
Our Lorde's prayer, and our creede.

I wolde some prince of great discretion,
In vulgar language wolde translate,
The nedefull lawes of this religion;
Then wolde there not be halfe so great debate,
Among vs people, of the lowe state.
If euerye man the verite did know,
We neded not to intreat these men of law.

To doe our neighbour wrong we wolde bewar,
If we did know the lawes punishment,
There wolde not be suche brauling at the bar,

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Nor men of lawe leap to suche rbiall rent,
To kepe the lawe if all men were content;
And eche man doe as he wolde be done vnto,
The iudges should haue but littell ado.

The prophet Dauid, kyng of Israell,
Compiled the pleasant psalmes of the psalter,
In his owne proper tounge, as I hear tell,
And Salomon, which was his sonne and heyre,
Did make his booke in his speach vulgar:
Why should not their saying to vs be showne
In our language? I wold it were knowne.

Let doctours write their curious questions,
And argumentes so full of sophistrye,
Their logicke, and their high opinions;
Their darke judgement of astronomy;
Their medicines and philosophye:
Let poets shew their glorious engine,
Howe euer they please in Greke or Latine.

But let vs haue the bokes necessare,
To common welth and our saluation;
Justly translated in our tong vulgare:
And also I make to the supplication,
O gentill reader haue no indignation,
Thinking I medle with to hye a matter;
Now to my purpose forward will I fare."

The volume is interspersed with wood cuts, several of them repeatedly given, making the number not more than twenty-two that have different subjects.

Conduit street. J. H.

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ART. XXIII. *Here begynneth the Kalender of Shepardes.* [Wood cut of a shepherd with bagpipes under his arm neglected, with a sheep hook beneath his feet, standing in a gazing attitude to descry the astronomical course of the heavens, his dogs coupled behind him, sheep half distance off to the right, wolf in the left stealing a lamb, a cathedral in the distance, and the skies divided in portions of three circles, with sun, moon, and stars.] Colophon (imperfect.) [Imprinted at London in P]*owles Chyrch yarde, at the sygne of the Thre* [Kynges, by one Jul] *yan Notary, the yere of our Lorde, a M. CCCCC and* [ ] *Fol.* 103 *leaves. b. l.*

The Shepheards Kalender. Here beginneth the Kalender of Shepheards. Newly augmented and corrected. [Wood cut ut supra.] *Printed at London for Thomas Adams, dwelling in Pauls Churchyard, at the signe of the Bell.* 1618. *Fol.* 100 *leaves. b. l.*

OF this very curious work I have been obliged by the loan, from different quarters, of two copies as above. It was translated from the French, and first printed in English at Paris, 1503;* then by Wynken de Worde;† again by Pynson;‡ as above, by Julyan Notary, (not mentioned by Herbert), and by John Walley.§ The dates of all the editions, printed in England, are uncertain; Pynson preceded Julyan

* Herbert, 1529. † Ib. 208. ‡ Ib. 285.
§ Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. II. 195.

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Notary; whose date, (although the copy before me is too imperfect to hazard a surmise from) may be nearly ascertained; as the earliest book, at present known, dated by him from Saint Paul's Church-yard, is in 1515, and the latest 1520. Walley began to print 1546.

This article will be confined to the earliest edition. At the back of the title is a wood cut (as described by Herbert, 209), which appears to have been afterwards inserted in "The Breviary of Health," by Andrew Boorde, 1546, as I have an engraved copy of the same cut with the name under of "Andrew Boorde." Bromley notices one prefixed to that work as doubtful, and the portrait collectors may now be certain it never was intended to represent that facetious physician.

On the following page, "Here begynneth the prologue. Here before tyme this boke was prynted in Parys into corrupt Englysshe, and nat by no Englyssheman, wherfore the bokes that were brought into Englande no man coude understande them parfytely, and no mervayle, for it is unlykely for a man of that countre, for to make it into good and parfyte Englysshe as it shuld be. Therfore newely nowe it is drawen out of Frenche into Englysshe at the instaunce, cost, and charge of Richarde Pynson, and for bycause he sawe that men of other countrees intermedellyd with that, that they coude [have] no skyll in, and therfore the foresayd Richarde Pynson, and suche as longeth to hym, hath made it into playne Englysshe, to the intent that every man may understande it, the which that this boke is very profitable both for clerkes and ley people to cause them to have

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great understandynge, and in especiall in that we be bounde to lerne and knowe on payne of everlastinge dethe. As the lawes of God sheweth howe we maye knowe to kepe his commaundements, and to knowe the remedyes to withstande deedly synne, there be many men and women thynketh them self wise, and knoweth and lerneth many thynges, but that at* they be bounde to lerne and knowe that they knowe nat. As firste the x commaundementes—"

This prologue is inserted, with trifling variation, in the subsequent editions, and retaining the name of Pynson.

The table next, with the heads of fifty six chapters, "also a good drynke for the pestilence whiche is nat chapterde."

"This book was made for them that be no clerkes to brynge them to greet understandynge, and this Kalender is devyded in V parties; the firste of our sygnes of the compost and the kalender; the seconde is the tre of vyces with the paynes of helle; the thirde is the way of helt[h]e of man, the tre of vertues; the fourthe is phesyke and governance of helthe; the fyfte is astrologye and physnomy, for to understande many disceyvynges, and whiche they be."

From the following passage, Warton has assigned dates to the earlier editions. "The naturall daye is to be understande fro mydnight to mydnyght xxiiii houres, and shall serve the sayd nombres for the letters feryals xix yere complete from the yere that this kalender was made a MCCCClxxxxvii unto the yere a MCCCCC and xvi. In the whiche yere shal

* Dele at.

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begynne to serve this golden nombre, and the other nombres after the letters feryals, all in the maner as they be before for the other xix yeres. And all the remnaunt of the compost, and of the kalender is perpetuall for the golden nombre, so shall they be xxxviii yere, of the whiche yeres a M CCCC lxxxxvii is the firste. The feests of the kalender are in theyr dayes, of the whiche the solenuell are in rede and storyed in the unyteney, the whiche unyte in the ende of the bodyes above every daye, is one letter of the a. b. c. for to understande in what sygne is the moone that daye. And yet the sayd letters and the said rubrysshe, for the whiche shalbe one fygure before the kalender, whiche shall shewe howe they shuld understand it. This yere of this present kalender, whiche began to have course the firste day of Janyuere a M CCCC lxxxxvii; in the which reygneth for the golden nombre xvj, the letter domynycall A. The letter tabuler f and b, in the firste lynes, and theyr fygures nerest the golden nombre xvi, the yere of this kalender." The French edition was probably in 1497, and the translator did not venture to alter the numbers.

Upon the eclipses of the sun and moon there are fifty-four representations of those planets, calculated to 1552, and the subject closes with the following lines:

"No mervayle that manne's mynde be mutable,
And wyll ye knowe, wherfore and why
For he is made of thynges variable,
As of hote, colde, moyste, and dry;
The wyt is lyght, it passeth lyghtly,
And sythe we be made, of iiii chaungeable,
Howe shuld man be stedfast and stable.

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A clyps shall be mervaylous to beholde,
Thorough which many shall be the worse,
For ma[n]y shall fynde neyther sylver ne golde:
It shall be no derke within theyr purse."

The seventh chapter, "whiche sheweth of the trees of vyces," is a singular compound of sentences, divided under various branches and small sprays.

"*The second braunche of pride.*

VAIN GLORY OF THE WORLD.

For rycheese.

"Whan they wene to be better for theyr goodes;
Or weneth to be worse without them;
To be ashamed, that they lacke ryches in theyr nede;"

"*For pompes.*

"Delytynge hym to have a great housholde;
Rejoysing them in the fayre shape of theyr bodies;
Or in newe facyon, or multytude of his clothes."

"*For honoures.*

"When they desire to be honoured, with other's gode
Wyllynge to be honoured and drede,
Or to the ende that it may be sayd that they be myghti."

The branches extend to Pride, 17; Envy, 13; Wrath, 10; Sloth, 17; Covetousness, 20; Gluttony, 5; Lechery, 5.

"*Of an assaute agaynst a Snayle* [Cap. xlvii.]

[The woman speketh wath an hardy curage.]

"Go out of this place, thou right ugly beest,
Whiche of the vynes, the burgenynges deth ete,
And buddes of trees, both more and leest,

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In dewy mornynges, agaynst the wete;
Out of this place, or I shall the sore bete
With my dystaffe, bytwene thy hornes twayne,
That it shal sowne into the realme of Spayne."

" *The men of armes with theyr fyers countenaunce.*

"Horryble snayle, lightly thy hornes downe lay,
And from this place, out fast loke that thou ryn,
Or with our sharpe wepons, we shall the fray,
And take the castell that thou lyest in,
Wi shall the flee, out of thy folwle skyn,
And in a dysshe, with onyons and peper,
We shall the dresse and with strong vynegar.
There was never yet any lombarde,
That dyd the ete in suche manner of wyse;
And breke we shal thy house stronge and harde,
Wherfore get the hens by our advyse:
Out of this place of so ryche edyfyse,
We the requyre, if it be thy wyll,
And let us have this towre, that we come tyll."

" *The snayle speketh.*

"I am a beest of right great mervayle,
Upon my backe, my house reysed I bere,
I am neyther flesshe, ne bone to avayle,
As well as a great oxe, two hornes I were;
If that these armed men approche me nere,
I shall them soone vaynquysshe everych one,
But they dare nat, for fere of me alone."

This extraordinary medley has an unusual number of wood cuts "boldly touched;" and proves the late revival of those embellishments of very inferior character. The spirited conception, and masterly

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execution of the one, compared with the prettiness of design in the other, bear as little similarity as a colossal statue to a group of infantine Cupids, or little shepherds, that adorn a mantle shelf.

The edition of 1618 is modernised or "corrected" in orthography, but I am not aware of any augmentation; the prints are, perhaps, fewer in number, otherwise the same.

Conduit street. J. H.

Since the former part of this article was printed, a reference has been made to a copy of the work in its original language, by a gentleman whose extensive library is open to aid every proper research, and whose attention and ready assistance upon literary subjects create universal obligation; I need not add the name of Mr. Heber. From that reference it seems certain, that the English Editor made several additions to the translation: one of them is the following chapter upon "the governance of health," apparently the portion of a poem ascribed to Lydgate. As this author has been noticed by Warton for "the first of our writers, whose style is clothed with that perspicuity in which the English phraseology appears at this day to an English reader;" * the following copy of verses, with the respective minuteness of the collation, may therefore be considered as sufficiently curious to be worth preserving, however otherwise prosaic or tedious. Of the two manuscripts referred to, the one is in the British Museum (Har. Coll. 2251), and the other (penes

* History of English Poetry, Vol. II. p. 52.

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me) was obtained from the Hawkins * library at Nash Court. " To enumerate Lydgate's pieces (says Warton) would be to write the catalogue of a little library;" but that task was performed by the indefatigable Ritson, whose list enumerates 251 pieces, † either published or MS. in the libraries of the Museum and Oxford, &c. Upon considering the copies of the following poem, without impeaching the care and industry of that tenacious Editor, it seems doubtful if the list can be considered accurate, as there is manifest probability, that some of the articles are only portions of other longer pieces also enumerated, and the wide distribution of them renders it almost impossible by collation, or otherwise, to detect the error.

"*Here foloweth the gouernaunce of helth, Cap XXX.*"

" Who wyll be hole and kepe hymselfe fro syckenes,
And resyste the stroke of pestelence,
Let hym be glad, and voyde all heuenes,
Flye wycked ayres, eschewe the presence
Of infect places, causynge the vyolence;
Drynke good wynes, of holsome metes take,
Smell swete thynges, and for thy defence,
Walke in clene ayre, and eschewe the mystes blake.

* An ancient Catholic family at Boughton, near Canterbury.

† Some of these are believed to have been ascribed to Lydgate on insufficient authority, as will probably be shewn hereafter by the learned Editor of Milton and Spenser.

** Both the manuscripts begin with the fourth stanza. A trivial difference in the orthography is not always noticed.

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With voyde stomake, outwarde the nat dresse
  Rysynge vp euery,[b] with fyre haue a sustence;
Delyte in gardyns, for the great swetenes;
  To be well cladde do thy delygence;
  Kepe well thy selfe from inconuenyence;
I[n] stewes ne bathes, no soiourne thou make;
  Openynge of the pores, this doth great offence;
Welke in clene ayre and eschewe the mystes blake.

Ete no rawe flesshe, for no gredynes,
  And from fruyte kepe thyne abstynence;
Pullettes, and chekyns, for theyr tendernes,
  Ete thou with sauce, spare for none exspence;
  Vergyus, vyneyger, and the influence
Of holsome spyces I dare vndertake,
  The morowe slepe, called golden in sentence,
Greatly helpeth agaynst the mystes blake.

For helthe of body, couer fro colde thy hede,
  Ete no rawe meetes, take good hede hereto;[c]
Drynke holsome wyne, fede the on lyght brede,
  With an appetyte ryse from thy mete also;
  With women aeged flesshely haue nat to do;[d]
Vpon thy slepe drynke nat of the cuppe,
  Glad towarde bed, at morowe both two,
And vse neuer late for to suppe.

And if it so be that leches do the fayle,
  Then take good hede to vse thynges thre,
Temporat dyet, temporat trauayle,
  Nat malycyous for none aduersyte,[e]

[b] Early Ed. 1618. [c] ther to. MS. Hawkins.
[d] In thyn age with wymen haue thou nat ado. MS. Brit. Mus.
[e] And not to pensyf for none aduersite. H.

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Meke in trouble, glad in pouerte,
Ryche with lytell, content with sufysaunce,
Neuer grutchynge, mery lyke thy degre,
If phesyke lacke, make this thy gouernaunce.

To euery tale soone gyue thou no credence,[f]
Be nat to hasty, ne sodaynly vengeable,
To pore folke do thou[g] no vyolence,
Curteys of language, of fedynge[h] mesurable,
On sondry mete nat gredy at the table,
In fedynge gentyll, prudent in dalyaunce,
Close of tonge, of worde nat deceyuable,
To saye the best, set alway thy pleasaunce.

Haue in hate mouthes that ben dowble,
Suffre at thy table no detraccion,
Haue dispite of folke, that make trowble,[i]
Of false rauenours,[k] and adulacion,
Within thy place,[l] suffre no deuysion,
With thy housholde it shall cause encrease[m]
Of all welfare, prosperyte and foyson;[n]
With thy neyghboures, lyue in reste and peas.

Be clenely cladde,[o] after thy estate,
Passe nat thy bondes, kepe thy promesse blyue,
With thre folke be nat at debate:
Firste with thy better beware for to stryue,
Agaynst thy felawe no quarrell to contryue;
With thy subget to stryue it were shame,
Wherfore I counceyle pursue all thy lyue,
To lyue in peas, and get the a good name.

[f] To euery tale geue no sodene credence. H.
[g] Loke to powre folke thou do. H. [h] in spendyng. B. M.
[i] Eschew suche folk as be full of trovbile. H. [k] rowners. MSS.
[l] Court B. M. Howse H. [m] Whiche in thi howse shuld cause enmytes. H. [n] and prosperite haue dispositione. H.
[o] clothide. H.

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Fyre at morowe, and towarde bed at eue,
Agaynst [p] mystes blacke, and ayre of pestylence,
Betyme at masse, thou shalt the better cheue.
Firste at thy rysynge to do God reuerence;
Vesyte the pore with entyer dylygence;
On all nedy haue compassion;
And God shall sende grace and influence;
The to encrease, and thy possession. [q]

Suffre no surfytes in thy house at nyght;
Ware of rere suppers, and of great excesse;
Of noddynge heedes, and candell lyght;
Of slouthe at morowe, and slombrynge ydelnesse,
Whiche [of] all vyces, is chefe porteresse;
Voyde all dronkenesse, [r] lyers, and lechoures,
Of al vnthryfty exyle the maystresse, [s]
That is to say dyce, playes, [t] and hasadoures. [u]

After mete bewarre make nat to longe [x] slepe,
Heed, fote, and stomake preserue aye from colde;

[p] For. B. M. [q] The following lines are only in MS. H.

Be shreuyne ofte and flee occasione,
Drede thi god, and sadely onn hymm thou thynke,
Prayse hymm wit owt suasione,
And lett his kindnes euer onn the synk,
Be nott holy wit singuler countenaunce,
Ne not to solem butt kepe a goode mene,
In all thi wurke lese not thi sustynaunce,
Let thi worde and werke be honest and dene.
Fixt not thi sizt yn no woman's face,
Fle mych talkynge wit them I rede,
Leste thou be wit yn a lyttyll space,
Brought inn bale an serrer fro goode spede.

[r] drounklow. MSS. [s] Of all vnthryfte thei be masterys. H.
[t] dyseplayers. B. M. [u] Kepe no displaiors nore no hastardis. H.
[x] make ryght short. R.

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Be nat to pensyfe, of thought take no kepe,
After thy rent gouerne [y] thy housholde; [z]
Suffre in tyme in thy ryght be bolde,
Swere none othes no man to begyle.
In youthe be lusty, and sad [a] when thou arte olde,
No [b] worldly ioye lasteth but a whyle. [c]

Dyne nat at morowe, before thyne appetyte,
Clere ayre and walkynge maketh good dygestyon,
Bytwene meles drinke not for no forwarde [d] delite,
But thyrste or trauayle gyue the occasion;
Ouer salte mete doth great oppression
To feble stomakes whan they can nat refrayne
Fro thynge contrary to theyr complexion;
Of gredy [e] handes the stomake hath great payne.

This in two thynges, standeth al thy welthe
Of soule and body, who lyste them sewe;
Moderat fode gyueth to man his helthe,
And all surfettes than he doth eschewe. [f]
And charite to the soule is dewe.
This receyte bought is of no potycary,
Of Mayster Anthony, ne of Mayster Hewe,
To all indifferent rychest dyetary." [g]

[y] mayntene. MSS.

[z] Pay well thi seruaunts at the quarter ende,
Be not in dete fore no manner thinge.
To take wrongfully good put fro thi mynde,
Put euer all thi neyburs in praysynge. H.

[a] fade. MSS. [b] for. H.

[c] By mistake of the copyist, in turning the leaf over, this line is wanting in the Harleian MS.

[d] wayward. H. [e] besy. H.

[f] And all surfette dothe frome hym remeve. MSS.

[g] But of Jesu owre swete spyoer [y]. MSS.

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The Kalendar concludes with the following chapter as "The Auctour's Balade;" transcribed from the edition of 1618, the other copy not having it perfect.

" O ye clarkes famous and eloquent,
Cunning is caught by reading and exercise,
Of noble matters full excellent,
And remember what Salomon saith the wise,
That praiseth businesse and idlenesse doth despise,
And saith, he that many bookes doth read and see,
It is full likely wisedome have shall he.

Remember clarks daily do their diligence,
Into our corrupt speech matters to translate,
Yet between French and English is great difference,
Their language in reading is doulse and delicate,
In their mother tongue they be so fortunate,
They haue the bible and the Apocalipse of diuinity,
With other noble books that now in English be.

And remember readers where euer ye go,
That hony is sweet, but cunning is sweeter,
Cato the great clarke sometimes said so,
How gold is good, and learning much better,
Yet many full good be, that neuer knew letter,

The following conclusion is only in MS. Hawkins.

The shoppe is his blessyde modire Mary,
As full of medycynes as cann be thouzt,
Now Jeshu owre leche zeue vs mercy,
And brynk vs to the blysse that he vs bouzt.
Amen, amen, so mote it be,
To Mary we pray that lilly flowre;
And all sayntes reioisynge in the trynyte,
Brynge vs to that hy glorious towre. Amen, for cheryte.

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And yet vertuous none can be of liuing,
But first of priests and clarks they must haue learning.

Wherefore with patience I you all desire,
Beware of rising of false heresie:
Let euery perfect faith set your hearts a fire,
And the chaffe from the corne out to trie,
They that beleeueth amisse be worthie to die,
And he is the greatest foole in this world i wis,
That thinketh no man's wit so good as his.

Thus endeth the Shepheards Kalendere,
Drawne into English by God's reuerence;
And for profit and pleasure shall clarks to cheere,
Plainly shewed to their intelligence,
Out is doen, now readers to your diligence:
And remember that the printer saith to you this,
He that liueth well may not die amisse.

Finis."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XXIV. *A handeful of pleasant delites, containing sundrie new sonets, and delectable histories in diuers kindes of meeter: newly deuised to the newest tunes, &c. by Clement Robinson and others.* 1584. 16*mo.**

"I SMILE to see how you deuise
New masking nets my eyes to blear;
Your self you cannot so disguise,
But as you are you must appear.

* Since reprinted in *Heliconia*.

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Your privy winks at board I see,
And how you set your roving mind;
Your self you cannot hide from me,
Although I wink I am not blind.

The secret sighs, and feigned cheer,
That oft doth pain thy carefull breast,
To me right plainly do appear;
I see in whom thy heart doth rest.

And though thou mak'st a feigned vow,
That love no more thy heart should nip,
Yet think, I know as well as thou,
The fickle helm doth steer the ship.

I see him smile that doth possess
Thy love, which once I honoured most;
If he be wise, he may well guess
Thy love soon won will soon be lost.

Therefore, leave off thy wonted play,
Since as thou art thou wilt appear,
Unless thou canst devise a way
To dark the sun that shines so clear.

And keep thy friend that thou hast won,
In truth to him thy love supply,
Lest he at length, as I have done,
Take off thy bells and let thee fly."

"*A Warning for Woers.*

"Ye loving worms, come learn of me
The plagues to leave that linked be,
The grudge, the grief, the great annoy,
The fickle faith, the fading joy;

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In time take heed;
In fruitless soil sow not thy seed;
Buy not with cost
The thing that yields but labour lost.

If Cupid's dart do chance to light,
So that affection dims thy sight,
Then raise up reason by and by,
With skill thy heart to fortify:
Where is a breach,
Oft times too late doth come the leach:
Sparks are put out,
When furnace flames do rage about.

Where Cupid's fort hath made a way,
There grave advice doth bear no sway;
Where Love doth reign and rule the roast,
There reason is exil'd the coast;
Like all, love none,
Except ye use discretion:
First try, then trust,
Be not deceiv'd with sinful lust.

Some love for wealth, and some for hue,
And none of both these loves are true;
For when the mill hath lost her sails,
Then must the miller lose his vails:
Of grass comes hay,
And flowers fair will soon decay:
Of ripe comes rotten,
In age all beauty is forgotten.

Some love too high and some too low,
And of them both great griefs do grow:
And some do love the common sort,
And common folk use common sport.

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Look not too high,
Lest that a chip fall in thine eye:
But high or low,
Ye may be sure she is a shrew.

But, sirs, I use to tell no tales,
Each fish that swims doth not bear scales;
In every hedge I find not thorns,
Nor every beast doth carry horns:
I say not so,
That every woman causeth woe.
That were too broad:
Who loves not venom must shun the toad.

Who useth still the truth to tell,
May blamed be, though he say well;
Say crow is white, and snow is black,
Lay not the fault on woman's back:
Thousands were good,
But few 'scap'd drowning in Noe's flood:
Most are well bent;
I must say so, lest I be shent."

T. P.

ART. XXV. *The Phœnix Nest. Built up with the most rare and refined workes of Noblemen, worthy Knights, gallant Gentlemen, Masters of Arts, and brave Schollers. Full of varietie, excellent invention, and singular delight. Never before this time published. Set foorth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. Imprinted at London, by John Jackson.* 1593. *4to.*

R. S. was surmised by Warton * to be RICHARD STAPYLTON. The other apparent contributors to

* Hist. of E. P. iii. 402.

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this collection were Edw. Vere, Earl of Oxford, Sir Wm. Herbert, Dr. Lodge, Watson the Sonnetteer, Mathew Roydon, George Peele, Nicholas Breton, and Wm. Smith. The following short specimens, without signature, are creditable to the taste of the compiler, and to the poetical attainments of the age in which he lived. The orthography having been divested of its antiquarianism, leaves the verse not far behind our modern standard, to the eye and ear of a modern reader.

The time when first I fell in love,
Which now I must lament;
The year wherein I lost such time
To compass my content:

The day wherein I saw too late
The follies of a lover;
The hour wherein I found such loss,
As care cannot recover:

And last the minute of mishap,
Which makes me thus to plain
The doleful fruits of lovers' suits,
Which labour lose in vain:

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with pain do prove,
There is no time, year, day, nor hour,
Nor minute, good to love.

Though neither tears nor torments can be thought,
Nor death itself, too dear to be sustain'd,
To win those joys so worthy to be sought,
So rare to reach, so sweet to be obtain'd:

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Yet earnest Love, with longing to aspire
To that which Hope holds in so high regard,
Makes time delay'd a torment to desire,
When Love with Hope forbears his just reward.

Then, blessed Hope! haste on thy happy days,
Save my desire by short'ning thy delays,* T. P.

ART. XXVI. *England's Helicon.*

Casta placent superis,
Pura cum veste venite,
Et manibus puris
Sumite fontis aquam.

At London. Printed by J. R. for John Flasket, and are to be sold in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Beare. 1600. 4to.—*Arms of Bodenham at the back of the title-page.* pp. 192.

TO HIS LOVING KINDE FRIEND, MAISTER JOHN BODENHAM.

Wit's Commonwealth, the first fruites of thy paines,
Drew on Wit's Theater, thy second sonne:
By both of which, I cannot count the gaines,
And wondrous profit that the world hath wonne.

Next, in the *Muses Garden*, gathering flowres,
Thou mad'st a nosegay, as was never sweeter:
Whose scent will savour to Time's latest howres,
And for the greatest Prince no poesie meeter.

Now comes thy *Helicon*, to make compleate,
And furnish up thy last impos'd designe:
My paines heerein, I cannot terme it great,
But what so-ere, my love (and all) is thine.
Take love, take paines, take all remaines in me:
And where thou art, my heart still lives with thee.

A. B.

* This miscellany has been since reprinted entire, in *Heliconia*.

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TO HIS VERY LOVING FRIENDS, M. NICOLAS WAUTON AND M. GEORGE FAUCETT.

Though many miles (but more occasions) doo sunder us, kinde gentlemen, yet a promise at parting dooth in justice claime performance, and assurance of gentle acceptance would mightilie condemne if I should neglect it. Helicon, though not as I could wish, yet in such good sort as time would permit, having past the pikes of the presse, comes now to Yorke to salute her rightful patrone first, and next (as his deere friends and kindsmen), to offer you her kinde service. If shee speede well there, it is all shee requires, if they frowne at her heere, she greatly not cares: for the wise, shee knowes, will never be other then themselves; as for such then as would seeme so, but neither are nor ever will be, she holds this as a maine principle, that their malice neede as little be feared, as their favour or friendship is to be desired. So hoping you will not forget us there, as we continuallie shall be mindefull of you heere, I leave you to the delight of England's Helicon.

Your's in all he may,

A. B.

To the Reader, if indifferent.

Many honoured names have (heretofore in their particular interest) patronized some part of these inventions: many here be, that onely these collections have brought to light, and not inferiour (in the best opinions), to anie before published. The travaile that hath beene taken in gathering them

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from so many handes, hath wearied some howres, which severed, might in part have perished, digested into this meane volume, may, in the opinion of some, not be altogether unworthy the labour. If any man hath been defrauded of any thing by him composed, by another man's title put to the same, hee hath this benefit by this collection, freely to challenge his owne in publique, where els he might be rob'd of his proper due. No one thing beeing here placed by the Collector of the same under any man's name, eyther at large, or in letters, but as it was delivered by some especiall coppy comming to his handes. No one man, that shall take offence that his name is published to any invention of his, but he shall within the reading of a leaf or two, meete with another in reputation every way equal with himselfe, whose name hath beene before printed to his poeme, which nowe taken away were more then theft: which may satisfie him that would faine seeme curious, or be intreeted for his fame.

Nowe, if any stationer shall finde faulte, that his coppies are robd by any thing in this collection, let me aske him this question, Why more in this, than in any divine or humaine author? From whence a man (writing of that argument), shall gather any saying, sentence, similie, or example, his name put to it who is the authour of the same. This is the simplest of many reasons that I could urdge, though perhaps the nearest his capacitie, but that I would be loth to trouble myselfe to satisfie him. Further, if any man whatsoever, in prizing of his owne birth or fortune, shall take in scorne, that a far meaner man in the eye of the world, shall be placed by

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him: I tell him plainly whatsoever so excepting, that that man's wit is set by his, not that man by him. In which degree, the names of Poets (all feare and dutie ascribed to her great and sacred name), have been placed with the names of the greatest princes of the world, by the most autentique and worthiest judgments, without disparagement to their soveraigne titles: which, if any man taking exception thereat, in ignorance know not, I hold him unworthy to be placed by the meanest that is but graced with the title of a poet. Thus, gentle reader, I wish thee all happines.

L. N.

Titles of the Poems contained in this Collection.

1. The Sheepheard to his chosen Nimph. By Sir P. Sydney.
2. Theorello. A Sheepheard's Edillion. By E. B.
3. Astrophel's Love is dead. By Sir P. Sydney.
4. A Palinode. By E. B.
5. Astrophell, the Sheepheard, his complaint to his flocke. By Sir P. Sydney.
6. Hobbinoll's Dittie in prayse of Eliza Queene of the Sheepheards. By E. Spenser.
7. The Sheepheard's Daffodill. By Mich. Drayton.
8. A Canzon Pastorall in honour of her Majestie. By Ed. Bolton.
9. Melicertus Madrigale. By Ro. Greene.
10. Olde Damon's Pastorall. By Tho. Lodge.
11. Perigot and Cuddie's Roundelay. By E. Spenser.
12. Phillida and Coridon. By N. Breton.

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13. To Colin Cloute. By Shepheard Tonie.

14. Rowland's Song in praise of the fairest Beta. By Mich. Drayton.

15. The Barginet of Antimachus. By Tho. Lodge.

16. Menaphon's Roundelay. By Ro. Greene.

17. A Pastorall of Phillis and Coridon. By N. Breton.

18. Coridon and Melampus Song. By Geo. Peele.

19. Tityrus to his faire Phillis. By J. D.

20. Sheepheard. By J. M.

21. Another of the same author. J. M.

22. Menaphon to Pesana. By R. Greene.

23. A sweete Pastorall. By N. Breton.

24. Harpalus' Complaynt. By Lord Surry.

25. Another of the same subject, but made as it were in aunswere. By Shep. Tonie.

26. The Nimphs meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this dittie. By Tho. Watson.

27. Colin Cloute's mournful Dittie for the death of Astrophell. By E. Spenser.

28. Damætas' Jigge in praise of his love. By John Wootton.

29. Montanus' praise of his fair Phœbe. By Tho. Lodge.

30. The Complaint of Thestylis, the forsaken Sheepheard. By Lord Surry.

31. To Phillis the faire Sheepheardesse. By Sir Edw. Dyer.

32. The Sheepheard Doron's Jigge. By Ro. Greene.

33. Astrophell his Song of Phillida and Corydon. By N. Breton.

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34. The passionate Sheepheard's Song. By W. Shakspeare.

35. The unknowne Sheepheard's Complaint. By Ignoto.

36. Another of the same Sheepheard's. By Ignoto.

37. The Sheepheard's allusion of his owne amoreus infelicitie to the offence of Actæon. By Tho. Watson.

38. Montanus Sonnet to his faire Phœbe. By Tho. Lodge.

29. Phœbe's Sonnet, a replie to Montanus passion. By the same.

40. Coridon's Supplication to Phillis. By N. Breton.

41. Damætas Madrigall in praise of his Daphnis. By J. Wootton.

42. Doron's description of his faire Sheepheardesse Samela. By Ro. Greene.

43. Wodenfride's Song in praise of Amargana. By W. H.

44. Another of the same. By W. H.

45. An excellent pastorall Dittie. By Shep. Tonie.

46. Phillidae's Love-call to her Coridon, and his replying. By Ignoto.

47. The Sheepheard's Solace. By Tho. Watson.

48. Syrenus Song to Eugerius. By Bar. Young.

49. The Sheepheard Arseleius replie to Syrenus' Song. By the same.

50. A Sheepheard's dream. By N. Breton.

51. The Sheepheard's Ode. By Rich. Barnefielde.

52. The Sheepheard's commendation of his Nimph. By E. of Oxenford.

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53. Coridon to his Phillis. By Sir E. D.

54. The Sheepheard's description of Love. By Ignoto.

55. To his Flocks. By H. C.

56. A Roundelay between two Sheepheards. By M. Drayton.

57. The solitarie Sheepheard's Song. By Tho. Lodge.

58. The Sheepheard's resolution in Love. By Tho. Watson.

59. Coridon's Hymne in praise of Amaryllis. By T. B.

60. The Sheepheard Carillo, his Song. By Bar. Young.

61. Coridon's Dreame of his faire Chloris. By W. S.

62. The Sheepheard Damon's passion. By Tho. Lodge.

63. The Sheepheard Musidorus, his Complaint. By Sir P. Sydney.

64. The Sheepheard's Brawle, one half aunswering the other. By Sir P. Sydney.

65. Dorus, his Comparisons. By the same.

66. The Sheepheard Faustus, his Song. By Bar. Young.

67. Firmius the Sheepheard. By the same.

68. Dametas' Song to his Diaphania. By H. C.

69. The Sheepheard Eurymachus to his faire Sheepheardesse Mirimida. By Ro. Greene.

70. The Sheepheard Firmius, his Song. By Bar. Young.

71. The Sheepheard's praise of his sacred Diana. By Ignoto. [N. B. *This signature is pasted on.*]

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72. The Sheepheard's Dumpe. By Sir E. D.

73. The Nimph Dianae's Song. By Bar. Young.

74. Rowland's Madrigall. By M. Drayton.

75. Alanius, the Sheepheard, his doleful song, complaining of Ismeniae's crueltie. By Bar. Young.

76. Montana, the Sheepheard, his love to Aminta. By Shep. Tonie.

77. The Sheepheard's sorrow for his Pheebe's disdaine. [N. B. *Signature pasted over.*]

78. Espilus and Therion, their contention in song for the May Ladie. By Sir P. Sydney.

79. Olde Melibœus Song, courting his Nimph. By M. F. G.

80. The Sheepheard Sylvanus, his Song. By Bar. Young.

81. Coridon's Song. By Tho. Lodge.

82. The Sheepheard's Sonnet. By Rich. Barnefielde.

83. Selvagia and Silvanus, their song to Diana. By Bar. Young.

84. Montanus, his Madrigall. By Ro. Greene.

85. Astrophell to Stella, his 3d song. By Sir P. Sydney.

86. A song between Syrenus and Sylvanus. By Bar. Young.

87. Ceres Song in emulation of Cinthia.

This song was sung before her majestie at Bissam, the Ladie Russell's, the author's name unknown to me.

88. A pastorall Ode to an honourable friend. By E. B.

89. A Nimph's disdaine of Love. By Ignoto.

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90. Apollo's love Song for faire Daphne.

This Dittie was sung before her Majestie at the right honourable the lord Chandos' at Sudley Castell, at her last being there in progress. The author thereof unknown.

91. The Sheepheard Delicius, his Dittie. By Bar. Young.

92. Amintas for his Phillis. By Tho. Watson.

93. Faustus and Firmius Song to their Nimph, by turnes. By Bar. Young.

94. Sireno, a Sheepheard, having a lock of his faire Nimph's hair, wrapt about with greene silke, mourns thus in a love dittie. Translated by Sir P. Sydney, out of Diana of Montmaior.

95. A song between Taurisius and Diana, aunswering verse for verse. By Bar. Young.

96. Another song before her majestie at Oxford, sung by a comely Sheepheard, attended on by sundrie other Sheepheards and Nimphs. By Anonimous.

97. The Sheepheard's Song; a Caroll or Hymne for Christmas. By E. B.

98. Arsileus, his Caroll, for joy of the new marriage betweene Syrenus and Diana. By Bar. Young.

99. Philistus farewell to false Clorinda. Out of Morley's Madrigalls.

100. Roselinde's Madrigall. By Tho. Lodge.

101. A dialogue-song betweene Sylvanus and Arsileus. By Bar. Young.

102. Montanus Sonnet: By Sir E. D.

103. The Nimph Selvagia, her song. By Bar. Young.

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104. The Heardman's happie life. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

105. Cinthia, the Nimph, her song to faire Polydora. By Bar. Young.

106. The Sheepheard to the flowers. By Ignoto.

107. The Sheepheard Arsileus, his song to his Rebeck. By Bar. Young.

108. Another of Astrophell to his Stella. By Sir P. Sydney.

109. Syrenus, his song to Dianae's flocks. By Bar. Young.

110. To Amaryllis. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

111. Cardenia the Nimph, to her false Sheepheard Faustus. By Bar. Young.

112. Of Phillida. Out of M. Bird's songs.

113. Melisea, her song, in scorne of her Sheepheard Narcissus. By Bar. Young.

114. His aunswere to the Nimph's Song. By the same.

115. Her present aunswere again to him. By the same.

116. His last replie. By the same.

117. Philon, the Sheepheard, his song. Out of M. Bird's set songs.

118. Lycoris, the Nimph, her sad song. Out of M. Morley's Madrigalls.

119. To his flocks.

120. To his love.

121. Another of his Cinthia.

122. Another to his Cinthia.

These three ditties were taken out of Maister John Dowland's booke of tablature for the lute,

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the authours names not there set downe, and therefore left to their owners.

123. Montanus' Sonnet to the woods. By Sir E. D.

124. The Sheepheard's Sorrow, being disdaind in love. By Tho. Lodge.

125. A pastorall song between Phillis and Amaryllis, two Nimphs, each aunswering other line for line. By H. C.

126. The Sheepheard's Anthem. By M. Drayton.

127. The Countesse of Pembroke's Pastorall. By Shep. Tonie.

128. Another of Astrophell. By Sir P. Sydney.

129. Faire Phillis and her Sheepheard. By J. G.

130. The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis. By H. C.

131. Thirsis, the Shepheard, his death's song. Out of Maister N. Young, his Musica Transalpina.

132. Another stanza added after. Out of the same.

133. Another sonnet thence taken.

134. The Sheepheard's Slumber. By Ignoto.

135. "In wonted Walkes." By Sir P. Sydney.

136. Of disdainful Daphne. By M. H. Nowell.

137. The passionate Sheepheard to his Love. By Chr. Marlow.

138. The Nimph's reply to the Sheepheard. By Ignoto.

139. Another of the same nature made since. By Ignoto.

140. The Woodman's Walke. By Shep. Tonie.

141. Thirsis, the Sheepheard, to his pipe. By Ignoto.

142. An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph. By Sir P. Sydney.

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143. A reporte songe in a dreame: betweene a Sheepheard and his Nimph. By N. Breton.

144. Another of the same. By the same.

145. The Sheepheard's conceite of Prometheus. By Sir E. D.

146. Another of the same. By Sir P. Sydney.

147. The Sheepheard's Sunne. By Shep. Tonie.

148. Colin the enamoured Sheepheard singeth this passion of love. By Geo. Peele.

149. Oenone's Complaint in blank verse. By the same.

150. The Sheepheard's consort. Out of M. Morley's Madrigals.

Finis.

The only specimen I have room for is the following:

TO COLIN CLOUT.

Beautie sat bathing by a spring,
Where fayrest shades did hide her,
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
The coole streames ranne beside her.
My wanton thoughts entic'd mine eye,
To see what was forbidden:
But better Memory said, fie,
So vain Desire was chidden.
Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.

Into a slumber then I fell,
When fond imagination
Seemed to see, but could not tell
Her feature or her fashion.
But even as babes in dreames do smile,
And sometimes fall a weeping:

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So awak't, as wise this while,
As when I fell a sleeping.
Hey nonnie, nonnie, &c.
Sheepheard Tonie.*

Art. XXVII. *England's Helicon: or, the Muse's Harmony.*

The courts of kings heare no such straines,
As daily lull the rusticke swaines.

London, printed for Richard More, and are to be sould at his shop in St. Dunstane's Church-yard, 1614. 8*vo*.

TO THE TRULY VIRTUOUS AND HONOURABLE LADY, THE LADY ELIZABETH CARIE.†

Deigne, worthy Lady, (England's happy Muse,
Learning's delight, that all things else exceeds)
To shield from Envie's pawe and Time's abuse,
The tunefull noates of these our shepheard's reeds.
Sweet is the concord, and the musicke such,
That at it rivers have been seen to daunce;
When these musitians did their sweet pipes tuch,
In silence lay the vales, as in a traunce.
The Satyre stopt his race to heare them sing,
And bright Apollo to these layes hath given
So great a gift, that any favouring
The shepheard's quill, shall with the lights of heaven
Have equall fate! Then cherish these (faire stem)
So shall they live by thee, and thou by them.
Your Honour's ever to command,
RICHARD MORE.‡

* This collection has since been reprinted entire, in the *British Bibliographer*.

† To this lady, the wife of Sir George Carey, Nash inscribes a prose, and Spenser a poetical, production. See Todd's Spenser, I. lxxiv.—See also Censura Literaria, *postere*.

‡ The stationer, or perhaps some Heliconian friend.

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Such is the title-page, and such the sonnet dedication prefixed to the second edition of England's Helicon. The following are the titles of the additional poems, being only nine in number:

1. An Invective against Love. By Ignoto.
2. Dispraise of Love and Lovers' Follies. By Ignoto.
3. Two pastorals upon three Friends meeting. By Sir P. Sidney. Printed in Davison's Poetical Rapsody.
4. An Heroycall Poeme. By Ignoto.
5. The Lover's Absence kils me. Her Presence cures me. By Ignoto.
6. Love the onely price of Love. By Ignoto.
7. Thyrsis praise of his Mistresse. By W. Browne.
8. A Defiance to Disdainefull Love. By Ignoto.
9. An Epithalamium, or, a Nuptiall Song, applied to the ceremonies of Marriage. By Chr. Brooke.

In the former list of contents No. 72. "The Shepheard's Dumpe," is the same ditty with a different title, as No. 141. "Thirsis, the Shepheard to his pipe."

No. 61. W. S. Mr. Steevens * suggested that these initials might belong to Wm. Shakspeare or Wm. Sheares; but they are the property of Wm. Smith. The poem occurs in his "Chloris, a Complaint of the Passionate Despised Shepheard," 1596.

71. Under the pasted paper was printed S. W. R.

* Mr. Steevens gave 5l. 10s. for his 4to copy of England's Helicon, at Major Pearson's sale; and Dr. Farmer's 8vo. copy sold for 7l. 10s. to Mr. George Ellis. The Duke of Roxburgh's copy sold for more than thrice that sum. Mr. White, (*I believe,*) sold Brand Holes's copy for twenty guineas.

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77. The signature pasted was M. F. G. i. e. Mr. Fulke Greville, afterwards Ld. Brooke.

129. I. G. was surmised by Ritson to be John Gough, a dramatic writer. Vide Biog. Dram. I. 195.

No. 138 is attributed by Walton to Sir. W. Raleigh. See the Complete Angler, Part I. chap. iv.

139. A pencil denotation in Dr. Farmer's copy assigned this to Shakspeare.

As room for a very short specimen only occurred in a former Number, the following may not be unacceptable.

THE BARGINET * OF ANTIMACHUS.

In pride of youth, in midst of day,
When birds with many a merry lay
Salute the sunne's uprising;
I sat me down fast by a spring,
And, while these merry chaunters sing,
I fell upon surmising.

Amidst my doubt, and mind's debate,
Of change of time, of world's estate,
I spyed a boy attired
In silver plumes, yet naked quite,
Save pretty feathers fit for flight,
Wherewith he still aspired.

* Mr. Steevens gave the following explication of this term. "The *Barginet* of Antimachus is a phrase equivalent to our Nancy Dawson's Jig, &c. for *barganet*, like *jig*, might signify a short metrical performance as well as a dance. See note on *jig* in Hamlet. The term barganet, or jig, is further illustrated by a passage in Gascoigne's Hundred Sundre Flowers—"Mistress and I will oftsones entreat you to daunce a *bargynet*," p. 223.

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A bowe he bare to worke men's wrack,
A little quiver at his back,
With many arrowes filled:
And in his soft and pretty hand
He held a lively burning brand,
Wherewith he lovers killed.

Fast by his side, in rich array,
There sate a lovely lady gay,
(His mother as I guessed)
That set the lad upon her knee,
And trim'd his bow, and taught him flee,
And mickle love professed.

Oft from her lap, at sundry stowres
He leapt, and gathered Summer's flowers,
Both violets and roses:
But, see the chance that follow'd fast!
As he the pompe of prime doth wast,
Before that he supposes.

A bee, that harbour'd hard thereby,
Did sting his hand, and made him cry—
"Oh, mother, I am wounded!"
Fair Venus, that beheld her son,
Cryed out "Alas! I am undone!"
And thereupon she swounded.

"My little lad," the goddesse sayd,
"Who hath my Cupid so dismay'd?"
He answer'd—"Gentle mother,
The honey-worker in the hive
My griefe and mischiefe doth contrive;
Alas! it is none other."

She kist the lad: now mark the chance!
And strait she fell into a trance,
And, crying, thus concluded:

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"Ah, wanton Boy! like to the bee
Thou with a kisse hast wounded me,
And hapless love included.
A little bee doth thee affright,
But, ah! my wounds are full of spight,
And cannot be re-cured:"
The Boy, that guess'd his Mother's paine,
'Gan smile, and kist her whole againe,
And made her hope assured.
She suck'd the wound, and swag'd the sting,
And little Love y-cur'd did sing:—
Then let no lovers sorrow;
To-day though griefe attaint his heart,
Let him with courage bide the smart,
Amends will come to-morrow.

THO. LODGE.

This poem, it may be remarked, is much more delicately and more elegantly turned than Spenser's Madrigal of Venus, Cupid, and the Bee. See Mr. Todd's edition, Vol. VIII. p. 184. The subject of both, it may be added, is apparently taken from the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

ART. XXVIII. *A Poetical Rapsodie; containing diverse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, Epigrams, Pastorals, Eglogues, with other Poems, both in Rime and Measured Verse. For varietie and pleasure, the like never yet published.*

The Bee and Spider by a diverse power,
Sucke hony and poyson from the selfe-same flower.*

* So Chettle, in his Kind Hart's dreame, 1592;—
"From one selfe flower the bee and spider sucke
Honey and poyson."——

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Newly corrected and augmented.
London. Printed by William Stansby for Roger Jackson, dwelling in Fleet Street, near the Great Conduit, 1611. 12*mo.**

THIS perhaps most valuable of our early metrical miscellanies (the rare occurrence of which can alone account for the little use which has been made of it by our republishers of early English poetry,) was first printed in 1602; and passed through three successive and augmented editions in 1608, 1611, and 1621. The principal contributor appears to have been the avowed editor, FRANCIS DAVISON, son of that unfortunate Secretary of State, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary Queen of Scots.† Being a poet himself, he was more ably qualified for the delicate task of selection from his contemporaries, than BODENHAM, the compiler of "England's Helicon," in 1600; though his publisher, like some modern purveyors of literature, seems to have slighted the judgment and taste of an editor, for the purpose of making a bulkier book. This we gather from the preface, which, as it contains a casual notice of Walter Davison,‡ the natural and poetical brother to Francis, and as it is written in a strain of animated defiance to the hypercritics of that period, is here transcribed.

"To the Reader.

"Being induced by some private reasons and by the instant entreaty of speciall friends, to suffer some

* This miscellany is now in the Lee Press. Part I. has already appeared, 1815.

† See Reliques of English Poetry, I. 332, edit. 1794.

‡ A very friendly letter from the Earl of Essex to Walter Davison is printed in Birch's Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.

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of my worthlesse poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my deere friends *Anonymoi*, and my deerer *Brother*, to beare them company: both, without their consent; the latter being in the low-country warres, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed; mine owne and my brother's, I willed the Printer to suppresse, as well as I had concealed the other, which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure perhaps than our namelesse workes should have done; and I especially. For if their poems be liked, the praise is due to their invention; if disliked, the blame both by them and all men will be derived upon me, for publishing that which they meant to suppresse.

"If thou thinke we affect fame by these kinds of writings, though I thinke them no disparagement even to the best judgements, yet I answere in all our behalfes, with the princely shepherd, Dorus, *Our hearts do seeke another estimation.* If thou condemne poetry in generall, and affirme that it doth intoxicate the braine, and make men utterly unfit eyther for more serious studies, or for any active course of life, I onely say—*Jubeo te stultum esse libenter.* Since experience proves by examples of many, both dead and living, that divers delighted and excelling herein, being princes or statesmen, have governed and counselled as wisely; being souldiers, have commanded armies as fortunately; being lawyers, have pleaded as judicially and eloquently; being divines, have written and taught as profoundly; and being of any other profession, have discharged it as

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sufficiently, as any other men whatsoever. If, liking other kinds, thou mislike the lyricall, because the chiefest subject thereof is love;—I reply, that love being vertuously intended and worthily placed, is the whetstone of wit and spurre to all generous actions; and many excellent spirits with great fame of wit and no staine of judgement, have written excellently in this kind, and specially the ever-praise-worthy Sidney: so as if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine owne part,

> Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen
> Cum tanto commune viro.

"If any except against the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this booke) of diverse things written by great and learned personages,* with our meane and worthlesse scriblings, I utterly disclaim it; as being done by the Printer, eyther to grace the forefront with Sir Philip Sidney's and others' names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume.

"For these poems in particular, I could alledge these excuses—that those under the name of *Anonymos* were written (as appeareth by divers things to Sir Philip Sidney living, and of him, dead) almost twenty yeares since, when poetry was farre from that perfection to which it hath now attained: that my brother is by profession a souldier, and was not eighteen years old when he writ these toys: that mine owne were made most of them sixe or seven yeares since, at idle times as I journeyed up and

* Two Letters written by Francis to his father, Secretary Davison, occur in Dr. Birch's 14th Vol. of Transcripts and Extracts from the MSS. of Ant. Bacon, Esq. and were printed in the Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth's time, Vol. II.

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downe during my travails. But to leave their works to justifie themselves, or the authors to justifie their works, and to speake of mine owne; thy dislikes I contemne, thy praises (which I neither deserve nor expect) I esteeme not; as hoping (God willing), ere long to regaine thy good opinion, if lost, or more deservedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some graver worke. Farewell.

FRA. DAVISON."

The edition of 1611 is preceded by an alphabetical table of contents, and a dedicatory sonnet "To the most noble, honorable, and worthy Lord William Earle of Pembroke,* Lord Herbert of Cardiffe, Marmion, and St. Quintine:

Great Earle, whose brave heroike minde is higher
And nobler then thy noble high degree;
Whose outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in faire robes a fairer soule attier:
Who, rich in fading wealth, in endlesse treasure,
Of vertue, valour, learning, richer art,
Whose present greatnesse men esteeme but part
Of what by line of future hope they measure!
Thou worthy sonne unto a peerelesse mother,
Or nephew to great Sidney of renowne,
Who hast deserv'd thy coronet, to crowne
With laurell crowne, a crowne excelling th' other:
I consecrate these rimes to thy great name,
Which, if thou like, they seeke no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON."†

* The poetical patron of Ben Jonson, Abr. Fraunce, Daniel, Davies of Hereford, &c.

† To this signature was added in edit. 1602, "The devoted admirer of your Lordship's noble virtues, humbly dedicates his owne, his brother's, and Anonymos' poems, both in his owne and their names."

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In addition to the names of Francis and Walter Davison, this Miscellany is rendered interesting by the signatures of Edmund Spencer, sir Philip Sidney, sir John Davis; Mary countess of Pembroke; Thomas Campion, Charles Best, Thomas Spilman, T. W.* [Tho. Watson]. H. C. [Henry Constable]. W. R. [Walter Raleigh]. H. W. [Hen. Wotton]. R. G. [Rob. Greene]. A. W. [Andw. Willet]. J. S. [Jos. Sylvester], &c.

Spenser's signature is appended to "Loves Embassie, in an iambicke Elegie," first printed in one of his familiar letters to Gabriel Harvey, 1580; and since reprinted by Warton, in his Observations on the Fairy Queen; and by Waldron, in his Literary Museum.

To sir P. Sidney are ascribed "Two Pastorals, upon his meeting with his two worthy friends and fellow poets, sir Edward Dier and M. Fulke Grevill," afterwards lord Brook.

Sir John Davis has three productions, not included in the modern editions of his poems. They are entitled "Yet other twelve Wonders of the World." "A Lottery presented before the late queen's majestie, at the lord chancellor's house, 1601," and "A Contention, betwixt a wife, a widow, and a maid." The initials J. D. are affixed to "A Hymn in praise of musicke," and to "Ten Sonnets to Philomel."

Lady Pembroke has "A Dialogue between two shepherds, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astrea;"

* These initials have been ascertained to belong to Watson, the sonnetteer; but the other names between brackets are rather offered as conjectures than certainties.

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i. e. Queen Elizabeth. (See this poem inserted in the Monthly Mirror, for May, 1801.)

Tho. Campion * has "A Hymne in praise of Neptune," and three love poems "Of his Mistresses Face: Upon her Palenesse: Of Corinna's Singing."

Charles Best has "A Sonnet of the Sunne," and another "Of the Moone," with several Epitaphs on royalty.

Tho. Spilman has an amatory plaint "To his Ladies Garden, being absent far from her:" and another "Upon his Ladies Sicknesse of the Small-pocks." The same writer, probably under the signature of T. S., has a version of Anacreon's second Ode.

From Watson's Hecatompathia are inserted, with several variations, in the text, Sonnets 3, 18, 40, 56, 61, 62, 77, 79, 85, and 94.

To H. C. appertains a sonnet, entitled "Love's seven deadly Sinnes;" and a second, "To two most honorable and virtuous ladies and sisters, the ladie Margaret countesse of Cumberland, the ladie Anne countesse of Warwicke."

W. R. signatures "A Poesie to prove affection is not love:" and Dr. Percy has reprinted "The Lie," from this collection, where it has no signature, as the production of sir Walter Raleigh:† but his au-

* For some notice of whom, vide Fasti Oxon. I. 229. Davies of Hereford, in his Scourge of Folly, has a sonnet "to the most judicious and excellent lyrick poet, doctor Campion:" He was distinguished as a poet and a musician; and published "Observations on the Arte of English Poesie," in 1602, which drew forth Daniel's "Defence of Ryme."

† The traditionary report that it was penned by sir Walter, the night before his execution, is refuted by this consideration:—that Raleigh suffered death in 1618, and the poem was printed by Davison in 1608.

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thority for doing so is not quite satisfactory. A parody upon the same poem occurs in the folio edition of Sylvester's works, 1652, which is termed "The Soules Errand;" and it was reprinted, with some diversity, in Lord Pembroke's poems, 1660. Ritson peremptorily ascribes it to Francis Davison, of whom the same critic observes, that some of his performances appear the effusions of a real poetical genius, and deserve much praise. This encomium, however, must have been grounded on the supposition that to him were attributable many of the pieces which bear no identifying signature, except what attaches to certain divisions of the book, and particularly to that division which includes "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and Epigrams, by Francis and Walter Davison, brethren." Dr. Percy has reprinted the most elegant poem in this collection, under the title of "Cupid's Pastime,"* in his estimable reliques of ancient English poetry. Sir John Davis's "Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid," is deserving of incorporation into any future edition of his works, but is too long for insertion in the CENSURA. The following very polished amatory extracts will not be liable to this objection. They occur in the portion of Odes assignable to Fras. Davison.

* Dr. Percy has at the same time remarked, that this beautiful fiction, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James the first, may be found in a Medley, entitled "Le Prince d'Amour," 1660; and in the fourth volume of Dryden's Miscellanies; where it was given to Sidney Godolphin, but erroneously, being written probably before he was born. *Reliq. vol. I. p.* 332.

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TO CUPID.

Love, if a god thou art,
Then evermore thou must
Be merciful and just:
If thou be just, O wherefore doth thy dart
Wound mine alone, and not my Ladie's hart?

If merciful; then why
Am I to paine reserv'd,
Who have thee truely serv'd,
While she that by thy power sets not a flye,
Laughes thee to scorne and lives at liberty?

Then, if a god thou wilt accounted be,
Heale me like her, or else wound her like me.

Commendation of his Mistresses beauty, stature, behaviour, and wit.

Some there are as faire to see to,
But by Art and not by Nature;
Some as tall and goodly be too,
But want beauty to their stature.

Some have gratious kind behaviour,
But are foule or simple creatures;
Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
Or are proud of their good features.

Only you, and you want pity,
Are most faire, tall, kinde, and witty.

The following encomiastic tribute to Daniel, who was termed by Headley, "the Atticus of his day," may be welcome to some poetical readers, as an antiquarian novelty.

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To SAMUEL DANIEL, prince of English poets.

Upon his three several sorts of Poesie,

Lyricall, in his Sonnets.
Tragical, in Rosamond and Cleopatra.
Heroicall, in his Civill Warres.

OLYMPIA'S matchlesse son, when as he knew
How many crownes his father's sword had gain'd
With smoaking sighs and deep-fetch'd sobs did rew,
And his brave cheeks with scalding teares bedew,
Because that kingdomes now so few remain'd
By his victorious arme to be obtain'd.

So, learned *Daniel*, when-as thou didst see
That *Spenser* erst so farre had spred his fame,
That he was monarch deem'd of poesie,
Thou didst, I gesse, even burne with jealousie,
Least lawrell were not left ynough to frame
A neast sufficient for thine endlesse name.

But as that pearle of Greece, soone after past
In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are plac't
In higher seat:—so hath thy Muse surpast
Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
To the thunder-scorning lawrell crowne aspire.

And as his empire's linked force was knowne,
When each of those that did his kingdome share,
The mightiest kings in might did match alone:
So of thy skill the greatnesse thus is showne,
That each of those great poets deemed are,
Who may in no one kind with thee compare.

One shar'd out Greece, another Asia held,
And fertile Egypt to a third did fall;

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But only Alexander all did wield:
So in soft-pleasing lyricks some are skil'd;
In tragicke some, some in heroicall;
But thou alone art matchlesse in them all.

Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

I only protract this article for the purpose of remarking, that in Harl. MS. 6930, occurs a version of several selected psalms, by Fra. Davison, Jos. Bryan, Rich. Gipps, and Chr. Davison; with Poems prefixed by the former two, and with a metrical introduction by W. Bagnall, "to so many of the psalms as are of Mr. Fra. Davison's composure."*

T. P.

ART. XXIX. *England's Parnassus: or the choysest flowers of our moderne poets, with their poeticall comparisons. Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses, both pleasant and profitable. Imprinted at London for N. L. C. B. and T. H.*† 1600. *With the device of a Ling entangled in the branches of a honeysuckle. pp.* 510. *besides dedication, &c. small* 8vo. *or dupd.*

A CHARACTER of this collection has been given by Oldys in the Preface to Hayward's British Muse, and copied into the new edition of *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* (1800). I shall not therefore repeat it here. It may however be added, that

* In the Bridgewater Library is another MS. of this Version.—See Todd's Spenser, I. *LXXI.*

† Viz. Ling, Burby, and Haies. Herb. III. 1342, who says that there were three or four editions of the book about this time. Sed qu?

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notwithstanding the defects with which Oldys rather too severely taxes it, Time has given it a value, which every lover of old English poetry will duly estimate.* Seventy years ago the greater part of the authors, from whom extracts, too short indeed, are here given, were forgotten; the curiosity and diligence of the present day has revived all their memories; and perhaps recovered and ascertained every poem, from whence the passages are borrowed. The laborious searches of the late Mr. Ritson in this way will establish his fame, in spite of his dullness, and his unhappy disposition. And the still superior knowledge of some living friends, (whom I know too well, to offend them by adding their names,) blended as it is with taste and fancy, has lately thrown a grace and interest on this branch of bibliography, which is daily increasing the public curiosity regarding a part of our national antiquities, the most illustrative of the progress of human manners and civil society. The state of our knowledge on these subjects is materially altered since the time of Oldys, who, though his bibliographical erudition was very eminent, after having observed that R. Allot, the editor of this Collection, "cites no more than the names of his authors to their verses," could add, that "most of them were now so obsolete, that not knowing what they wrote, we can have no recourse to their works, if still extant." He then, a little too severely, says, that "what renders this and the other Collection (*The Belvedere or Garden of the Muses*, 1600, 8*vo*.) very defective, and prevents them from affording the redundant

* Mr. Parke is now (1815) reprinting this Collection entire, in *Heliconia*.

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light, of which they were capable, is the little merit of the obsolete poets, from which they are in a great measure extracted; which want of merit, as Sir Philip Sydney justly observes, "is the cause of their wanting esteem."

But there is scarcely a single volume of old poetry, which ever obtained even a short-lived reputation, from whence some good may not be extracted. Soms traits of manners, some memorials of temporary sentiment, some forms of expression, some records of departed merit, which it is a pity should entirely perish, are sure to be preserved in them. And in such a Collection as the present it is highly instructive to observe, constantly intermixed, and floating with the same apparent credit by each other's side, those who have for ages been left behind on shoals and in creeks silent and forgotten, and those who still are borne forward by the increasing impulse of the gale of Fame! The perpetual comparison will enable us to appreciate, in the most certain and striking manner, the qualities by which a lasting reputation is ensured.

This Collection is dedicated, in the following Sonnet,

"To the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Mounson, Kt.

English Mæcenas, Bounty's elder brother,
The spreading wing, whereby my fortune flies;
Unto thy wit, and virtues, and none other,
I consecrate these sacred Poesies;
Which, whilst they live, as they must live for ever,
Shall give thy honour life, and let men know,
That those, to succour virtue who persever,
Shall conquer Time, and Lethe's overflow.

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I pick'd these flowers of learning from their stem,
Whose heavenly wits and golden pens have chac'd
Dull ignorance that long affronted them:
In view of whose great glories thou art plac'd,
That whilst their wisdoms in these writings flourish,
Thy fame may live, whose wealth doth wisdom nourish.*

Your Worships humbly

at Command,

R. A."

"To the Reader.

I hang no ivy out to sell my wine;
The nectar of good wits will sell itself;
I fear not, what Detraction can define;
I sail secure from Envy's storm or shelf.

I set my picture out to each man's view,
Lim'd with those colours, and so cunning arts,
That like the phœnix will their age renew,
And conquer envy by their good deserts.

If any cobler carp above his shoe,
I rather pity, than repine his action;
For ignorance still maketh much ado,
And wisdom loves that, which offends detraction.

Go fearless forth, my book; hate cannot harm thee;
Apollo bred thee, and the Muses arm thee.

R. A."

The first set of Extracts is under the head of "Angels," and begins with twenty-one lines from Spenser, followed by passages from Drayton, Fairfax, Warner, and Shakspeare. The next is under "Am-

* I have modernized the spelling.

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bition," beginning with Daniel, and succeeded by Markham, Chapman, Spenser, Drayton, Higgins, Lodge, Warner, Hudson, Gascoigne, Dekkar, and Fairfax. The third is "Affection," from Shakspeare, Marlow, and Spenser. The fourth "Affliction," from Davies; the fifth "Audacity," from Warner, Shakspeare, and Weever; and the sixth "Art," from Drayton, Marston, Chapman, Jonson, Lodge, Storer, Harington, Fitz-Geffrey and Spenser; the seventh "Avarice," from Spenser, Harington, Sylvester, Warner, Shakspeare, and Dekkar. Here end the titles under the letter A.

Under the "Descriptions of Beauty and Personage" is the following by Thomas Watson, p. 393.

Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold;
Her sparkling eyes in heaven a place deserve;
Her forehead high and fair, of comely mould;
Her words are musical, of silver sound;
Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.
Each eyebrow hangs like Iris in the skies;
Her eagle's nose is straight, of stately frame;
On either cheek a rose and lily lies;
Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame:
Her lips more red than any coral stone;
Her neck more white than aged swans that moan;
Her breast transparent is, like chrystal rock;
Her fingers long, fit for Apollo's lute;
Her slipper such as Momus dare not mock;
Her virtues are so great, as make me mute.
What other parts she hath, I need not say,
Whose fairest face alone is my decay.

Tho. Watson.

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The next is by Dr. Lodge, p. 394.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperious glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded, or in twines:
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.
Her cheeks are like the blushing-cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shrowd,
That Phœbus' smiling locks do grace.
Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Which with bounds she still encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.
Her neck is like a stately tower,
Where Love himself in pleasure lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her paps are rocks of heavenly flame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light,
To feed perfection with the same:
With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with azure blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.
Nature herself her shape admires;
The Gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brands doth light.

D. Lodge.

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The following also, by the same poet, is at p. 399.

Like to Diana, in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela.
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Deck'd with the ruddy lustre of her love,
Is fair Samela.
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancy moves,
Shines fair Samela.
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are gold, the breasts are ivory,
Of fair Samela.
Her cheeks, like rosy lilies. yield forth gleams;
Her brows' bright arches, fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty;
For she is Samela;
Pallas in wit; all three if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yields fair Samela.

D. Lodge.

CALM WEATHER, p. 359.

As then no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud accloyd the air,
The sky, like grass of watched hue,
Reflected Phœbus' golden hair:
The garnish'd trees no pendant stirr'd,
Nor voice was heard of any bird.

Mat. Roydon.

WOMEN. p. 310.

- - - - - Women be
Fram'd with the same parts of the mind as we;

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Nay Nature triumph'd in their beauty's birth,
And women made the glory of the earth;
The life of beauty, in whose supple breasts,
And in her fairest lodging Virtue rests,
Whose towering thoughts, attended with remorse,
Do make their fairness be of greater force.

J. Weever.

What art so deep; what science is so high,
Unto the which women have not attain'd;
Who list in stories old to look, may try,
And find my speech herein not false nor feign'd;
And though of late they seem not to come nigh
The praise their sex in former times have gain'd,
Doubtless the fault is either in back-biters,
Or want of skill or judgment in their writers.

J. Weever.

Among the many rare and special gifts,
That in the female sex are found to sit,
This one is chief, that they, at meerest shifts,
Give best advice, and shew most ready wit;
But man, except he chews, and thinks, and sifts
How every part may answer to their fit,
By rash advice doth often overshoot him,
And doth accept the things that do not boot him.

Idem.

MAJESTY, POMP. p. 442.

Look, as great Cinthia in her silver car
Rides in her progress round about her sphere,
Whose tendance is the fair eye-dazzling stars
Trooping about her chariot, that with clear
And glorious shows makes every eye delight
To gaze upon the beauty of the night,
Clad and attended with the world's delight;
So is the Queen in majesty brought forth.

Christopher Middleton.

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KING. p. 451.

When as the sun forsakes his crystal sphere,
How dark and ugly is the gloomy sky;
And in his place there's nothing will appear,
But clouds that in his glorious circuit fly.
So when a king forsakes his royal place,
There still succeeds oblique and dark disgrace.

Idem.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PALACES, CASTLES, &c. p. 469.

In little time these ladies found
A grove with every pleasure crown'd;
At whose sweet entry did resound
A ford, that flower'd that holy ground:
From thence the sweet-breath'd winds convey
Odours from every myrtle spray,
And other flowers; to whose array
A hundred harps and timbrels play;
All pleasure's study can invent,
The dames' ears instantly present;
Voices in all sorts different,
The four parts and the diapent.

George Chapman.

SEAS, WATERS, RIVERS, &c. p. 481.

- - - In that mead proud making grass,
A river, like to liquid glass,
Did with such soundful murmur pass,
That with the same it wanton was.
Hard by this brook a pine had seat,
With goodly furniture complete,
To make the place in state more great,
And lessening the inflaming heat,

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Which was with leaves so beautified,
And spread his breast so thick and wide,
That all the sun's estranged pride
Sustain'd repulse on every side.

Idem.

The following is a specimen of the strange attempt at English hexameters, extracted from Abraham Fraunce, p. 484.

OF TREES AND HERBS.

Myrtle's due to Venus, green laurel due to Apollo,
Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the young merry Bacchus,
Poplar unto Alcides, and olives unto Minerva.
Gentle Amaranthus, thou fairest flower of a thousand,
Shalt be love's flower henceforth, though thou cam'st from a bleeding,
Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I give thee for ever.

Abr. Fraunce.

OF THE MARIGOLD, p. 503.

The marigold so likes the lovely sun,
That when he sets, the other hides his face,
And when he 'gins his morning course to run,
She spreads abroad, and shews her greatest grace.

Tho. Watson.

DILICULUM. p. 326.

By this Apollo's golden harp began
To send forth music to the ocean,
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the Day's bright bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaming beams mock'd ugly Night.

Christopher Marlow.

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MANE. p. 328.

The gaudy Morn out of her golden sleep
Awak'd, and little birds uncag'd 'gan sing,
To welcome home the bride-groom of the sea.

George Peele.

VESPER. p. 333.

About the time, when Vesper in the west
'Gan set the evening watch, and silent Night,
Richly attended by his twinkling train,
Sent sleep and slumber to possess the world,
And Fantasy to hawzen idle heads,
Under the stately canopy of heaven
I laid me down, laden with many cares.

George Peele.

OF EDEN. p. 351.

For Adam God chose out an happy seat,
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously
With flowery Ver's enamell'd tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excells,
And Zephyr fills with musk and amber smells,
Where God himself, as gardner, treads the allies,
With trees and corn covers the hills and vallies,
Summons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And sun-proof arbours makes in sundry nooks:
He plants, he prunes, he pares, he trimmeth round,
The ever-green beauties of a fruitful ground:
Here, there, the course of the holy lakes he leads;
With thousand dyes he mottleth all the meads.

Joshua Sylvester.

LIFE. p. 169.

The sun doth set, and brings again the day,
But when our life is gone, we sleep for aye.

Thomas Achelly.

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VIRTUE. p. 293.

Virtue dies not; her tomb we need not raise;
Let them trust tombs, which have outliv'd their praise.

Thomas Bastard.

WAR. p. 299.

War rightly handled is most excellent,
And easy makes impossibility;
It mounts the Alps, and through the seas doth rent;
By it in blood a way to heaven we see.

Gervase Markham.

CARE. p. 25.

Care, the consuming canker of the mind,
The discord that disorders sweet-hearts' tune;
Th' abortive bastard of a coward mind;
The lightsome lackey that runs post by death,
Bearing the letters which contain our end;
The busy advocate, that sells the breath,
Denouncing worst to him is most his friend.

Henry Constable.

CONCORD. p. 33.

When tract of time returns the lusty Ver,
By thee alone the buds and blossoms spring;
The fields with flowers be garnish'd every where:
The blooming trees abundant leaves do bring;
The cheerful birds melodiously do sing.
Thou dost appoint the crop of Summer's seed
For man's relief, to serve his Winter's need.

George Gascoigne.

CONTENT. p. 39.

He only lives most happily
That's free and far from majesty;

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Can live content, although unknown:
He fearing none; none fearing him;
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

Thomas Kyd.

ENVY. p. 72.

Envy lives with us, while ourselves survive;
But when we die, it is no more alive.

Charles Fitz-Geffrey.

The knotty oak, and wainscot old,
Within doth eat the silly worm;
E'en so a mind, in envy cold,
Always within itself doth burn.

Idem.

JEALOUSY. p. 143.

Foul-weather'd Jealousy to a forward spring
Makes weeds grow rank, but spoils a better thing;
Sows tares 'gainst harvest in the fields of love;
And dogged humour dog-days-like doth prove,
Scorching love's glorious world with glowing tongue:
A serpent by which love to death is stung;
A foe to waste his pleasant summer flowers,
Ruin his mansion, and deface his bowers.

E. Gilpin.

KINGS. p. 157.

He knows not what it is to be a king,
That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.

Robert Greene.

Too true that tyrant Dyonisius
Did picture out the image of a king;
When Damocles was placed in his throne,
And o'er his head a threatening sword did hang,
Fasten'd up only by a horse's hair.

Idem.

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LOVE. p. 175.

- - - Love is root, and only crop of care,
The body's foe, the heart's annoy, and cause of pleasures rare;
The sickness of the mind, the fountain of unrest;
The gulf of guile, the pit of pain, of grief the hollow chest;
A fiery frost, a flame that frozen is with ice;
A heavy burden, light to bear, a virtue fraught with vice.
It is a worldly peace, a safety seeing dread,
A deep despair annex'd to hope, a fancy that is fed;
Sweet poison for his taste, a port Charybdis-like,
A Scylla for his safety, though a lion that is meek.

George Turberville.*

THE SAME. p. 177.

Of virtue only perfect Love doth grow,
Whose first beginning though it be more slow
Than that of lust, and quickens not so fast,
Yet sure it is, and longer time doth last.
The straw inkindles soon, and slakes again;
But iron is slow, and long will heat retain.

Thomas Hudson.

MELANCHOLY. p. 205.

Thou nursing mother of fair wisdom's lore,
Ingenious Melancholy!

John Marston.

MIND. p. 209.

What plague is greater than the grief of mind,
The grief of mind that eats in every vein?
In every vein that leaves such clods behind,
Such clods behind, as breed such bitter pain?
So bitter pain, that none shall ever find,
What plague is greater than the grief of mind.

Earl of Oxford.

* Called by mistake *Thomas*.

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THE SAME. p. 209.

Nor is it but our minds that make our native homes our grave,
As we to ours, others to theirs, like partial fancy have;
Transmute we but our minds, and then all one an alien is,
As if a native once resolv'd makes every country his.

William Warner.

POESY. p. 231.

All art is learn'd by art; this art alone
It is a heavenly gift; no flesh nor bone
Can prize the honey we from Pind distil,
Except with holy fire his breast we fill,
From that spring flows, that men of special choose
Consum'd in learning and perfit in prose,
For to make verse in vain does travel take,
When as a prentice fairer words will make.

King of Scots.

SILENCE. p. 259.

Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black Night,
Thou that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw;
To stop the barking of the watchful hound,
And charm the gaggling of those waking fowl,
That sav'd Jove's capitol, mild Queen of Rest!

Thomas Dekkar.

SOUL. p. 275.

Heaven waxeth old; and all the spheres above
Shall one day faint, and their swift motion stay;
And Time itself shall cease in time to move;
Only the soul survives, and lives for aye.

John Davies.

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BEAUTY. p. 402.

Yet never eye, to Cupid's service vow'd,
  Beheld a face of such a lovely pride;
A tinsel veil her golden locks did shrowd,
  That strove to cover what it could not hide:
The golden sun behind a silver cloud
  So streameth out his beams on every side:
The marble goddess set at Cnidos naked
She seem'd; were she uncloth'd, or that awaked.
The gamesome wind among her tresses plays;
  And curleth up those growing riches short;
Her spareful eye to spread his beams denies,
  But keeps his shot, where Cupid keeps his fort.

*F. G.**

" *The Muses.*

" The Muses not long since, intrapping love,
  In chains of roses linked all array;
Gave Beauty charge to watch in their behove
  With graces three, lest he should wend away;
  Who fearing yet he would escape at last,
  On high Parnassus' top they clapp'd him fast.
When Venus understood her son was thrall,
  She made post haste to have God Vulcan's aid;
Sold him her gems and ceston therewithall;
  But all in vain; the Muses made no store
  Of gold, but bound him faster than before."

Tho. Watson.

* Probably *Fulke Grevile.*

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" *Princes.*

" Even as defaults will more conspicuous be,
How much the offender greater is esteem'd;
So Virtue in a princely body seen,
Lamp-like, and far more excellently deem'd,
That in such unity it's seldom seen,
In mutual approach of highest bliss,
Whether more graced each by other is."

Tho. Storer.

" *Noctis Initium.*

" Such time as from her mother's tender lap
The night arose, guarded with gentle winds,
And with her precious dew refresh'd the sap
Of bloom and dark, (whilst that her mantle blinds
The veil of heaven, and every bird was still,
Save Philomel, that did bemoan her ill:)
When in the west Orion lift aloft
His stately crest, and smil'd upon the twins,
And Cynthia seemly bright, whose eye full oft
Had watch'd her love, with radiant light begins
To peirce the veil of Silence with her beams,
Sporting with wantou clear in Ocean streams;
When little winds in beating of their wings
Did woo the eyes to leave their constant walk,
And all was hush'd save Zephirus that sings
With lovely breathings for the sea-nymph's sake,
My wrathful griefs perplex my mind so sore,
That forth I walk'd my sorrows to deplore."

Dr. Lodge.

" *Theology.*

" In chariot framed of celestial mould,
And simple pureness of the purest sky,
A more than heavenly Nymph I did behold,

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Who, glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such right can comprehend,
Except her beams their fair reflection lend.

Her beauty with eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen;
When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
She came to him, and gladly would have been
The long succeeding world's eternal Queen;
But they refused her, O heinous deed!
And from that garden banish'd was that seed.

Since when at sundry times and sundry ways,
Atheism, and blinded Ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning rays,
And quench that zeal of heart-inflaming fire,
As makes our souls to heavenly things aspire;
But all in vain; for maugre all their might
She never lost one sparkle of her light.

Pearls may be foil'd and gold be turn'd to dross,
The sun obscur'd, the moon be turn'd to blood,
The world may sorrow for Astrea's loss,
The heavens darken'd like a dusky wood;
Waste deserts lie where watry fountains stood;
But fair THEOLOGY, for so she hight,
Shall never lose one sparkle of her light.

Such one she was, as in his Hebrew song
The wisest King for fairest creature proves,
Embracing her the cedar trees among,
Comparing her to roses and to doves,
Preferring her before all other loves;
Such one she was, and every wit as fair;
Besides these two was never such a pair."

Tho. Storer.

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" *Astrology.*

" Her hand-maids in Amazon-like attire
Went chaste and modest, like Diana's train;
One by her gazing looks seems to aspire
Beyond the moon, and in a high disdain
To deem the world, and worldly treasures vain;
She hight ASTROLOGY, on whose bright lawn
Spheres, astrolabes, and skilful globes are drawn."

Idem.

" *Rhetorick.*

" The next, fair smiling with a pleasing cheek,
Had power to ravish and enchant men's ears,
Hight RHETORICK, whose shadowed veil shews clear
With silver tongues, and over it she wears
A wimpled scarf, bedew'd with hearer's tears,
Whose captive hearts she would detain long while
With pleasure of her unaffected stile."

Idem.

" *Logic.*

" The third, a quick-eyed Dame of piercing sight,
That reason's worth in equal balance weighed;
The truth she lov'd above all earthly wight,
Yet could not tell her love; but, what she said,
Was certain true, and she a perfect maid:
Her garments short, tuck'd up to earth prepar'd;
And she called LOGIC without welt or guard."

Tho. Storer.

" *Arithmetic, Music, Geometry.*

" Next these, whose outward looks I knew aright,
And bade some portion of their endless treasure,
Fair ALGEBRA, with fingers richly dight;
Sweet MUSIC, founder of delightsome pleasure,
Earth scouring Nymph, directress of all measure.

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These humbly did her sovereign highness greet,
And meekly laid their garlands at her feet.

From every one she pluck'd a special flower,
And laid each flower upon a several part;
Then from her one, a stem of wondrous power,
Whose leaves were beams, whose stalks a fiery dart;
And that she laid upon my trembling heart:
These were the buds of art, this plant of bliss;
This gave them life, they yielded grace to this."

Idem.

"*Of Posterity.*

"Daughter of Time, sincere Posterity,
Always new born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure sincerity,
Yet changeable like Proteus, on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, sometime join'd with dearth;
Always to come, yet always present here,
Whom all run after, none come after near;
Impartial Judge of all, save present state,
Truth's idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine own do waste;
True treasurer of all antiquity,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see."

Char. Fitz-Geffrey.

"*Grove.*

"——— When many a weary step
Had brought us to the top of yonder mount,
Mild Zephirus embrac'd us in his arms,
And in a cloud of sweet and rich perfumes
Cast us into the lap of that green mead,

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Whose bosom stuck with purple violets,
Half-budded lilies, and young musk-rose trees,
About whose waist the amorous woodbine twines,
Whilst they seem maidens in a lover's arms;
There on the curled forehead of a bank,
That swell'd with camomile, over whose beauty
A wanton hyacinth held down his head,
And by the wind's help oft stole many a kiss,
He sate us down, and thus we did arrive."

Th. Dekkar.

"*Discontent.*

" Disquiet thoughts the minutes of her watch,
Full from her cave the fiend full oft doth fly.
To Kings she goes, and troubles them with wars,
Setting those high aspiring bonds on fire,
That flame from earth unto the seat of Jove:
To such as Midas, men that doat on wealth,
And rent the bowels of the middle earth
For coin, who gape as did fair Danae
For showers of gold, there Discontent in black
Throws forth the viols of her restless cares:
To such as sit at Paphos for relief,
And offer Venus many solemn vows,
To such as Hymen in his saffron robe
Hath knit a gordian knot of passions,
To these, to all parting the gloomy air,
Black Discontent doth make her bad repair."

R. Greene.

The Editor has concluded the whole with the following lines, printed on the back of a blank page, after the "Finis."

Fame's windy trump blew up this haughty mind
To do, or wish to do, what here you find:

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'Twas ne'er held error yet in errant knights,
Which privilege he claims, to dress their fights
In high hyperboles; for youth's example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow ample.
Thus such achievements are essay'd and done,
As pass the common power and sense of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

ART. XXX. *Bel-vedére, or the Garden of the Muses.*

Quem referent Musæ vivet, dum robora tellus,
Dum cœlum stellas, dum vehit amnis aquas.[a]

Imprinted at London, by F. K. for Hugh Astley, dwelling at Saint Magnus Corner. 1600. *Small* 8vo. *pp.* 236, *besides the Table of Contents, &c.*

A second edition of this book, with the omission of "Belvedere," in the title-page, was

Printed at London by E. A. for John Tap, and sold at his shop at Saint Magnus Corner. 1610.

THE laudable compiler of this poetical commonplace book, was John Bodenham, who prefixed his

[a] Beneath this motto was an emblematical device of the sun, (Apollo) shining upon a laurel, planted between the biforked summits of Parnassus; which was thus ridiculed, as well as the Editor, in an old play called The Return from Parnassus. "I wonder this owl dares look on the sun, and I marvel this goose flies not the laurel: his device might have been better—a fool going into the market-place to be seen with this motto, *Scribimus indocti:* or a poor beggar gleaning of ears in the end of harvest, with this word, *Sua cuique gloria.*

Who blurs fair paper with foul bastard rhymes,
Shall live full many an age in latter times:

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arms,[b] and of whom little seems to be known but that he was the editor also of Politeuphia, or Wit's Commonwealth in 1598, of Wit's Theatre of the Little World in 1599, and of England's Helicon in 1600; before which publication a Sonnet was addressed to him by A. B. and has been reprinted in this volume. See *ante*.

From that sonnet and from a prose address which follows, it appears that A. B. was a fellow-labourer with Bodenham, to whom he inscribed a poetical compliment before the Belvidere.* This is followed by a Sonnet to the Muses' Garden, signed W. Rankins, Gent.: a few lines in praise of the book, by R. Hathway, the kinsman possibly of Ann Hathaway, who married our great dramatic bard, (as Mr. Malone suggests in his Shakspearian Inquiry;) and two Sonnets directed to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge: the latter signed *Sua cuique gloria*. The following encomium on the work is so gracefully constructed, that it may well authorize transcription.

"*Of this Garden of the Muses.*

Thou, which delight'st to view this goodly plot,
Here take such flowers as best shall serve thy use;
Where thou may'st find in every curious knot,
Of special virtue and most precious juice,

Who makes a ballad for an alehouse door
Shall live in future times for evermore:
Then (Bodenham) thy Muse shall live so long,
As drafty ballads to thy praise are sung."

[b] See Gwillim's Display of Heraldry, p. 321, edit. 1638. viz. Az. a fesse betw. 3 chess-rooks, Or.

* Another Sonnet by A. M. may be ascribed to Anthony Munday.

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Set by Apollo in their several places,
And nourished with his celestial beams,
And water'd, by the Muses and the Graces,
With the fresh dew of those Castalian streams.
What scent or colour canst thou but devise,
That is not here, that may delight the sense?
Or what can Art or Industry comprise
That in abundance is not gather'd hence?
No Garden yet was ever half so sweet,
As where Apollo and the Muses meet! A. B.

But the most curious portion of this volume appears to be the editor's proemium, which becomes an object of attractive regard from having been omitted in the second impression.

"To the Reader.

"It shall be needlesse (gentle reader) to make any apologie for the defence of this labour; because collected from so many singular men's workes, and the worth of them all having been so especially approved, and past with no mean applause the censure of all in generall, doth both disburden me of that paines, and sets the better approbation on this excellent booke. It shall be sufficient for me then to tell thee, that here thon art brought into the Muses' Garden; a place that may beseeme the presence of the greatest prince in the world. Imagine then, thy height of happinesse, in being admitted to so celestiall a paradise. Let thy behaviour then, while thou art here, answere thy great fortune, and make use of thy time as so rich a treasure requireth.

"The walkes, alleys, and passages in this Garden, are almost infinite; every where a turning; on all

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sides such windings in and out; yet all extending both to pleasure and profit, as very rare or seldome shalt thou see the like. Marke then, what varietie of flowres grow all along as thou goest, and trample on none rudely, for all are right precious. If thy conscience be wounded, here are store of hearbes to heale it: if thy doubts be fearefull, here are flowres of comfort: are thy hopes frustrated, here's immediate helpes for them. In briefe, what infirmitie canst thou have, but here it may be cured? What delight or pleasure wouldst thou have, but here it is affoorded?

"Concerning the nature and qualitie of these excellent flowres, thou seest that they are most learned, grave, and wittie sentences; each line being a severall sentence, and none exceeding two lines at the uttermost. All which, being subjected under apt and proper heads, as arguments, what is then dilated and spoken of; even so, each head hath first his definition in a couplet sentence; then the single and double sentences, by variation of letter do follow; and lastly, similies and examples in the same nature likewise, to conclude every head or argument handled. So let this serve to shew thee the whole intent of this worke.

"Now that every one may be fully satisfied concerning this Garden, that no one man doth assume to him-selfe the praise thereof, or can arrogate to his owne deserving those things, which have been derived from so many rare and ingenious spirits; I have set down both how, whence, and where, these flowres had their first springing, till thus they were drawne together into the Muses Garden; that every ground may challenge his owne, each plant his particular, and no one be injuried in the justice of his merit.

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"First, out of many excellent speeches, spoken to her Majestie, at tiltings, triumphes, maskes, and shewes, and devises perfourmed in prograce: as also out of divers choise ditties sung to her; and some especially, proceeding from her owne most sacred selfe! Here are great store of them digested into their meete places, according as the method of the worke plainly delivereth. Likewise out of private poems, sonnets, ditties, and other wittie conceits, given to her honorable Ladies and vertuous Maids of Honour; according as they could be obtained by sight, or favour of copying, a number of most wittie and singular sentences. Secondly, looke what workes of poetrie have been put to the worlds eye, by that learned and right royall king and poet, James King of Scotland; no one sentence of worth hath escaped, but are likewise here reduced into their right roome and place. Next, out of sundry things extant, and many in private, done by these right honourable persons following:

Thomas, [Henry] Earle of Surrey.

The Lorde Marquesse of Winchester.

Mary, Countess of Pembrooke.

Sir Philip Sidney.

From poems and workes of these noble personages, extant.

Edward, Earle of Oxenford.

Ferdinando, Earle of Derby.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Edward Dyer.

Fulke Grevile, Esq.

Sir John Harrington.

From divers essayes of their poetrie; some extant

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among other honourable personages writings, some from private labours and translations.

Edmund Spencer.
Henry Constable, Esq.
Samuel Daniell.
Thomas Lodge, Doctor of Physicke.
Tho. Watson.
Michaell Drayton.
John Davies.
Thomas Hudson.
Henrie Locke, Esq.
John Marstone.
Chr. Marlow.
Benjn. Johnson.
William Shakspeare.
Thomas Churchyard, Esq.
Tho. Nash.
Tho. Kidde.
Geo. Peele.
Robt. Greene.
Josuah Sylvester.
Nicholas Breton.
Gervase Markham.
Thomas Storer.
Robert Wilmot.
Chr. Middleton.
Richard Barnefield.

These being moderne and extant poets, that have lived together: from many of their extant workes, and some kept in private.

Tho. Norton, Esq.
Geo. Gascoigne, Esq.
Frauncis Kindlemarsh, Esq.

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Thomas Atchelow.
George Whetstones.

These being deceased, have left divers extant labours, and many more held back from publishing, which for the most part have been perused, and their due right here given them in the Muses Garden.

Besides, what excellent sentences have been in any presented Tragedie, Historie, Pastorall, or Comedie, they have been likewise gathered, and are here inserted in their proper places."

It will be seen from the above statement, that this compilation must have been formed with elaborate attention, and that it must necessarily contain many choice and sententious flores poetarum Anglicanorum. Its pervading defects arise from the names of the authors not being annexed to the extracts from their works, as in England's Parnassus; and from the selections having been made with still greater brevity.

ART. XXXI. *The Canticles or Balades of Salomon, phraselyke declared in Englysh Metres, by William Baldwin. Halleluiah,*

"Syng to the Lord sum plesaunt song
Of matter fresh and newe:
Vnto his churche it doth belong,
His prayses to renewe." Psalme cxviii.

1549. *4to.* Colophon. *Imprinted at London by William Baldwin, seruant with Edwarde Whitchurche. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.*

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The address to the reader is followed by a dedication to King Edward the Sixth, dated "at London, the first of June, 1549"

"The Canticles" are divided into eight chapters, each of which is separated into many distinct "balades."* These consist first of the text, then the argument of that portion which constitutes the Song, and lastly we have the Song itself. Of these we select one from chap. 4. no. 33.

"The Texte.

"O howe fayer are thy brestes, my syster, my spouse? they are more pleasaunt then wine, and the smell of thyne oyntmentes passeth al the spices. Thy lippes, O my loue, are a dropping hony combe, milke and hony is vnder thy tongue," &c.†

"The Argument.

"After Christe hath praysed his Spouse for thone of her iyes, and for one of her chaynes, dispraysyng the other (for she hath yet one carnal iye, and doeth sum of her wurkes through hipocrisie) he prayseth the rest of her partes throwly, syngyng before the young-lynges."

"Christe to his Spouse. xxxiii.

"How fayre thy dugges, thy charitie is my Spouse,
My syster swete more fayre they are than wyne:
Thy sauour eke of my gyftes glorious,
Do passe all odours, be they neuer so fine.

* In all they amount to 71.

† I omit transcribing the whole of the original text: it begins at verse 10, and continues to part of v. 16.

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Thy lyppes, my loue, the hunney combe are lyke,
From whiche my prayse doeth drop al men among:
My scriptures eke, that are not muche vnlyke
Hunney and mylke, doe vnder lye the toung;

Thy garmentes gay, my merites whiche thou hast,
Do sauour swete, lyke the mount Libanus.
My Spouse, thou art an orchard locked fast
Of pleasaunt trees, my elect most bounteous.

*

The planted trees and frutes whiche grow in thee,
Of pomegranates are lyke a paradise,
Beset about with fruites that pleasaunt bee,
Of cumly heyght that spryng in goodly wyse.

In thee doeth grow spykenarde and calamus,
With saffron, camphor, and swete cypres,
And all the trees that grow in Libanus:
Swete cynamome, strong myrrhe and aloes:

With all hote spices aromatical,
These are the elect and faythfull that doe dwell
In thee my church, in office seueral:
Who all through fayth, excedyng swete do smel.

And thou my Spouse of gardeyns art a wel,
Thy dewie fayth doth moysten euery coost:
Thou art also a poole the whiche doeth wel
Vp lyuely springes, from out the holy goost.

With these thy streames, whiche calmly take their course
From Libanus, my wurde that mountayne clere
Thou waterest the gardens fine or course
Of all good folke, that in thy waye appere,

* A verse here omitted.

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Vp North wynde vp, vp tribulacion,
Cum blast my gardeyn, that I may it trye:
Cum south wynde eke, cum consolacion
And cherysh it, least sum part hap to dye.
That whyle ye two vpon my churche do blow,
The fragrant smell of truth may from her flow."

The work concludes with one page containing "The interpretacion of the Hebrue wurdes." And

"Blessyng, honor, glory, and power,
Be vnto God, for euer and euer.
Amen."

P. B.

ART. XXXII. *A Mirrour for Magistrates. Wherein maye be seen by example of other, with howe grevous plages vices are punished: and howe frayle and unstable worldly prosperity is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour.*

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Anno 1563. *Imprinted at London in Fletestrete nere to Saynct Dunstans Churche by Thomas Marshe.* 4to. *folios* 182.

The last part of the Mirour for Magistrates, wherein may be seene by examples passed in this Realme, with how greevous plagues, vyces are punished in great Princes and Magistrats, and how frayle and unstable worldly prosperity is founde, where Fortune seemeth most highly to favour. Newly corrected and enlarged.

Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete, neere unto

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Sainct Dunstanes Church, by Thomas Marsh, 1578. *Cum privilegio. 4to. folios* 184.

Of these two volumes, which I suspect to be very scarce, particularly the last, the former belongs to the Editor, and the other to Mr. Gilchrist.

They are different editions of the same work; but the words "*Last part*" in the title of the second require explanation.* Warton's account is not only imperfect, but erroneous; and even Ritson's is not clearly expressed.

The work, which was edited by William Baldwin, was first printed by Thomas Marsh, 1559, 4to. folios 160. The above edition of 1563, was the second; and has exactly the same contents, as Warton enumerates in the first; so that I do not understand Ritson, when he says that "to this edition was added a Second Part."† Mr. Steevens had an edition of 1571; Herbert says there was an edition in 1574, and Farmer had an edition in 1575.

In this same year 1575 (or 1574, for the edition may probably be the same) John Higgins, following Baldwin's example, began a new series of Legends commencing with an earlier period, from Albanact, the youngest son of Brutus, to the Emperor Caracalla. These he published under the following title.

"*The first Parte of the Mirour for Magistrates, contayning the falles of the first infortunate Princes of this lande: from the comming of Brute to the incarnation of our Saviour and Redemer Jesu Christe.*

* Mr. Park thinks it was called the *last* part, from containing legends posterior in point of time, to those set forth by Higgins and Blener-hasset.

† But see hereafter. Warton's enumeration was probably wrong.

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Ad Romanos, 13. 2. *Quisquis se opposit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit. Imprinted by Thomas Marshe.* 1575. Cum privilegio." It begins with a table, reciting the several histories, 17 in number, ending with "The Tragedy of Irenglas." Next is I. Higgins's Epistle "To the nobilitie and all other in office," superscribed "Love and Live." Then another "To the Reader." Contains besides fol. 162. 4to*

It was upon this occasion that Baldwin's original publication began to be entitled "The Last Part." Nearly at the same time, Thomas Blener-Hasset compiled and published another intermediate part, which he entitled.

"*The Seconde part of The Mirrour of Magistrates, conteining the falles of the infortunate Princes of this Laude: from the conquest of Cæsar unto the commyng of Duke William the Conquerour. Imprinted by Richard Webster,* 1578." *4to.* In a neat architective compartment, and on the sell, "Goe straight, and feare not." It is introduced with an epistle from the "Printer to the friendly Reader." Then "The Authour's epistle unto his friende," which concludes with "Keepe these trifles from the view of all men, and as you promysed, let them not raunge out of your private study. 15 May, 1577. Tho. Blener-Hasset," 66 pages.†

Warton, therefore, in his History of Poetry, III. 270, makes a great mistake in supposing these last to have been first printed in Niccols's edition, 1610.

In 1578 Baldwin seems still to have kept his own work apart, as appears by Mr. Gilchrist's copy above cited.

* Herbert, 864. † Ibid. 1138.

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In 1587, Higgins published his owne work and Baldwin's together, with several additions to each part.

"*London, Imprinted by Henry Marshe, being the assigne of Thomas Marsh, neare to Saint Dunstanes Churche in Fleete-streete*, 1587," 4*to*.

At length the whole was digested anew by Richard Niccols, with many additions, and alterations, and printed by Felix Kyngston, in 1610. I take the following to be only a new title-page to this edition, though it has the date 1619; for other title pages occur to subsequent parts of the work, which retain the date 1610.

"*The Falles of Unfortunate Princes. Being a true Chronicle Historie of the untimely death of such unfortunate Princes and men of Note, as have happened since the first entrance of Brute into this iland, untill this our latter age. Whereunto is added the famous Life and Death of Queene Elizabeth, with a declaration of all the warres, battels, and sea fights, during her raigne: wherein at large is described the Battel of 88, with the particular service of all such ships, and men of note in that action. Contre fortune nul ne peut. At London Imprinted by F. K. for William Aspley, and are to be sold at his shop in Paul's Churchyard, at the signe of the Parrot*, 1619."* 4*to*. *pp*. 875.

The second edition of 1563 begins as follows.

"*Love and Live. To the Nobilitee and all other in office, God graunt wisedome and all thinges nedefull for the preservacion of theyr estates, Amen.*

* Warton says there was a second edition by Niccols, printed by W. Aspley; but it rather appears that the edit. of 1610 had two subsequent titles, in 1619 and 1621.

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"Plato among manie other of his notable sentences concernyng the government of a common weale hath this: Wel is that realme governed, in whiche the ambicious desyre not to beare offyce. Wherby you may perceive, right honorable, what offices are, where they be duely executed: not gaynful spoyles for the greedy to hunt for, but paineful toyles for the heedy, to be charged with. You may perceive also by this sentence, that there is nothing more necessarye in a common weale, then that officers[a] be diligent and trusty in theyr charges. And sure in whatsoever realme such provision is made, that officers be forced to do their duties, there is it as hard a matter to get an officer, as it is in other places to shift of, and put by[b] those, that with flattery, bribes, and other shiftes, sue and preace for offices. For the ambicious, that is to say prollers for power or gayne, seeke not for offices to helpe other, for which cause offices[c] are ordayned, but with the undoing of other to pranke up[d] themselves. And therfore bar them once of this bayte, and force them to do their duties, and[e] they will geve more to be rid fro their charges, than they did at the first to bye[f] them: for they seke only their commodity and ease.[g] And therfore where the ambicious seeke no office, there, no doubt, offices are duly ministered: and where offices are duly ministerd, it cannot be chosen, but the people are good, whereof must nedes folow a good commonweale. For if the officers[h] be good, the people cannot be yll. Thus

Variations of Edition 1578.

[a] Magistrates. [b] Repulse, and shift of. [c] Officers.
[d] Enrich. [e] Then. [f] Come by. [g] Private profite.
[h] Magistrates.

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the goodnes or badnes of any realme lieth in the goodnes or badnes of the rulers. And therfore not without great cause do the holy Apostles so ernestly charge us to pray for the Magistrates: for in dede the welth and quiet of every common weale, the disorder also and miseries of the same cum specially through them. I nede not go eyther to the Romans or Greekes for the proofe hereof, neyther yet to the Jewes, or other nacyons: whose common weales have alway florished while their officers[1] wer good, and decayed and ranne to rayne, when noughtye[2] men had the regiment.[3] Our owne[4] countrey stories, if we reade and marke them, will shewe us examples ynow, would God we had not sene mo than ynowe. I purpose not to stand here upon the particulers, because they be in part set furth in the tragedies.[5] Yet, by the waye, this I note, wishinge all other to do the like, namely, that as good governers have never lacked their deserved renowne, [6] so have not the bad escaped infamy, besides such plages as are horrible to heare of. For God, the ordeyner of offices, although he suffer them for punishment of the people to be often occupied of such, as are rather spoylers and Judasses, than toylers or Justices, whom the Scripture therefore calleth[7] hipocrites, yet suffreth he them not to scape unpunished, because they dishonour him: for it is God's own office, yea his chiefe office, whyche they bear and abuse. For as Justice is the chiefe vertue, so is the ministration therof the chiefest office: and therfore hath God established it with the chiefest name, hono-

[1] Magistrates. [2] Vicious. [3] Government.
[4] "Own" omitted. [5] Add "following." [6] Praises.
[7] Scriptures cal.

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ring and calling Kinges, and al officers under them by his owne name;—Gods. Ye be all Gods, as many as have in your charge any ministracion of Justice. What a fowle shame were it for any nowe to take upon them the name and office of God, and in theyr doynges to shew themselves devils? God cannot, of justice, but plague suche shameles presumpcion and hipocrisie, and that wyth shameful death, diseases, or infamye. Howe he hath plagued evell rulers from time to time, in other nacions, you may see gathered in Boccas booke intituled the Fall of Princes, translated into Englyse by Lydgate.[p]

How he hath delte wyth sum of our countreymen your auncestors, for sundry vyces not yet left, thys booke named, A Mirrour for Magistrates, can shewe;[q] which therfore[r] I humbly offer unto your honors, beseeching you to accept it favorably.

For here as in a [s]looking glas, you shal se, (if any vice be in you[t]) how the like hath bene punished in other heretofore, wherby admonished, I trust it wyl be a good occasion to move[u] to the sooner amendment. This is the chiefest[v] ende, whye it is set furth, whych God graunt it may attayne.[w]

The wurke was begun and parte of it prynted in Queen Marie's tyme, but hyndred by the Lorde Chauncellour that then was;[x] nevertheless, through the meanes of my[y] Lord Stafford, the fyrst parte was

[p] Add "a Monke of the Abbey of Bury in Suff."
[q] Shall in parte plalinye set forth before your eyes.
[r] Boke. [s] Add "mirror, or." [t] Round.
[u] Add "men." [v] Chief.
[w] Talke according to the maner of the makers.
[x] Staid by such as then were chief in office.
[y] The right honourable Henry.

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licenced, and imprynted the fyrst yeare of the raygne of this our most noble and vertuous Queene, and dedicate[a] then[a] to your honours wyth this Preface.

Since whych time, although I[b] have bene called to an other trade of lyfe*, yet my[c] good Lorde Stafforde hath not ceased to call upon me to publyshe so much[d] as I had gotten at other mens hands, so that, through his Lordshyppes earnest meanes I have nowe also set furth an other parte,† conteynyng as[f] little of myne owne, as the fyrst part doth of other mens.[g] Which, in the name of al the authors, I humbly dedicate to your honours, instantly wishyng, that it may so like and delite your myndes, that your cheareful receyving thereof, maye encourage wurthy wittes to enterpryse and perfourme the rest. Which as soone as I may procure I entende through God's leave, and your favourable allowaunce, to publyshe withal expedicion. In the meane wyle my Lords and Gods, (for so I may call you) I moste humbly beseeche your honours favourablye to accepte this rude Myrrour,[g] and diligentlie to read and consider it, And although you shall fynde in it, that sum have for theyr vertue bene envyed and murdered,[h] yet cease not you to be

[a] Dedicated. [a] Omit "then." [b] Wanted such help as before.
[c] The said. [d] Add "; thereof."
[f] As much as I could obtaine at the hands of my frends.
[g] Worke. [h] Brought unto misery.

---

* He was an ecclesiastic, and schoolmaster. This new trade probably relates to the latter.

† A personal inspection enables me to say, notwithstanding Warton's insinuation, that the Contents of the Second Part, which include Sackville's Induction and Legend, were *not* inserted in that first edition.

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vertuous, but do your offices[i] to the uttermoste; [k] suppres sinne[l] boldly,[l] bothe in your selves and other, soo shal God (whose officers you are) either so maintayne you, that no malice shall prevayle; or if it do, it shall be for your good, and to your eternall glory both here and in heaven, whych I beseche God you maye both covet[m] and attayn. Amen.

Yours most humble,

WILLIAM BALDWIN.[n]

A BRIEFE MEMORIALL OF SUNDRIE UNFORTUNATE ENGLISHMEN.

Willyam Baldwin to the Reader.

Whan the Printer had purposed with himselfe to printe Lidgate's booke of the Fall of Princes, and had made[p] pryvye thereto, many both honourable and worshipfull, he was counsailed by dyvers of them to procure to have the storye contynewed[q] from where as Bochas left, unto this present time, chiefly of such as Fortune had dalyed with[r] here in this ylande: which might be as a myrrour for al men[s] as well nobles as others, to shew the slyppery deceytes of the waveryng lady, and the due rewarde of al kind of vices. Which advyse lyked him so well, that he requyred me to take paines therin: but because it was a matter passyng my wit and skyll, and more thankles than gaineful to

[i] Office. [k] Add "Embrace Vertue, And."
[l] The contrary. [m] Seeke. [n] W. B.
[o] Translation of Bochas. [p] Having made.
[q] A continuance of the story. [r] Abused.
[s] Insert "Of all estates and degrees." [t] Behold.

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meddle in, I refused utterly[u] to undertake it, except I might have the helpe[v] of such, as in wit were apte, in learnyng allowed, and in judgemente and estymacyon able to wield and furnysh so weighty an enterpryse,[w] thinkyng even[x] so to shift my handes. But he earnest and diligent in his affayres, procured[y] Athlas to set under his shoulder:[z] for shortly after divers learned men, whose manye giftes nede fewe prayses, consented to take upon them part of the travayle. And when certaine of them to the number of seven, were through a general assent at an appoynted time and place gathered together to devise thereupon, I resorted unto them,[a] bearing with me the booke of Bochas, translated by Dan Lidgate, for the better observation of his order: which although we liked wel,[b] yet would it not cumly[c] serve, seeing that both Bochas and Lidgate were dead, neither were there any alive that meddled with like argument, to whom the unfortunate might make their mone.

To make therfore a state mete for the matter, they all agreed that I should usurpe Bochas rowme, and the wretched princes complayne unto me: and toke upon themselves, every man for his part, to be sundry personages, and in their behalfes to bewail unto me their grevous[d] chaunces, heavye destinies, and wofull misfortunes.

[u] Add "alone." [v] Without the help.
[w] Discharge the weight of sutch a burden. [x] Omit "even."
[y] Add "me an."
[z] Laye the burden upon my shoulders, which I would not have undertaken but that.
[a] Bringing. [b] Did not mislike. [c] Conveniently.
[d] Sundry.

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This done, we opened such bookes of Cronicles as we had there present, and Maister Ferrers, after he had found where Bochas left, which was about the ende of King Edward the Thirdes raigne, to begin the matter, sayd thus:

I marvayle[e] what Bochas meaneth to forget, among his miserable princes, such as wer of our nacyon, whos numbre is as great, as their adventures wonderfull: for to let passe all, both Britons, Danes, and Saxons, and to cum to the last conquest, what a sorte are they, and sum even in his owne time?[f] As for example, King Rychard the fyrst, slayne with a quarle, in his chyefe prosperitie; also King John his brother, as sum saye poysoned: are not their histories rufull and of rare example? But as it should appeare, he being an Italien, minded most the Roman and Italicke story, or els perhaps he[g] wanted our countrey chronicles.[h] It wer therefore a goodly and a notable

[e] Add "quoth he."

[f] Add "also in the time of Bochas himselfe, or not much before. As for example William Rufus the seconde Kinge of Englande after the Conquest, eyther by malice or misadventure, slayne hunting in the New Forest, by Walter Tirrell with the shot of an arrow. Robert Duke of Normandy, eldest sonne to William Conquerour deprived of his inheritaunce of England, by Henry his youngest brother, having both his eyes put out, and after myserably imprisoned in Cardiffe Castel, whereas hee died. The most lamentable case of William, Rychard and Mary, children of the sayde Henry the first called Beauclerke, drowned upon the sea by the negligence of drunken mariners, and Kinge Rychard the fyrst slaine with a quarel in his chief prosperitie. The most unnaturall murther of Artur Duke of Britayne, right heyre of Englande, by King Jhon his uncle, with the death of Isabell his sister by famyne. The myserable ende of the sayd King Jhon their uncle by surfet, or, as some write, poysoned by a Monke of the Abbey of Swinsted in Lyncolnshire."

[g] Bochas. [h] The knowledge of ours.

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matter to search and discourse our whole story from the first beginning of the inhabiting of the yle. But seeing the printers minde is to have us folowe[j] where Lydgate left, we wil leave that great labour to other that may intend it, and (as blinde bayard is alway boldest)[k] I will begyn at the time[l] of Richard the second, a time as unfortunate as the ruler therein.[m] And forasmuch, frend Baldwyn, as it shall be your charge to note[n] and pen orderlye the whole process, I wil so far as my memorye and judgemente serveth, sumwhat furthur you in the truth of the storye. And therefore omittinge the rufle made by Jacke Strawe and his[o] meyney, and[p] the murder of manye notable men which thereby happened, for Jacke (as ye knowe) was but a poor prynce, I will begin with a notable example which within a while after ensued. And although he be no great prynce,[q] yet sythens he had a princely office, I wil take upon me the miserable person of Syr Robert Tresilian chiefe Justyce of England, and of other which suffered wyth him:[r] therby to warne all of his authoritye[s] and profession, to take hede[t] of wrong judgementes, misconstruynge of lawes, or wresting the same to serve the prince's turnes, which rightfully brought theym to a miserable ende, which they may justly lament in maner ensuing.*

[j] Supply. [k] (As one being bold fyrst to break the Ise.) [l] reign.
[m] As troublesome to the people as unlucky to the prince.
[n] Omit "Note and." [o] Add "Lewd." [p] With.
[q] The person at whome I beginne, was no kinge nor prince.
[r] His fellowes learned in the Law, that were plagued with him.
[s] Their calling. [t] Beware.

* This is printed at length by Warton, Hist. Po. III. 217, because he says it is not easily to be found; but I find it also in the edition of 1578.

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[*Here follows Sir Robert Tresilian's Legend, but before I enter upon that, I will copy the Table of Contents of this edition.*]

The Contentes and Table of the first parte of this Booke.

A prose to the Reader, continued betwene the tragedies from the beginning of the booke to the ende.

Tragedies beginning.

Tresilian and his felowes hanged - Fol. I.
Mortimer slayne - - IIII.
Thomas of Wodstocke murdered - VIII.
Mowbray Lord Marshall banyshed XII.
King Richard the second murdered - XVI.
Owen Glendour starved. - - XIX.
Percy Earle of Northumberland beheaded XXV.
Richard Earle of Cambridge beheaded XXVIII.
Thomas Montague Earle of Salisbury slayne - - XXX.
King James the Fyrst, murdered XXXVI.
William De La Poole Duke of Suffolke banyshed and beheaded - XL.
Jacke Cade, calling himselfe Mortimer, slayne and beheaded - XLIV.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Yorke, slayne - - LIX.
Lorde Clifforde slayne - - LXII.
John Tiptoft Earle of Wurcester slayne LXIIII.
Rychard Nevel Earle of Warwyke slayne LXIX.
Kyng Henry the Sixt murdered - LXXII.

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George Duke of Clarence drowned LXXV.
Kyng Edward the Fowerth surfeted LXXXIII.

The Contentes of the Seconde Parte.

A prose to the Reader continued through the Booke.

Complayntes beginning.

Syr Anthony Wudvill Lorde Rivers cruellye murdered Fol. LXXXVIII.
The Lorde Hastynges trayterousle beheaded in the Tower - - C.
Henry Duke of Buckingham beheaded CXXV.
Collingbourne executed for making a foolyshe ryme - - CXXXVIII.
Rychard the thyrd slayne at Bosworth fyeld - - - CXLVII.
Shore's Wyfe - - - - CLV.
Edmund Duke of Sommerset slayne at Saynct Albones - - CLVI.
The Blacke Smyth, and Lord Audleye, executed for traytrous rebellion CLXIX.

The Fall[u] of Robert Tresilian, [v] chief Justice of England,

[u] Having in the preceding extracts copied the old spelling, I shall now adopt the modern orthography, as the specimens given seem sufficient; and to continue them might only deter and disgust the modern reader.

[v] Rapin says King Richard attempted to deprive the people of their right of freely electing their Representatives in Parliament. The Sheriffs would not execute his orders. But the Judges, Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice; Sir Robert Belknap, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; Sir John Holt, Sir Roger Fulthorp, Sir William

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and other his fellows, for misconstruing the laws, and expounding them to serve the Prince's affections.[x]

1.

In the rueful register of mischief and mishap,
Baldwin, we beseech thee, with our names to begin,
Whom unfriendly Fortune did train unto a trap,
When we thought our state[y] most stable to have been;
So lightly leese they all, which all do ween to win!

Burgh; together with Sir William Lockton, the King's Serjeant at Law, were not so scrupulous in what related to them. The King asked them whether he had not power to turn out the fourteen Commissioners appointed by Parliament, and to annul such acts as were prejudicial to him. They replied, the King was above the Laws. Nevertheless when they were required to subscribe their opinions, some endeavoured to be excused, but were compelled to it by the menaces of the Favourites. It is affirmed, one of the Judges said aloud after signing, "That never did action better deserve hanging than that he had just done." Sir Robert Belknap said upon signing "Now want I nothing but a ship or nimble horse, or an halter to bring me to that death I deserve; if I had not done this I should have been killed by your hands," (for it seems the Duke of Ireland and Earl of Suffolk threatened to kill him if he refused to sign) "and now I have gratified the King's pleasure and yours in doing it, I have well deserved to die for treason against the nobles of the land."

When the Parliament met in February 1389, several persons were accused of High Treason, and sentenced to diverse punishments. Tresilian and some other knights and gentlemen were hanged at Tyburn: Brembar was beheaded. The rest of the Judges, with the Bishop of Chichester, received the same sentence; but had their lives granted them, and were banished to Ireland, having allowances made them out of the Exchequer, for their maintenance, as follows: Fulthorp, forty pounds per ann.; Burgh, forty marks; Belknap, forty pounds; Holt, forty marks; and Cary and Lockton, twenty pounds per ann. a piece. (See Rym. Fœd. 7. p. 591.) *Tindal's Rapin, I.* 465.

[x] "Anno 1388" adds edit. 1578.

[y] Our state esteem'd.

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Learn by us, ye lawyers and judges of the land,
Uncorrupt and upright[z] in doom alway to stand!

2.

And print it for a[a] precedent to remain for ever;
Enroll and record it in tables made of brass;
Engrave it in marble that may be razed never;
Where judges and justicers[b] may see, as in a glass,
What fee[c] is for falsehood,[d] and what our wages was,
Who, for our prince's pleasure,[e] corrupt with meed and awe,
Whittingly and wretchedly did wrest the sense of law!

3.

A change more new and strange seldom hath be seen,[f]
Than from the bench above[g] to come down to the Bar;
Was never state so turned, in no time as I ween,[h]
As they to become clients that counsellors erst were[h]
But such is Fortune's play, which featly can prefer[i]
The Judge that sat above, full low beneath to stand,
At the bar as prisoner holding up his hand.[i]

4.

Which in others cause[k] could stoutly speak and plead,
Both in court and country, careless of the trial,
Stand mute like mummers without advice or read,
Unable to utter a true plea of denial:[l]
Which have seen the day, when, for half a[m] ryal,

[z] Upright and uncorrupt.
[a] Print yee this president.
[b] Of the lawe.
[c] Guerdon.
[d] Guile.
[e] Filthy lucre.
[f] When was there ever seen?
[g] Judges from the bench.
[h] And counsellors that were most nigh to King and Queen
Exiled their country from court and council far.
[i] That can both make and mar.
Exalting to most high, that was before most low,
And turning tail again, the lofty down to throw.
[k] And such as late afore.
[l] All to seek of shifting by traverse or denial.
[m] For a golden.

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We could by very art[n] have made the black seem white;
And matters of most[o] wrong to have appear'd most[p]
right.

5.[q]

Behold me unfortunate foreman of this flock,
Tresilian, sometime chief justice of this land,
By descent a gentleman;[r] no stain was in my stock;
Loketon, Holte, and Belknap, with other of my band,
Which the law and justice had wholly in our hand,
Under the second Richard, a prince of great estate,
To whom froward Fortune gave a foul check-mate.[s]

6.

In the common laws our skill was so profound,
Our credit and authority such and so esteem'd,
That whatso we concluded was taken for a ground,
Allowed was for law, whatso to us best seem'd;
Life, death, lands, goods, and all by us was deem'd

[n] By finess and cunning could. [o] Most extorted. [p] Omit "Most."

[q] Insert two stanzas.

Whilst thus on bench above we had the highest place,
Our reasons were too strong for any to confute
But when at bar beneath we came to plead our case,
Our wits were in the wane, our pleading very brute;
Hard it is for prisoners with Judges to dispute,
When many against one, and none for one shall speak,
Who weens himself most wise, shall haply be too weak.

To you therefore that sit, these few words will I say,
That no man sits so sure but may be brought to stand;
Wherefore whilst you have place and bear the swing and sway,
By favour without rigour let points of law be scan'd:
Pity the poor prisoner, that holdeth up his hand;
Ne lade him not with law, who least of law hath known;
Remember ere ye die, the case may be your own.

[r] A gentleman by birth.

[s] To whom and us also blind Fortune gave the mate.

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Whereby, with easy pain, so [t] great gain we did get,[u]
That[v] every thing was fish, that came unto our net.

7.

At Sessions and at [w] Sizes we bare the stroke and sway,
In patents and commission of Quorum always chief;
So that to whether side soever we did weigh,
Were it [x] right or wrong it passed without reprief;
We let hang the true man [y] somewhiles to save a thief;
Of gold and of silver our hands were never empty,
Offices, farms, and fees fell to us in great plenty.

8.

But what thing may suffice unto the greedy man?
The more he hath in hold the more he doth desire:
Happy and twice happy is he, that wisely can
Content himself with that, which reason doth require,
And moileth for no more than for his needful hire:
But greediness of mind doth never[z] keep the size,
Which though it have enough yet doth it not suffice.[a]

9.

For, lyke, as dropsy patients drink and still be dry,
Whose unstaunched thirst no liquor can allay,
And drink they never so much, yet still for more they cry,[b]
So covetous catchers[d] toil both night and day,
Greedy, and ever needy,[c] prowling for their prey!
O endless thirst of gold, corrupter of all laws,
What mischief is on mould whereof thou art not cause!

[t] Omit "so." [u] In fet. [v] And. [w] Omit "at."
[x] Add "by." [y] The true man we let hang. [z] Seldom.
[a] To whom enough and more at no time doth suffice.
[b] Thirst they by and by.
[d] So catchers and snatchers. [c] Not needy but greedy.

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10.

Thou madest us forget the faith of our profession,[f]
When Serjeants we were sworn to serve the common laws,
Which was that in no point we should make digression[g]
From approved principles in sentence nor in saw:
But we unhappy wretches[h] without all dread and awe
Of the Judge Eternal, for world's vain promotion[i]
More to man than God did bear our whole devotion.[k]

11.

The laws we interpreted[l] and statutes of the land,
Not truly by the text, but newly by a glose;
And words that were most plain, when they by us were scann'd,
We turned by construction like a Welshman's hose;
Whereby many[m] one both lyfe and land did lose:
Yet this we made a[n] mean to mount aloft on mules,
To serve Kings in all points men must somewhile break rules.[o]

12.

Thus climbing and contending alway to the top,
From high unto higher, and then to be most high,
The honey-dew of Fortune so fast on us did drop,
That of King Richard's Counsel we came to be full nigh,[p]
To creep into whose favour[q] we were full fine and sly;
Alway to his profit,[r] where any word[s] might sound,
That way, all were it[t] wrong, the sense[u] we did expound.

[f] We did professe. [g] Making a solemme oath in no poynt to dygresse.
[h] Wyghts. [i] More high to be promoted.
[k] To Mammon more than God, all wholly were devoted.
[l] Did interprete. [m] Add "a." [n] Our
[o] And serving times and turnes, perverted laws and rules.
[p] Most. [q] Whose favour to attayne. [r] Avayle.
[s] Sense. [t] Were it all. [u] Lawes.

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13.

So working law like wax, the subject was not sure
Of life, land nor goods, but at the Prince's will,
Which caused his kingdom the shorter time to dure;
For claiming power absolute both to save and spill,
The Prince thereby presumed his people for to pill;
And set his lust for law, and will had reason's place;
No more but hang and draw; there was no better grace.

14.

The King thus transcending[v] the limits of his law;
Not reigning but raging by youthful insolence,[w]
Wise and worthy persons did fro the Court withdraw;[x]
There was no grace ne place for ancient prudence.[y]
Presumption and pride, with excess of expence,[z]
Possessed the palace, and pillage the country;
Thus all went to wreck unlike of remedy.[a]

15.

The Barony of England[b] not bearing this abuse,
Conspiring with the Commons assembled by assent,
And seeing neither reason, nor treaty could induce
The King in any thing his rigour to relent,
Maugre his might[c] they called a Parliament,
Frank and free for all men, without check to debate,
As well for weal public, as for the Prince's state.

16.

In which Parliament[d] much things was proponed
Concerning the regally and rights of the crown,[e]

[v] Overleaping. [w] As wyll did him entice.
[x] From Court did daylye drawe.
[y] Sage counsell set at naught, proud vaunters were in price.
[z] And roysters bare the rule, which wasted al in vyce.
[a] Of ryot and excesse grew scarcitie and lacke;
Of lacking came taxing, and so went wealth to wracke.
[b] The Barons of the land. [c] Princely mynde. [d] High assemblye.
[e] Touching the Prince's state, his regally and crowne.

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By reason King[f] Richard, which was[g] to be moned,
Full little regarding his[h] honour and renown,
By sinister[i] advice had turned all upsodown.[j]
For surety of whose estate them thought it did behove
His corrupt counsellors[k] from him[l] to remove.

17.

Among whom, Robert Vere, called Duke of Ireland.
With Michael Delapole, of Suffolk new-made Earl,
Of York also the Archbishop, dispatch'd were out of hand,[m]
With Brembre, of London Mayor,[n] a full uncourteous churl;
Some learned in the law, in exile they did hurl:
But I, poor[o] Tresilian, because I was the chief,
Was damned to the gallows most vilely[p] as a thief.

18.

Lo the fire of falsehood, the stipend of corruption,
Fie on stinking lucre, of all unright the lure![q]
Ye Judges and ye Justicers,[r] let my most[s] just punition
Teach you to shake off bribes and keep your hands[t] pure:
Riches and promotion be vain things and unsure;
The favour of a Prince is an untrusty stay;
But Justice hath a fee that shall remain alway.

19.

What glory can be greater before[u] God or Man,
Than by the paths of equity[v] in judgment to proceed?
So duly and so[w] truly the laws always to scan,

[f] That. [g] Add "much." [h] Without regard at all of.
[i] Misled by ill. [j] Upside down, [k] Councellors corrupt.
[l] By order. [m] The Archbishop of Yorke was also of our band.
[n] Omit "Mayor." [o] Judge. [p] To dye there.
[q] The fickle fee of fraud, the fruites it doth procure.
[r] Ye Judges now living. [s] Our just. [t] Add "All."
[u] More greater in sight of. [v] By paths of justice. [w] Omit "so."

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That right may take his place [x] without reward or meed,
Set apart all flattery and vain worldly dread:
Take God before your eyes, the just [y] judge supreme;
Remember well your reckoning at the day extreme!

20.

Abandon all affray, be soothfast in your saws;
Be constant and careless of mortal man's displeasure;
With eyes shut and hands close [z] you should pronounce the laws;
Esteem not worldly hire; [a] think there is a treasure,
More worth than gold or stone, a thousand times in valure,
Reposed for all such as righteousness ensue,
Whereof you cannot fail; the promise made is true.

21.

If some in latter [b] days had called unto mind
The fatal fall of us for wresting of the [c] right,
[d] The statutes of this land they should not have defin'd
So wilfully and wittingly against the sentence quite: [d]
[e] But though they scaped pain, the fault was nothing light.
Let them that come hereafter both that and this compare,
And weighing well the end, they will, I trust, [e] beware.*

[x] Justice may take place. [y] Righteous.
[z] Clos'd. [a] Weigh not this worldly mucke.
[b] Judges in our. [c] Law, and.
[d] Such statutes as touch life should not be thus defin'd
By senses constrained against true meaning quite.
[e] As well they might assume the black for to be white,
Wherefore we wish they would our act and end compare,
And weighing well the case, they wyl, we trust beware.

Finis G. F.

* Niccols's edition follows principally the edition of 1578 in this Legend, but occasionally it copies the edition of 1569, and in a few trifling words differs from both.

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When Master Ferrers had finished this tragedy,[f] which seemed not unfit for the persons touched in the same, another which in the mean time had stayed upon Sir Roger Mortimer,[g] whose miserable end, as it should appear, was somewhat before the others, said as followeth: Although it be not greatly to our purpose,[h] yet in my judgment I think it would do well to observe the times of men,[i] and as they be more ancient[j] so to place them.[k] For I find that before these, of whom Master Ferrers here hath spoken, there were two Mortimers,[l] the one hanged[m] in[n] Edward the third's time out of our date, another slain in Ireland in Richard the Second's time, a year before the fall of these Justices: whose history sith it is notable and the example fruitful, it were pity[o] to overpass it. And therefore by your licence and agreement,[p] I will take upon me the personage of the last,[q] who full of[r] wounds, miserably[s] mangled, with a pale countenance and grisly look, may make his moan to Baldwin, as followeth[t].

[*Here follows the Legend of the Mortimers.*]

My readers who are unacquainted with The Mirror for Magistrates, will now be able to form an idea of its origin and progress; and will possess a tolerable

[f] When finished was this Tragedy.
[g] Add "Earl of March, and heir apparent of England."
[h] Purposed matter. [i] These great infortunes. [j] Add "in time."
[k] Their several plaintes. [l] Earls of the name of Mortimer.
[m] Omit "hanged." [n] Add "the time of." [o] Not good.
[p] Favours. [q] Earl Mortimer called Roger.
[r] Add "bloody." [s] Omit "miserably." [t] In this wise.

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specimen of its execution. The Legend here inserted however must be admitted to possess but little of the character of real poetry. The whole is very prosaic, and I have yet seen nothing of FERRERS, which entitles him to the praise of genius. But it is Warton's opinion, that "many stanzas both by him and Baldwin, have considerable merit, and often shew a command of language and versification. But their performances have not the pathos, which the subject so naturally suggests. They give us, yet often with no common degree of elegance and perspicuity, the Chronicles of Hall and Fabian in verse."

A Memorial of suche Princes, as since the tyme of King Richard the seconde, have been unfortunate in the realme of England. Londini, in ædibus Johannis Waylandi, cum privilegio per septennium. Folio.

The above title appears to have been appended to some copies of Lydgate's translation of the Tragedies of Boccace, printed by Wayland, in 1558, folio; but the title was all that appeared in such a shape. Herbert * seems to think it was inserted in order to fill up a spare leaf, or perhaps to try the pulse of the public; since the first edition of the Mirror for Magistrates was printed in the following year, and thus entitled:

A Myrroure for Magistrates; wherein may be seen by example of other, with howe grevous plages vices

* Typogr. Antiq. I. 565. A MS. note by Ritson (penes T. Hill, Esq.) conjectures that "this must have been the edition, which, as we are expressly told by Baldwin, was begun, and part of it printed, in Q. Mary's time, but hindered by the Lord Chancellor that then was," bishop Gardiner. See *ante*.

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are punished, and howe frayle and unstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Anno 1559. *Londini. In ædibus Thomæ Marshe. 4to. folios* 172.

This first edition appears to agree with the second, in title, epistle dedicatory, and preliminary address to the reader; but in the table of contents there is an entry, following K. James I. of "Good Duke Humfrey murdered, and Elianor Cobham his wife banished."

Yet the tragical tale itself does not appear in the body of the book, nor was it printed prior to Baldwin's part of the edition in 1578.

The prefatory address of Higgins to the first edition of his part in 1575, seems worthy of being added to those of Baldwin already given.

"To the Reader.

"Amongst divers and sondry chronicles of many nations, I thinke there are none (gentle reader) so uncertaine and brief in the beginning as ours: at which I cannot but marvayle, sith at all tymes our Ilande had as learned wryters (some singuler men excepted) as any nation under the sunne. Againe, those which nowe are our best chroniclers as they report, have great antiquities; but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by chronicles of other nations: whereby it is manifest they are either ignoraunt of the tongues, or els not given to the studie of that, which they most professe. For if they were, me-thinkes it were easie for them,

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with such antiquities as they brag they have, to fetche our histories from the beginning; and make them as ample, as the chronicles of any other country or nation. But they are faine, in steede of other stuffe, to talke of the Romains, Greekes, Persians, &c. and to fill our histories with their facts and fables. This I speake not to the end I wold have ours quite seperate from other, without any mention of them; but I would have them there only named, where th' affayres of both countries, by warre, peace, truce, marriage, traffique, or some necessary cause or other, is intermixed. I have seen no auncient antiquities in written hand but two: one was Galfridus of Monmouth, which I lost by misfortune; the other, an old chronicle in a kind of Englishe verse, beginning at Brute and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloucester; in the which, and divers other good chronicles, I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maister Grafton; and that, where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greatest heades, the grayest hayres, and best clarkes, have not most wytte; so the greatest bookes, titles, and tomes, contayne not most matter. And this I have spoken, because in wryting the Tragedies of the first infortunate princes of this Isle, I was often fayne to use mine owne simple invention, yet not swarving from the matter: because the chronicles (although they went out under divers men's names) in some suche places as I moste needed theyr ayde, wrate one thing, and that so briefiye, that a whole prince's reigne, life, and death, was composed in three lines; yea, and sometimes mine olde booke, above mentioned, holpe mee out when

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the rest forsoke mee. As for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton, [they] were alwayes nighe of one opinion: but the Floure of Histories somewhat larger: some helpe had I of an olde chronicle imprinted the year 1515. But surely methinkes, and so do most which delite in histories, it were worthely done, if one chronicle were drawne from the beginning in such perfect sort, that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of God's glory) and all punishments of vicious persons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be registred in perpetuall remembraunce. To which thing the right reverende father in God Matthew [Parker] Archbishop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of Englande, hath brought such ayde, as well by printing as preserving the written chronicles of this realme; that by his grace's studie and paynes, the labour, in tyme to come, will be farre more easy to them, that shall take such travayle in hand.

"But to leave with these, and declare the cause of my purpose. As I chaunced to reade the *Mirour for Magistrates*, a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitte instructions for preservation of eche estate: taking in hand the chronicles and minding to conferre the times, methought the lives of a number even at the beginning, the like infortunate princes, offered themselves unto mee as matter very meete for imitation, the like admonition, meter, and phrase; and seeing Baldwine moved mee somewhat thereto, I read the storyes, I considered of the princes, I noted their lives, and therewith conferred their deathes. On this, I tooke penne in hande, minding nothing lesse than to publishe them abroade, but onely to trye what I could do if neede were, or

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time and leasure were given mee to bestowe in such wyse. I wrote the two first, even as they now are, and because I would not kepe secrete my first labours in this kinde of study (though I might well have blushed at the basnes of my style) I shewed them to a friend of myne, desiring his unfayned judgement in this matter; which when he had read, he never left intreating me to wryte other, til I had ended all to the byrth of Christ: and yet not so content; he desired mee t' accomplish the residue til I came to the Conquest, (which were wel nighe fiftie Tragedies): but, wearied with those which I had written, I desired him pause on this, till tyme and leasure were given mee. Yet hee, making relation to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet till they likewyse had seene them: whose perswasion, as it seemed without any suspition of assentation or flattery, so hath it made mee bolder at this present then before. "Although (sayd they) your Tragædies be simple, and not comparable to those which the other have written; yet when men consider that *many* wrote those, but *one* these; that they are grave writers, you are but young; the perfection of those stories, and the imperfection of these: finally, the good wil you beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the detestation of vice, the fal of ambition, the horrible end of traytours, harlots, tyraunles, adulterers, enchaunters, murderers, and suche like; When men (said they) consider these things, they cannot, how simple soever your verse bee, but thinke well of the matter." At length, with these perswasions and suche like, I was contente, (good reader) to publishe them for thy behonfe, and

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the publique weale of my countrye; at which if thou envie, I minde not therefore to envie my selfe, and stay my penne. But (God willing) thou shalt, as fast as I can prepare them, have other bookes from my handes, which maye please thee againe; and thus with all my harte I bidde thee hartely farewell. Thy friende I. H."

Higgins, in his blended and new arranged impression of 1587, added the legends of Kings Jago, Pinnar, Stater, Rudacke, Brennus, Emerianus, Chirinus, and Varianus, Cæsar, Nero, Caligula, Guiderius, Lælius Hamo, Drusus, Domitius, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Londricus, Severus, Fulgentius, Geta, Caracalla, and Sir Nicholas Burdet, all by himselfe: with the battle of Brampton by Dingley, Cardinal Wolsey by Churchyard, and James the 4th of Scotland;* and he prefixed a new address to the reader, which ran thus:

"Aboute a twelve yeares since (gentle reader) when I tooke upon me for exercise' sake, only, to make proofe in English verse what I could do, and had reade the Mirour for Magistrates which Maister Baldwine set forth, (a booke both well penned and also well commended:) I perused the chronicles, I noted the times, I conferred the princes, and me-

* The late Mr. Ritson drew up the following comparative statement of the number of legends contained in the various editions of this once popular work.

Baldwin's in	1559, 19 legends	Higgins's in	1578, 17 legends
	1563, 27	Blener-hasset's	1578, 12
	1571, 27	Baldwine's	1578, 29
	1575, 27	Higgins's	1587, 73
Higgins's	1575, 17	Niccols's	1610, 90

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thought that a number even at the first inhabiting of this islande, offered themselves the like haplesse impes of fortune, with matter very meete for imitation, and like admonition, meeter, and phrase. And sith Maister Baldwine in these words of his preface moved mee somewhat thereto:—It were (sayth he) a goodly and a notable matter to search and discourse our whole storie from the beginning of the inhabiting of this isle, &c.† I read agayne the stories, I considered of the princes, I noted their lives, and therewith conferred their falles. On this I took penne in hande, and wrote a fewe of the first, even as they since were imprinted; minding nothing lesse than to publish them abroade; and because I woulde not keepe secret my first labours in this kinde of studie, (although I might have blushed at the baseness of my style,) I shewed them to some frendes of myne; desired theire unfayned judgmentes herein; who not only perswaded mee that they were well, but also desired mee to followe the same order, till I came to the birth of Christe: which when I had done, yet they willed mee to proceede with the falles of the like untill the conqueste, which I could not doe; being called away by other studies of more importaunce. But the rest which I wrot after that time, and at leisure since, by the perswations of some worshipfull and my very good frendes, I have here set downe; and agayne corrected those which I wrot before, even for the profit of my native country.

"Now I desire thee (gentle reader) so well to accept of my paynes and good will herein bestowed,

† See *ante*.

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as I was well willing by this edition to doe thee ease and pleasure: and so wishing thee the feare of God, the love of thy prince and countrey, and after this lyfe the fruition of perfecte felicity, I doe bid thee hartely, in Christe Jesu, farewell!

"Thy frende,

"JOHN HIGINS."

Higins in his edition displaced Baldwin's dedicatory epistle, and inserted a new one of his own "to the nobility and all other in office,* dated at Wincham the vii day of December, 1586:" and this, though it is not without some licentious alterations, is the last impression of the Mirror, which reflects any just representation of its primitive contents; for the very unfaithful though ingenious editor of the succeeding reprint in 1610,† curtailed and modernized several of the early legends to his own time and taste, as he avowed in the following advertisement

"To the Reader.

"To acquaint you, in briefe, with what is done in this impression; know, that the verse is in proportion, by measure, and in symphonie or rithmos in divers places amended. The storie, in some places false and corrupted, made historically true, the tragedies, wrongly inserted, disposed in their proper places, according to just computation of time: those never before collected in one volume, published in this impression. For the forme and the frame of the whole historie, I did intend to have reduced it into

* Reprinted in Niccols's edition.

† And first entitled "A Mirrour for Magistrates, &c." See *ante*.

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the same order which I have observed in my additions: but, prevented by other reasons, I have thus digested it. The tragedies from the time of Brute to the conquest, I have left with dependencie upon that induction written by M. Higins. Those from the conquest to this our last age; that is, to the fall of the Lord Cromwell; excellently well penned by M. Drayton,* hath reference to that golden preface called M. Sackvil's Induction. After these I have placed my additions:—the falles of such princes as were before omitted, and my poem or hymne of the late dead Queene, of famous memorie. In all which I require no other gratification for my paines, but a gentle censure of my imperfections."

Niccols omitted the metrical histories of James the First of Scotland, by Baldwin; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, by Segar; with James the Fourth; and the Battle of Brampton, by Dingley: and he added of his own composition a poetical induction; with ten new histories of King Arthur, Edmund Ironside, Prince Alfred, Godwin Earl of Kent, Robert Curthoise, Duke of Normandy, King Richard the First, King John, King Edward the Second, the two young Princes, (Edward the Fifth, and Richard Duke of York) King Richard the Third.† To these he prefixed the title of

A Winter Night's Vision. Being an addition of such Princes especially famous, who were exempted

* Drayton's Legend of Lord Cromwell had been separately published in 4to. 1607.

† This seems to have been substituted by Niccols in lieu of Segar's Legend on the same subject, to which it is greatly superior.

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in the former Historie. By Richard Niccols, Oxon. Mag. Hall. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kyngston. 1610.

From the following elegant sonnet-dedication to this part of his book, Mr. Warton* inferred that the author was on board the Lord Admiral's ship (the Ark) when Cadiz was taken in 1596.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Charles Howard, Earle of Nottingham, Baron of Effingham, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, Lord High Admirall of England, Ireland, and Wales, &c. one of his Majestie's most Honourable Privie Counsell."

As once that dove (true honor's aged lord!)
Hovering with wearied wings about your Arke,
When Cadiz' towers did fall beneath your sword,
To rest herselfe did single out that barke:†
So my meeke Muse, from all that conquering rout
Conducted through the sea's wild wilderness
By your great selfe, to grave their names about
Th' Iberian pillars of Jove's Hercules;
Most humbly craves your lordly lion's aid
'Gainst monster Envie, while she tells her storie
Of Britaine princes and that royall maid
In whose chaste hymne her Clio sings your glorie:
Which if (great lord) you grant, my Muse shall frame
Mirrours more worthie your renowned name.

Your Honor's ever most humblie devoted
RICHARD NICCOLS."

* Hist. of E. P. iii. 271.

† This circumstance is also recorded by Niccols in his poem of England's Eliza, p. 861, where a marginal note affirms that the author was then present.

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An Address to the Reader on two pages, and a metrical induction extending to three leaves, follow: the ten histories, before enumerated, occupy from p. 561 to 769 of the volume. Then succeeds a new title page, with a wood-cut of Q. Elizabeth, inscribed

England's Eliza: or the victorious and triumphant reigne of that Virgin Empresse of sacred memorie, Elizabeth, Queene of England, France and Ireland, &c. At London, Imprinted by Felix Kingston. 1610.

Another sonnet-dedication follows this title, which (as well as the above) having been displaced from many of the copies, is here supplied.

"To the vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth Clere, wife to the Right Worshipfull Sir Francis Clere, Knt."

My Muse, that whilome wail'd those Briton kings,
Who unto her in vision did appeare,
Craves leave to strengthen her night-weather'd wings
In the warme sunshine of your golden Clere;
Where she (faire Ladie) tuning her chast layes
Of England's Empresse to her hymnicke string
For your affect, to heare that Virgin's praise,
Makes choice of your chast selfe to heare her sing:
Whose royall worth (true virtues paragon)
Heere made me dare t' ingrave your worthie name;
In hope that unto you the same alone
Will so excuse me of presumptuous blame,
That gracefull entertaine my Muse may find,
And ever beare such grace in thankful mind.

Your Ladiships ever humblie at command,
RICHARD NICCOLS."

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A prose address on one page, and a poetical induction on 8, precede the historical narrative, which occupies more than 90 pages. His induction exhibits the following honourable tribute to the memory of Spenser:

"O did that Fairie Queene's sweet singer live,
That to the dead eternitie could give!
Or, if that Heaven by influence would infuse
His heavenlie spirit on mine earth-born Muse:
Her name ere this a mirror should have been,
Lim'd out in golden verse to th' eyes of men.
But my sad Muse, though willing, yet too weak
In her rude rymes Elizae's worth to speak;
Must yeeld to those, whose Muse can mount on high,
And with braue plumes can climb the loftie skie."

Niccols* will be found a melodious verser, if not a first-rate poet; and was the author of many other productions, which remain to be mentioned. T. P.†

ART. XXXIII. *The play of the Wether. A new and a very mery enterlude of all maner wethers; made By John Heywood. Large 4to. bl. letter.*

The pluyers names.

Jupiter a god.
Merry Reporte the vyce.
The gentylman.
The marchaunt.
The ranger.
The water myller.
The wynde myller.
The gentylwoman.

* In 1793, died at Lench, co. Worc. æt 101, Wm. Niccols, a labouring man, said to be the poet's descendant. Gent. Mag. LXIII. p. 282. *Editor.*

† A new edition of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, containing a colla-

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The launder.
A boy the lest that can play.

In "The play of the Wether" the first person who makes his appearance on the stage is Jupiter; he, after the manner of a chorus, explains to the audience the plan and occasion of the drama: this originates in the various misfortunes and inconveniences which arise from the contrary dispositions of "Saturne, Phœbus, Eolus, and Phebe;" who being cited before the cloud-compelling deity, each makes complaint against the other, and all agree in declaring that notwithstanding their several endeavours to promote the benefit of mankind, they are constantly thwarted by the actions of their companions in power. Saturn first accuses Phœbus, who by the heat of his morning rays melts the frost, and thus renders the labour of the night useless: to this charge the god makes no reply, but joined by his late opponent Saturn exclaims against Phebe, whose showers they find alike prejudicial to frost and heat: she in return is silent, and all three then fall upon poor Eolus, who, say they,

"When he is dysposed his blastes to blow,
Suffereth neyther sone shyne, rayne, nor snow."

To remedy these evils they propose investing Jupiter with their command, who determines to call together such mortals as may have suffered, and hearing their petitions, act accordingly.

Thus far Jupiter himself leads us. When we are introduced to Mery Reporte, who after some facetious discourse, is appointed messenger to declare

tion of all these editions, by the accurate industry of Mr. Haslewood, is about to appear in the present spring. (1815.)

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the intention of the deity to every nation: he departs, and here, I conceive, ends the first act. *

Mery Reporte, having executed his commission, returns, and informs us of the numerous places he has visited: then appears the first petitioner, who proves to be "the gentylman;" after some conversation with "the Vyce" not of the most delicate nature, he entreats for

——————"Wether pleasaunt,
Dry and not mysty, the wynde calme and styll,
That after our houndes yournynge so meryly,
Chasynge the dere ouer dale and hyll,
In herynge we may folow, and to comfort the cry."

After this personage we have the remaining characters, who all differ in their requests, which are thus afterwards, related to Jupiter by Mery Reporte.

"The fyrst sewter before your selfe dyd appere,
A gentylman desyrynge wether clere,
Clowdy nor mysty, nor no wynde to blow,
For hurt in hys huntynge; and then, as ye know, †
The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde,
For wether clere and mesurable wynde,
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede;
And streyght after thys there came to me in dede
An other man, who namyd hymself a ranger,
And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunger

* Jupiter speaks seven lines after "Mery report goeth out." The stage direction in the margin says, "At thende of this staf the god hath a song played in his trone, or Mery Report come in."

† Jupiter himself was present during the conversation with the gentleman, and merchant; he then leaves Mery Report to interrogate the remaining suppliants, who are not all on the stage together, one entering as the other withdraws.

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For lacke of lyvynge, whyche chefely ys wyndefall,
But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al;
Wherefore he desyreth for encrease of theyr fleesys
Extreme rage of wynde trees to tere in peces;
Then came a water-myller, and he cryed out
For water, and sayde the wynde was so stout,
The rayne could not fall, wherefore he made request
For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest;
And then syr there came a wyndemyller in,
Who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyn.
The water he wysht to be banysht all,
Besechynge your grace of wynde continuall;
Then came there an other that wolde banysh all this,
A goodly dame an ydyll thynge i wys,
Wynde rayne nor froste nor sonshyne would she haue,
But fayre close wether her beautye to saue;
Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry,
Who muste haue wether hote and clere here clothys to dry;
Then came there a boy for froste and snow contynuall,
Snow to make snowballys and frost for his pytfale,*
For whyche god wote he seweth full gredely."

Having thus enumerated the desires of the mortals, Jupiter sends for and addresses them; he promises to fulfil every request at due seasons, by which means all occupations may prosper without one retarding the other: he continues

"Now on the tother syde yf we had graunted
The full of some one sewt, and no mo,
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd,

* This pytfale, by the former part of the play, I conceive to be a decoy to entrap birds,

"And to here the byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges,
In the pytfale I sat yt passeth all thynges."

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Yet who so hadde obtayned, had wonne his owne wo;
There is no one craft that can preserue man so,
But by other craftes of necessyte
He muste haue myche parte of his commodyte.

All to serue at ones, and one destroy a nother,
Or ellys to serue one, and destroy all the rest,
Nother wyll we do the t'one, nor the tother,
But serue as many or as few as we thynke best;
And where or what tyme to serve moste or lest,
The dyreccyon of that doutles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande.

Wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende,
Eche sort on suche wether as for them doth fall,
Now one, now other, as lyketh vs to sende,
Who that hath yt ply it, and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all,
That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne."

At this determination each petitioner is satisfied, and returns thanks for the mildness and clemency with which he has been treated. And here, as I suppose, the play ends: the copy from which I have written the above wants about the last page: seven out of the eight have expressed their gratitude, and the boy is the only one remaining, whose speech, if it accords with those of his companions, takes up two lines: we may then suppose either Jupiter or Mery Reporte addresses the audience by way of epilogue, and that it concludes with "Imprinted by W. Rastell, 1533—Cum privilegio." P. B.

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Additions by the Editor.

John Heywood was born at North-Mims, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and was educated at Oxford. He was a familiar friend of Sir Thomas More, and is said to have been a favourite with Hen. VIII. He was certainly patronized by Q. Mary.*

"His pleasant wit" says Oldys, "saved him from the gallows in the reign of Edw. VI. See Sir John Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax. He was so entangled with some of the Popish party, that he narrowly escaped being noosed; but the Muses were his advocates."

The following story is extracted from Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie," 1589, p. 230.

"Some Speech may be when it is spoken, very undecent, yet the same having something added to it, may become pretty, and decent, as —— hapned on a time at the Duke of Northumberlandes bourd, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the table's end. The Duke had a very noble and honourable mynde alwayes to pay his debts well; and when he lacked money, would not sticke to sell the greatest part of his plate: so he had done a few dayes before. Heywood, being loth to call for his drink so oft as he was dry, turned his eyes towards the cupboard, and said, 'I find great misse of your Grace's standing cups.' The Duke, thinking he had spoken it of some knowledge that his plate was late-

* That Heywood had been introduced to Princess Mary, is ascertained by a poem complimentary to her person, in the MSS. of Brit. Mus. and lately printed in Vol. I. of the Royal and Noble Authors. T. P.

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ly sold, said somewhat sharply, 'Why, Sir, will not those cuppes serve as good a man as yourselfe?' Heywood readily replied, 'Yes, if it please your Grace; but I would have one of them stand still at my elbow, full of drinke, that I might not be driven to trouble your man so often to call for it.' This pleasant and speedy reverse of the former wordes holpe all the matter againe, whereupon the Duke became very pleasaunt, and dranke a bolle of wine to Heywood, and bid a cuppe should alwayes be standing by him."

"I have seen," says Oldys, "A briefe Balet touching the Traytorous takynge of Scarborow Castle," subscribed at the end, "I. Heywood." Imprinted at London by Thomas Powell, on a broadside of two columns, bl. letter. (It is among the Fol. Vol. of Dyson's Collections in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries.) Thomas Stafford, who took that castle, 23 April 1557, and proclaimed himself Protector of the Realm, was beheaded 28 May following, and three of his accomplices were hanged."

This Heywood also printed "A Balade of the meeting and marriage of the King and Queen's Highness. Imprinted by W. Ryddel on one side of a large half sheet."*

ART. XXXIV. *The VVorkes of Iohn Heywood newly.. imprinted. A Dialogue conteyning the number of the effectuall Prouerbes in the English tong compact in a matter concerning two maner of mariages. With one hundred of Epigrammes:*

* Oldys's MS. notes to Langbaine.

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& three hundred of Epigrammes vpon three hundred Prouerbes, and a fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Whereunto are now newly added a sixt hundred of Epigrammes by the sayd Iohn Heywood. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreete neare vnto Saint Dunstons Church, by Thomas Marsh. 1587. 104 *leaves.*

JOHN HEYWOOD was one of our earliest dramatic writers. His birth-place is not certainly ascertained, and the authorities are nearly equal, to consider him either of London, or of North Mims, near St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire. This is the only material variation in the account of his life, which may be referred to in any biographical work. He was patronised by Sir Thomas More, and from his introduction became a principal favourite with royalty. Henry the VIII. delighted in his skill in music, while his wit and comic humour equally distinguished him at court during the reign of Mary. The following are specimens of the jokes that afforded entertainment to his august mistress, as preserved by Camden. When Mary told him the priests must forego their wives, he wittily answered, "your Grace must allow them lemans then, for the clergy cannot live without sauce." Upon the Queen inquiring what wind blew him to the court, he answered "two, specially the one to see your Majesty." "We thank you for that (said Mary;) but, I pray, what is the other?" "That your Grace (said he) might see me." When he saw one riding that bare a wanton behind him, he said, "in good faith, sir, I would say that your horse were over-laden if I did not perceive the gentlewoman you carry were very light." With the trifling

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vanity and character of a jester he was still a determined follower of the Roman Catholic cause; from which, upon the demise of the Queen, he became an exile, and died at Mechlin about 1565.

His pretensions as a writer are founded more on quickness of capacity than extent of learning. The various parts of this volume obtained an extraordinary degree of popularity; but there was not much labour in collecting a string of dull conceits uttered upon any or upon every occasion at the festive board. From his *Dialogue* may be said,

> "I come (quoth I) to bee one heere, if I shall,
> It is mery in hall when berdes wag all."

Warton considers that his epigrams "are probably some of his jokes versified;" and has given several specimens of his poetry.* The Dialogue was printed 1547, 1549, and "as newly overseen and somewhat augmented," 1561. The three hundred epigrams, says Warton, before 1553, and the whole of this volume 1562,† 1566, 1576, 1587, 1598.

At the back of the title of this volume is

"*The Preface.*

> "Among other thinges profyting in our tong,
> Those which much may profyt both old and yong:
> Such as on their fruit wil feed or take hold,
> Are our common plaine pithie proverbs old;

* Vol. III. p. 87.

† Upon the authority of Herbert; but the title is not given in full. Ritson adds the "sixte hundred" of the epigrams to the edition of 1576, Bibliographia Poetica, p. 241, where a note on the supposed omission by Herbert may be erased, as the edition alluded to is mentioned among the corrections of that editor's work at p. 1797.

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Some sence of some of which being bare and rude,
Yet so fyne and fruitful effect they allude,
And their sentences conclude so large a reach,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teach.
This write I not to teach but to touch: for why,
Men know this as wel, or better then I.
But this and this rest; I write for this,
Remembring and considering what the pyth is,
That by remembrance of these prouerbes may grow
In this tale, erst talked with a frend, I show
As many of them as wee could fitly finde
Falling to purpose, that might fall in minde;
To th' entent that the reader readily may
Finde them and mind them, whan he will alway."

The dialogue follows, describing an acquaintance in love with two women; the one from affection, a maid "of flowring age, a goodly one," without patrimony; the other a pecuniary attachment to a rich widow. Upon the difficulty of chusing, a relation is made of two marriages formed upon similar events, and both terminating in disappointment and misery. The enquirer concludes with remaining single. It is divided into two parts of thirteen and eleven chapters. The following lines are spoken by the starving husband and a friend, after an ineffectual application to an uncle and aunt.

"By hooke or crooke nought could I win there; men say,
He that cometh eury day, shall haue a cocknay.
He that cometh now and then, shall haue a fat hen;*
But I gat not so much in coming seelde when,

* The proverb of the cockney and hen is repeated with nearly the same words by Whalley, in a note on King Lear, as taken from the *Scourge of Folly*, by Davies. (Reed's Shak. Vol. xvii. 425.) It seems

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As a good hen's fether, or a poore egshell;
As good play for nought as worke for nought, folke tel.
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were,
Come what, come would, I thought ere we came there,
That if the worst fell, wee could haue but a nie;
There is no harm man done in all this fray;
Neither pot broken, nor water spilt.
Farewell hee, (quoth I) I will as soone be *hilt*,*
As waite againe for the mooneshine in the water.
But is not this a prety piked† matter,
To disdeigne me, who mucke of the world hoordeth not,
As he doth, it may rime but it accordth not.
She fometh like a bore, the beast should seeme bolde,
For shee is as fierce, as a Lion of Cotsolde ;‡

uncertain if the word *cockney* did not bear a double meaning; the one, probably originating in some corrupt phrase, not yet perfectly ascertained. Whatever may have been the doubt alluded to by Steevens of it in another sense, it is determinedly shown by the following passage in the second part of Heywood's *Dialogue* to be applicable to a cock.

" Haue ye not heard tell, all couet all leese,
A, sir, I see, yee may see no green cheese
But your mouth must water. A good *cocknay coke*
Though hee loue not to buy the pig in the poke,
Yet snatch yee at the poke, that the pig is in,
Not for the poke, but for the pig good chepe to win;
Lyke one halfelost, till greedy grasping gat it,
Yee would be ouer the style, ere yee come at it."

* Hid. † Reed's Shak. Vol. X. p. 360.

‡ Thus Davies in one of his epigrams;

" Carlus is as furious as a lyon of Cotsold."

Again in the play of Sir John Oldcastle, " you old stale ruffian, you lion of Cotswold." These allusions are not supposed to originate in the games of Cotswold, which, " I believe," says Mr. Malone, " did not commence till the reign of James I. I have never seen any pamphlet that mentions them as having existed in the time of Elizabeth." Reed's Shak. Vol. XII. p. 124. The following conjec-

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Shee frieth in her own grease, but as for my part,
If shee be angry, beshrew her angry hart."

There are two proverbs respecting Robin Hood, which may conclude the notice of the dialogue. The volume is unnoticed by Ritson.

" Bachelers bost, how they will teach their wiues good,
But many a man speaketh of Robin Hood,
That neuer shot in his bow; whan all is sought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides children be wel tought."

" Men say, he may ill runne that cannot goe,
And you gayne without your stocke runneth euen so;
For what is a workman without his tooles?
Tales of Robin Hood are good for fooles;
He can ill pype, that lacketh his vpper lippe,
Who lackth a stocke, his gayne is not worth a chip."

The First Hvndred of Epigrammes inuented and made by Iohn Heywood, Anno Domini 1587.

On the back an address " to the reader, in five seven-line stanzas. The table.

" *An Epigramme on this booke of Epigrammes.*

" This booke may seeme as it sorteth in sute
A thin trim trencher to serue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no way win,
To eate frute thereon, or compt frute therein."

" *Of three sages.*

" Thre maner sages nature doth deuise,
The sage herbe, the sage foole, and the sage wise;

tural explanation is given by Steevens. " The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire were famous on account of the number of sheep fed upon them. A Cotswold lion therefore meant a Cotswold sheep; as an Essex lion is still the cant term for an Essex calf." Supplement to Shak. 1780, Vol. II. p. 293.

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And who for moste wise him selfe doth accept,
May matche any sage, the sage wise except."

"*Buying of shooes.*

" Whan I at the shoomakers shall shooes assay,
If they bee too little, they will stretch (sayth hee),
If they bee too much, they will shrink strayght way;
Too long, too short, how narrow or wide they bee,
All is one matter as he shapth them to mee,
For may hee once get his shooes on my feete,
Without last or lingel his woordes make them meete*.

"*Of the letter H.*

" H. is woorst among letters in the crosse row,
For if thou finde him ether in thyne elbow,
In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
In thy head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Into what place soeuer H may pyke him,
Where euer thou finde ache, thou shalt not like him."†

* To this epigram may be attached the following description of a custom among the tradesmen of that period, a transcript from the margin of a contemporary writer. " The hosiers haue hanginge by them in their shops purposely certaine paternes; out of which thei take the facion of the clock of an hose whensoeuer they must make any soch, and semblably the shoemakers haue alwayes ready hanging on a nayle paternes of lether purposely reserued and kepte whereby to shape the vpper leathers, and also other paternes for the heeles of all the shoes that thei make." *Apothegms of Erasmus, translated by Nicolas Vdall.* 1564.

† The pronunciation of our first actor of the present period, which created such an unnecessary discussion, may not obtain much support from an epigram turning on rather a different point, but the lines of a more latent writer are not inappropriate for comparison.

" Tenants with *aches* and sore eyes,
Or he that on his death-bed lyes,
And now must dye, when it is knowne
That you who were their cure are gone."

Lloyd's Men Miracles, 1656.

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" *Of the foole and the gentleman's nose.*

" One gentleman hauing an other at meate,
That guest hauing a nose deformed foule and great;
The foole of that house, at this tyme standing by,
Felt thus in hand with that nose sodaynly.
Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I saw:
His mayster was wroth, and cride hence with that daw.
One sayd, talke no more of great noses, yee foole,
Lest yee be talkt withal in the whipping schoole.
The foole warn'd of great noses no more to speake,
To mend that falt, this way these woordes did breake:
Sayd I, this is a foule great spittel nose,
Byr lady I lyed, it is a fayre little nose.
Will not that foole be had hence (quoth the mayster);
Thou wilt foole (quoth one) be walkt with a waster,
If thou speake of any nose great or small:
The foole at third warning, mynding to mend all,
Stept to the bord agayne, crying as he goes,
Before God and man, that man hath no nose.
The fool was feakt for this; but what of that;
The great fault here to note, hee amended nat;
Which is this, not the wise, but the foole yee see,
In cloking of one falt, maketh faltes two or three."

On the front of the next title (which is followed by the table) is a full-length portrait, in a long oval, with ornamented border, size of page, an initial of each side of his feet. I. H.* at the back.

Three hvndred Epigrammes, upon three hvndred proverbs, invented and made by Iohn Heywood, Anno 1562.

* It is similar to the one described in the accounts of another piece called " The Spider and Fly."

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" *Wedding and hanging.*

" Wedding and hanging, are desteny I see;
Wedding or hanging, which is best, sir? (quoth shee:)
Forsooth good wife, hanging I thinke best, (quoth hee)
So help me God, good husband, so thinketh mee.
Oh how, lyke lambes, man and wife here agree."

" *A man at an ebbe.*

" Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou hast wrong,
But thou shalt bee a flote at Tyburne ere long."

" *Of bridling.*

" I will bridell thee with rough bit, wife: quoth shee,
If thou wilt bridell me, I will snafell thee."

" *Of ryme.*

" It may rime, but it accordth not; cordth not, Will!
Beware of cording rimes, those rimes agree ill."

The fifth hundred of Epigrammes. Inuented and made by Iohn Heyvvood. Anno 1587.

On the back the following lines, and then " the table."

" *To the reader.*

" Were it as perillous to deale cardes at playe,
As it is quarrellous to deale bookes this day,
One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
Would flee one & thirty, to flee one vnthrifty;
And yet cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealing,
Foredeale of bookes in this hard tyme of dealing.
Cardes be tooted on but on the one syde;
Bookes on both sydes; in all places pord and pride;
Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
Of least tittle, that can come to tryall.
If the best writer to write be much afraide,
More may I the woorst by feareful feare be staid.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay mee so,
That booke or ballet I neuer durst write mo;

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In all my simple writing neuer ment I
To touch any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touch here, by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe, whom I may bee bold vpon;
This ment in my making since proofe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this by this square;
As I for merth merily di make it,
So you in mirth merily wil take it."

"*Of long sutes.*

"Sutes hang half a yeare in Westminster-hall;
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hanging endeth all."

"*Of an archers roving.*

"What a shaft shootes hee with a rouing arrow,
Still hee hits the marke, be it wide or narrow;
Where shooteth this sharpe shooting archer, Will,
Hee shooteth most at rouers on Shooter's hill."

"*Of choice to be a wise man or a foole.*

"A wise man or a foole; if thou must bee one,
Which wouldst thou be in winter, Jonn? a fole, Jone;
Where best men in winter sit next fire from cold,
There stands the fool warm while all his tales be told.
Which woldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon?
A foole, a foole! Why? That why shouth hereupon,
In sommer when states sit from fire in the coole,
At that boorde's end in coole ayre there stands the foole.
Winter and sommer, what time men must to woorke,
Which wouldst thou bee? a foole to looke on and lurke;
All tymes of the yere for one thing or other,
Better be a foole then a wise man, brother."*

* In these lines the privileges and idleness of the domestic fool are accurately displayed, as, in the epigram or humourous attack on the big deformed nose, is the freedom of speech with which they usually made their wanton attacks. Although *the fool of that house* appears to have been checked and corrected upon such occasion, yet it was

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On the second page of the last leaf of this part is

The sixt hundred of Epigrammes, inuented and made by Iohn Heywood. Anno 1587.

One seven-line stanza, addressed to the reader, precedes the usual table.

"*Of writing a gentleman.*

"Thou writ'st thy selfe gentleman in one woord, brother,
But gentle is one woord, and man is another."

"*A taunt of a wife to her husband.*

"Wife, I weene thou art dronke or lunaticke;
Nay husband, weomen are neuer moone sicke;
Come what conjunction in time, late, or soone,
Wee say (not the woman) the man in the moone."

not always customary at that period, (if we may rely on a contemporary writer) to stop their speech, however it became unmannerly and severe. Contempt and amusement running parallel, the virulence occasionally displayed was considered of no importance. This licentious custom being authorized or allowed at a public feast, or banquet, in the time of the author, (which appears a remnant of the manners and liberty enjoyed by minstrels in reciting their lays); the following extract from the *Apothegms*, already noticed, bears coincident proof. "When in the comedie of Aristophanes, entitled the Cloudes, he was with many and bitter wordes of railling and defamacion, as he would saie, torn and mangled in peces: and one of the companie standing by, said, doth not this go to your heart, Socrates? By Jupiter, saie he again, it greueth my stomacke nothing at all if I bee snapped at, and bitten with merie taũtes at the staige where enterludes are plaied, no more then if it wer at a great diner or baũquet where wer many geastes. This custome and vsage euen still endureth emong certain of the Germaines; (yea, [*adds the translator*] and in England also), that in feastes of greate resort there is brought in for the nones some ieasting feloe, that maie scoff and iest vpõ the geastes, as thei sittẽ at the table; with the which iesting to be stiered to angre is accoũpted a thyng moche contrarie to all courtesie or good maner."

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" *Of sauing of shoes.*

"Thou wearst (to weare thy wit and thrift together)
Moyles of veluet to saue thy shoes of lether;
Oft haue wee seene moyle men ride vpon assys,
But see assys goe on moyles, that passys."*

" *Of vse.*

"Vse maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway:
But all is not alway as all men do say;
In Aprill the koocoo can sing her song by rote,
In June of tune shee can not sing a note;
At first, koocoo, koocoo, sing still can she doo,
At last kooke, kooke, kooke, six kookes to one koo."

" *An Epilogve† or conclvsion of this worke by Tho. Newton.*

"Loe, here is seene the fruite that growes by painfull quill and braine;
How after dayes of mortall date a man reuiues againe;
This author Heywood dead and gone, and shrin'de in tombe of clay,
Before his death by penned workes did carefully assay
To build himself a lasting tombe, not made of stone and lyme,
But better farre, and richer too, triumphing ouer tyme.
Whereby hee dead, yet liueth still, enregistred in minde
Of thankefull crewe, who through his paines no small aduantage finde.
And so farre forth as mortall wightes may possibly procure
A lasting life here on this earth, procedes from learning sure;
Whereby a man doth in some sort himself immortall make,
Keeping his name, his fame and state, from death of Lethe lake.
Yea, written workes (which rightly may bee tearm'de the birth of wit)
To eternize their father's fame, are knowne to bee more fit,
Then carnall children can or may promote the fame or kinde
Of fleshly parents: leauing naught but pelfe and trash behinde.

* Moiles a kind of high-soaled-shoes, worn in ancient times by kings and great persons. *Philips's World of Works*

† First printed with this edition.

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Nowe, as wee may a lyon soone discerne euen by his pawe,
So by this worke we quickely may a iudgement certaine drawe,
What kinde of man this author was, and what a pleasaunt vaine
Of fancie's forge and modest mirth lay lodged in his braine.
And if that any wrawling wretch, or churlishe chattering clowne,
(For none els will) dare peeuishely hereat to winche or frowne,
Or thinke it stuff of small auaile; or theme of ease to write;
Such curres must suffred be to barke: alas, they cannot bite.
But those that wise and learned be, and knowe white chalke from cheese
Can tell full well what toile belonges vnto such bookes as theese.
Let him therefore that gathred first these prouerbes fine and braue,
With roundly couched epigrammes, a friendly censure haue;
That others may of ashes his, be raisde, like paines to take,
In hope to worke their countries weale, and so an end I make."

Thomas Newtonvs Cestreshyrius—1587.

(Col.) *Imprinted at London, in Fleetestreete, neare to Saint Dunston's Churche, by Thomas Marshe, Anno Domini* 1587."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. XXXV. *The Arbor of Amitie; wherein is composed plesaunt poems and pretie poesies: set forth by Thomas Howell.* 1568. 8vo.

ART. XXXVI. *Thomas Howell's Devises for his owne exercise and his friends pleasure. Imprinted by H. Jackson.* 1581. 4to.

THE former of these two titles occurs in the Bodleian Catalogue, and the latter in Major Pearson's; but the purchaser of the volume is unknown, and the author seems to be unnoticed in poetical biography. Ritson positively ascribes to him a translation from one of the Metamorphoses, entitled as in the following article.

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ART. XXXVII. *The fable of Ouid treting of Narcissus; translated out of Latin into Englysh mytre, with a moral ther vnto, very pleasante to rede. MDLX.*

" God resysteth the proud in euery place,
But unto the humble he geveth his grace:
Therfore, trust not to riches, beuti, nor strength,
All these be vayne, & shal consume at length."

Imprynted at London, by Thomas Hackette, and are to be sold at hys shop in Cannynge strete, over agaynste the Thre Cranes. 4to. 18 *leaves.*

SEE Hist. of Eng. Poetry, iii. 417, where Mr. Warton remarks, that the moralization added in the octave stanza, is twice the length of the fable.

Mr. Steevens, in his list of ancient English translations from classic authors, has dated this early version 1590;* or the printer may have done so, by reversing the figure of 6; since the true date must have been observed by him either in Pearson's catalogue, in Herbert's Ames, or in Warton's History. Excepting the translation of Caxton, this seems the oldest specimen of an attempt to transmute any of the fables of Ovid into English metre: though such a circumstance might not be adverted to by Mr. Warton, when he slurred the unknown writer by saying his name was "*luckily* suppressed."† Ritson, however,

* Reed's Shakspeare, Vol. II. p. 106.

† Hist. of Eng. Poetry, III. 417.

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does not concur in thinking it altogether suppressed; since he assigns the production, unhesitatingly, to Thomas Howell, in consequence of these initials at its close, "Finis. Quod T. H."* As I never have had an opportunity of glancing at Howell's original poesies, (of which two collections are presumed to exist) I am neither prepared to confute nor to corroborate the assumption of Ritson, by any correlative proof. If the love song "of disdainful Daphne," in England's Helicon, can be traced among the poetical devises of T. Howell, in 1568 or 1581, the present versifier must be regarded as a different personage; his style being more antiquated by nearly half a century. Near the commencement and close of his moralization he speaks of his "youthful yeares," and of his intention to persevere in labours like the present, when more wit and more knowledge should awaken him to riper undertakings.

It is now time to produce a brief sample of this metrical version from the third book of the Ovidian Metamorphoses, and it will be found nearly on a par with Turbervile's translation of the Epistles, which appeared about seven years afterward. The following passage is rendered from *Fons erat illimis, nitidis argenteus undis:* l. 407, et seq.

"A sprynge there was so fayre,
that stremes like sylver had,
Whiche nether shepardes happe to fynde,
nor gotes that upwarde gad
Upon the rocky hyls;
nor other kynde of beste;

* Bibliographia Poetica, p. 250.

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Wyth flashyng feete to foule the same,
or troble at the leste:
Wherein them selves to bathe
no byrdes had made repare,
Nor leffe had fallen from any tree
the water to appeare,
About the which the grounde
had made some herbes to growe,
And eke the trees had kept the sunne
from commynge doune so lowe.
Narcyssus theare through heate,
and wery hunter's game,
Glad to take rest, dyd lye hym downe,
and fast beheld the same:
And as he thought to drynke,
hys fervent thurste to slake,
A dryer far desyre hym toke,
by lokyng in the lake:
For seynge, as he dranke,
the image of hys grace,
Therewyth he, rapt, fell streyght in love
with shadowe of his face." &c.

This fable extends to five pages: the moralization thereupon, to twenty-six. And in the latter, persons scriptural and mythological, topics sacred and profane, are mingled together so as to produce no very felicitous effect. But the versification is superior to that employed in the Fable, and the lines in general have more cadence. I transcribe a few stanzas, in verification of these remarks.

" The ryche & proude, dysdaynefull, welthye man,
That Lazarus forbad the crommes to eate
Whiche from his borde shoulde fall, mighte after ban

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His mouche aboundance and his dentye meate,
Which was the cause of all his torment greate;
Yet, yf he coulde have used well his gayne,
He lyttel shoulde have had of all his payne.

Now Cressus* eke, the welthy kinge of Lide,
Whose soms of goulde wer passinge to be toulde,
Dyd se at laste his ritches wolde not byde
(As Solon sayde) his ende that did behoulde.
Wherfore, we prove, who putteth truste in golde
Or slyppert welthe, are seene in care to dwell,
And lose, at laste, the good they like so well.

Of strengthe agayne who will him selfe avaunce,
Shall se that conqueste goes not all by myghte:
This David made the Phelystins to graunte,
That slue there giaunte Golyas, ther knighte,
Agaynste the which no man the thought to wyghte;
For al his pride, yet sawe they, at the laste,
Him overthrowne and ded, by Davyde's caste.

Nowe Sampson's strengthe that caused all this woe
I overpas, and Miloe's mighte so straunge
That coulde induer a forlonge wel to go,
And on his backe an oxe to beare the raunge;
For all his mighte to weke estate did chaunge,
When that his strengthe did bringe his latter [h]oure
To show the ende of myght and mortall power."

Two other selected stanzas may serve to exhibit his dialectic skill.

"Who thinkes he hath more then he doth posses,
In this not only is dysseved quite,
But hath so moche of that he hath the lesse,
Of wit I meane, wherein who shall delyghte
More than he oughte, him selfe doth this dyspite

* Cresus, King of Lydia. † Slippery, unstable.

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Unwittinge clene, the more he thinkes he hathe
Even by so moche hath lesse, as Plato sayth,
So he that demes his witte above the reste,
So moche the lesse then others hath hereby;
And he that thinkes his one of all the beste,
The worst of all it reason will replye:
Although the same he never can espie,
Bycause he trusteth the lying well of prayse,
Whereby his wit and all he hath decayes."

On the back of the title fourteen lines are addressed by "the printer to the booke," and a prose argument of the Fable follows on the next page.

T. P.

ART. XXXVIII. *The Legend of Jane Shore. By Thomas Churchyard.* 1559.

THE following is one of the last articles of the "Mirror for Magistrates," 1559 of which I have already given a full account.

The departed spirits of those who form the subject of each Legend are supposed to relate their complaints to Baldwin, the editor, and principal author; with whom, on an appointed day, the principal contributors are assembled, and whose contributions are introduced by prose epilogues, which serve as prologues, to those which succeed.

The epilogue which concludes the Legend of Richard III. introduces that of Jane Shore.

"When I had read this," (the Death of Rich. III.) "we had much talke about it. For it was thought not

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vehement ynough for so violent a man as kyng Rychard had bene. The matter was wel ynough lyked of sum, but the meeter was mysliked almost of all. And when divers therefore would not allowe it, what quod one, you knowe not whereupon you sticke: elles you would not so much mislike this because of the uncertayne meter. The cumlynes called by the rhetoricians decorum, is specially to be observed in al thinges. Seyng than that kyng Rychard never kept measure in any of his doings, seing also he speaketh in hel, whereas is no order; it were agaynst the decorum of his personage, to use eyther good meter or order. And, therefore, if his oracion were far wurse, in my opinion it were more fyt for him. Mars and the Muses did never agree. Neyther is it to be suffred that their milde sacred arte shoulde seeme to proceede from so cruell and prophane a mouth as his: seynge they themselves do utterly abhorre it. And although we read of Nero, that he was excellent both in musicke, and in versifieng, yet do not I remember that ever I saw any song or verse of his makyng: Minerva, justlye providing, that no monument should remayne of any such unjust usurpacion. And therefore let thys passe even as it is, which the wryter I know both could and would amend in many places, save for kepyng the decorum, which he purposely hath observed herein.

"In deede, quod I, as you saye, it is not meete that so disorderly and unnatural a man as kyng Rychard was, should observe any metrical order in his talke; which, notwithstanding, in many places of his oracion is very wel kept. It shall passe therefore even as it is, though to good for so yll a person. And to sup-

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plye that which is lackinge in him, here I have Shore's wyfe, an eloquent wentch, whyche shall furnishe out both in meter and matter, that which could not comlily be sayd in his person. Marke, I praye you, what she sayeth, and tell me howe you like it."

How Shore's wife, Edwarde the fourthe's concubine, was by King Rickarde despoyled of all her goodes, and forced to do open penance.

[BY THOMAS CHURCHYARD.]

1.

Among the rest by Fortune overthrowen,
I am not least, that most may wayte her fate:
My fame and brute abrode the world is blowen:
Who can forget a thing thus done so late?
My great mischaunce, my fall, and heavye state,
Is such a marke whereat eche tounge doth shoote,
That my good name is pluckt up by the roote.

2.

This wandryng worlde bewitched me with wyles,
And wonne my wyttes wyth wanton sugred joyes,
In Fortunes frekes who trustes her when she smyles,
Shal fynde her false, and full of fickle toyes;
Her tryumphes al but fyl our eares wyth noyse,
Her flatteryng gyftes are pleasures myxt with payne:
Yea all her wordes are thunders threatnyng rayne.

3.

The fond desire that we in glory set,
Doth thrle our hartes to hope in slipper happe;
A blast of pompe is all the fruyt we get,
And under that lyes hidde a sodayne clappe:
In seeking rest unwares we fall in trappe.
In groping flowers with nettles stong we are;
In labouring long, we reape the crop of care.

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4.

Oh darke deceyt with paynted face for showe,
Oh poysoned baite that makes us egre styll,
Oh fayned frende deceyving people so,
Oh world, of thee we cannot speake to y'll;
Yet fooles we are that bende so to thy skyll;
The plage and skourge that thousandes dayly feele,
Should warne the wise to shonne thy whyrling whele.

5.

But who can stop the streame that runnes full swyft?
Or quenche the fyer that is crepte in the strawe?
The thirstye drinkes, there is no other shyft;
Perforce is such, that nede obeyes no lawe;
Thus bound we are in worldly yokes to drawe,
And can not staye, nor turne agayne in tyme,
Nor learne of those that sought to hygh to clyme.

6.

Myselfe for proofe, loe here I nowe appeare,
In Woman's weede with wepyng watered eyes,
That bought her youth and her delyghtes ful deare,
Whose lowde reproche doth sound unto the skyes,
And byds my corse out of the grave to ryse,
As one that may no longer hide her face,
But nedes must come and shewe her piteous case.

7.

The shete of shame wherein I shrowded was,
Did move me ofte to playne before this daye,
And in mine eares dyd ring the trumpe of brasse,
Which is defame that doth eche vice bewraye.
Yea though ful dead and lowe in earth I laye,
I heard the voyce of me what people sayd,
But then to speake alas I was affrayed.

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8.

And nowe a time for me I see preparde,
I hear the lives and falles of many wyghtes:
My tale therefore the better may be heard,
For at the torch the little candle lightes,
Where pageantes be, small thinges fil out the sightes.
Wherefore geve eare; good Baldwyn, do thy best,
My tragedy to place among the rest.

9.

Because that truthe shal witnesse wel with thee,
I wil rehearse in order as it fell,
My life, my death, my dolefull destenie,
My wealth, my woe, my doing every deale,
My bitter blisse, wherein I long dyd dwell:
A whole discourse of me Shore's wife by name,
Now shalt thou heare as thou hadst seene the same.

10.

Of noble bloud I can not boast my byrth,
For I was made out of the meanest molde,
Myne heritage but seven foote of the earth;
Fortune ne gave to me the gyftes of golde;
But I could brag of nature, if I would,
Who fyld my face with favour freshe and fayer,
Whose beauty shone like Phœbus in the ayer.

11.

My shape, some sayd, was seemely to eche sight,
My countenaunce did shewe a sober grace;
Myne eyes in lookes were never proved lyght,
My tongue in wordes were chaste in every case,
Myne eares were deafe, and would no lovers place,
Save that, alas, a prynce dyd blot my browe;
Loe, there the strong did make the weake to bowe.

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12.

The Majestie that kynges to people beare,
The stately porte, the awful chere they showe,
Doth make the meane to shrynke and couche for feare,
Like as the hound, that doth his maister knowe:
What then, since I was made unto the bowe;
There is no cloke, can serve to hyde my fault,
For I agreed the fort he should assaulte.

13.

The egle's force subdues eche byrd that flyes;
What mettal may resist the flamyng fyre?
Doth not the sonne dasill the clearest eyes,
And melt the ise, and make the frost retire?
Who can withstand a puissaunt kynge's desyre?
The stiffest stones are perced through with tooles;
The wisest are with princes made but fooles.

14.

Yf kynde had wrought my forme in common frames,
And set me forth in coloures black and browne,
Or beautie had bene parch'd in Phebus flames,
Or shamefast waies had pluckt my fethers downe,
Then had I kept my name and good renowne:
For Natures gyftes was cause of all my griefe:
A pleasaunt pray entiseth many a thiefe.

15.

Thus woe to thee, that wrought my peacock's pryde,
By clothing me with Nature's tapistrye!
Woe wurth the hewe wherein my face was dyed,
Whych made me thinke I pleased everye eye:
Like as the sterres make men beholde the skye,
So beautie's showe doth make the wise ful fond;
And bringes free hartes, ful oft to endless bond.

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16.

But cleare from blame my frendes can not be found,
Before my time my youth they did abuse.
In maryage a prentyse was I bound,
When that meere love I knewe not howe to use.
But, wealaway, that cannot me excuse;
The harme is mine though they devys'd my care,
And I must smart and syt in slaundrous snare.

17.

Yet geve me leave to pleade my case at large,
Yf that the horse do runne beyond his race;
Or any thing that keepers have in charge,
Do breake theyr course, where rulers may take place,
Or meat be set before the hungryes face,
Who is in fault? the offendour, yea or no;
Or they that are the cause of all this wo?

18.

Note wel what stryfe this forced maryage makes,
What lothed lyves do come where love doth lacke;
What scratting bryers do growe upon such brakes,
What common weales by it are brought to wracke;
What heavy loade is put on paciente's backe,
What straunge delightes this braunch of vice doth brede,
And marke what graine sprynges out of such a seede;

19.

Compel the hawke to syt that is unmande;
Or make the hound untaught to drawe the dere,
Or bring the free agaynst his wil in band,
Or move the sad a pleasaunt tale to heare,
Your time is lost, and you are never the nere:
So love ne learnes of force the knot to knyt;
She serves but those that feele sweet fancies fyt.

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20

The lesse defame woundes to my dispraÿse;
I was entyse by traynes, and trapt by trust:
Though in my power remayned yeas or nayes,
Unto my frendes yet nedes consent I must,
In every thing, yea lawfull or unjust:
They brake the boowes and shakte the tree by sleyght,
And bent the wand that might have growen ful streight.

21.

What help in this, the pale thus broken downe,
The deere must nedes in daunger runne astraye:
At me therefore why should the world so frowne,
My weakenes made my youth a prynce's praye.
Though wysedome should the course of nature stay,
Yet trye my case who lyst, and they shal prove,
The rypest wittes are soonest thralles to love.

22.

What nede I more to cleare myselfe to much?
A kyng me wanne, and had me at his call:
His royall state, his pryncely grace was such,
The hope of will, (that women seeke for all;)
The ease and wealth, the gyftes which were not smal,
Besieged me so strongly rounde aboute,
My power was weake, I could not holde him out.

23.

Duke Haniball in all his conquest great;
Or Ceaser yet, whose triumphes did excede,
Of all their spoyles which made them toyle and sweat,
Were not so glad to have so ryche a meede,
As was this prince when I to hym agreed,
And yielded me a prisoner willlynglie,
As one that knew no way awaye to flee.

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24.

The nightingale for all his mery voice,
Nor yet the larke that stil delightes to syng,
Did never make the hearers so rejoyce,
As I with wordes have made this worthy kyng.
I never jar'd; in tune was every stryng;
I tempered so my tounge to please his eare,
That what I sayd was currant every where.

25.

I joyn'd my talke, my gestures, and my grace
In wittie frames that long might last and stand,
So that I brought the kyng in such a case,
That to his death I was his chiefest hand.
I governed him that ruled all this land:
I bare the sword though he did weare the crowne,
I strake the stroke that threwe the mightye downe.

26.

Yf justice sayd that judgment was but death,
With my sweet wordes I could the kyng perswade,
And make him pause and take therein a breath
Tyl I with suyte the fawtor's peace had made:
I knewe what waye to use him in his trade;
I had the arte to make the lyon meeke;
There was no poynt wherein I was to seeke.

27.

Yf I did frowne, who then did looke awrye?
Yf I did smyle, who would not laugh outryght?
Yf I but spake, who durst my wordes denye?
Yf I pursued, who would forsake the flyght?
I meane my power was knowen to every wyght,
On such a heyght good hap had buylt my bower,
As though my swete should never have turn'd to sower.

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28.

My husband then, as one that knewe his good,
Refus'd to kepe a prynces concubine,
Forseing the ende and mischiefe as it stoode,
Agaynst the king did never much repyne;
He sawe the grape whereof he dranke the wyne,
Though inward thought his hart did still torment,
Yet outwardly he seemde he was content.

29.

To purchase prayse and winne the people's zeale,
Yea rather bente of kinde to do some good,
I ever did uphokle the common weale;
I had delyght to save the gylteless bloud:
Each suter's cause when that I understoode,
I did preferre as it had bene mine owne,
And helpt them up, that might have bene o'erthrown.

30.

My power was prest to ryght the poore man's wrong;
My handes were free to geve where nede requyred;
To watche for grace I never thought it long;
To do men good I nede not be desyred;
Nor yet with gyftes my hart was never hyred.
But when the ball was at my foote to guyde,
I played to those that fortune did abide.

31.

My want was wealth, my woe was ease at wyll,
My robes were ryche, and braver than the sonne:
My fortune then was far above my skyll,
My state was great, my glasse did ever runne,
My fatal threede so happely was spunne,
That then I sat in earthly pleasures clad,
And for the time a goddesse place I had.

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32.

But I had not so some this lyef possest,
But my good happe began to slyp asyde;
And fortune then did me so sore molest,
That unto playntes was turned all my pride.
It booted not to rowe agaynst the tyde:
Myne oares were weke, my hart and strength did fayle;
The wynd was rough; I durst not bear a sayle.

33.

What steppes of stryef belonge to highe estate?
The clymynge up is doubtfull to indure;
The seate itselfe doth purchase privie hate,
And honour's fame is fyckle and unsure,
And all she brynges, is flowres that be unpure:
Which fall as fast as they do sprout and spring;
And cannot last, they are so vayne a thyng.

34.

We count no care to catche that we do wyshe,
But what we wynne is long to us unknowen;
Til present payne be served in our dyshe,
We skarce perceyve whereon our gryefe hath growen.
What grayne proves wel that is so rashely sowen?
Yf that a meane dyd measure all our deedes,
Instead of corne we should not gather weedes.

35.

The settled minde is free from Fortune's power;
They nede not feare who looke not up aloft;
But they that clyme are carefull every hower,
For when they fall they light not very softe:
Examples hath the wisest warned ofte,
That where the trees the smallest braunches bere,
The stormes do blowe and have most rigor there.

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36.

Where is it strong but nere the ground and roote?
Where is it weake but on the hyghest sprayes?
Where may a man so surely set his foote,
But on those bowes that groweth lowe alwayes?
The little twigges are but unstedfast stayes;
Yf they breake not, they bend with every blast;
Who trustes to them shal never stand full fast.

37.

The wynde is great upon the hyghest hilles;
The quiete life is in the dale belowe,
Who treades on yse shal slide agaynst theyr wylles,
They want no care that curious arts would knowe;
Who lives at ease and can content him so,
Is perfect wise, and settes us all to scoole;
Who hates this lore may wel be called a foole.

38.

What greater gryefe may come to any lyfe,
Than after sweete to taste the bitter sower?
Or after peace to fall at warre and stryfe,
Or after myrth to have a cause to lower?
Under such proppes false Fortune buylds her tower;
On sodayne chaunge her flitting frames be set,
Where is no way for to escape her net.

39.

The hastye smart that Fortune sendes in spyte,
Is hard to brooke where gladnes we imbrace,
She threatens not, but sodaynly doth smyte;
Where joye is moste, there doth she sorowe place,
But sure I thinke, this is to strange a case,
For us to feele such gryefe amyd our game,
And know not why until we taste the same.

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40.

As earst I sayd, my blisse was turnde to bale,
I had good cause to weepe and wryng my handes,
And showe sad cheare with countenance full pale,
For I was brought in sorowe's woful bandes:
A pyrrie came and set my shippe on sandes;
What should I hide, and colour care and noye?
King Edward dyed, in whom was all my joye.

41.

And when the earth receyved had his corse,
And that in tombe, this worthye prince was layd,
The world on me began to shewe his force;
Of troubles then my parte I long assayed;
For they, of whom I never was afrayed,
Undyd me most, and wrought me such despyte,
That they bereft from me my pleasure quyte.

42.

As long as life remaynd in Edwardes brest,
Who was but I? who had such frendes at call?
His body was no sooner put in chest,
But wel was him that could procure my fall:
His brother was mine enemy most of all,
Protector then, whose vice did stil abound,
From yll to worse, tyll death dyd him confound.

43.

He falsly fayned that I of counsayle was
To poyson him, which thing I never ment,
But he could set thereon a face of brasse,
To bring to passe his lewde and false entent,
To such mischiefe this Tyrantes heart was bent.
To God, ne man, he never stoode in awe.
For in his wrath he made his wyll a lawe,

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44.

Lord Hastinges bloud for vengeauns on him cries,
And many moe, that were to long to name:
But most of all, and in most wofull wise
I had good cause this wretched man to blame.
Before the world I suffred open shame,
Where people were as thicke as is the sand,
I penaunce tooke with taper in my hand.

45.

Eche eye did stare, and looke me in the face,
As I past by, the rumours on me ranne:
But Patience then had lent me such a grace,
My quiete lookes were praised of every man:
The shamefast bloud brought me such colours than,
That thousandes sayd, which sawe my sobre chere,
It is great ruth to see this woman here.

46.

But what prevailde the people's pitie there,
This raging wolfe would spare no gylteless bloud.
Oh wicked wombe that such yll fruite did beare,
Oh cursed earth that yeldeth forth such mud!
The hell consume all thinges that dyd the good,
The heavens shut theyr gates against thy spryte,
The world tread downe thy glory under feete!

47.

I ask of God a vengeance on thy bones;
Thy stinking corps corrupts the ayre I knowe;
Thy shameful death no earthly wyght bemones,
For in thy life thy workes were hated so,
That every man dyd wyshe thy overthrowe:
Wherefore I may, though percial nowe I am,
Curse every cause whereof thy body came.

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48.

Woe wurth the man that fathered such a childe:
Woe wurth the hower wherein thou wast begate,
Woe wurth the brestes that have the world begylde,
To norryshe thee that all the world dyd hate.
Woe wurth the gods, that gave thee such a fate,
To lyve so long, that death deserved so ofte,
Woe wurth the chaunce that set thee up alofte.

49.

Ye princes all, and rulers everych one,
In punyshement beware of hatred's yre;
Before ye skourge, take hede, looke well thereon:
In wrathes yl wil yf malyce kyndle fyre,
Your hartes wil bourne in such a hote desire,
That in those flames the smoake shal dym your sight,
Ye shal forget to joyne your justice ryght.

50.

You should not judge til thinges be wel deserned.
Your charge is styll to mainteyne upryght lawes,
In conscience rules ye should be throughly learned.
Where clemencie byds wrath and rashenes pawes,
And further sayeth, stryke not wythout a cause;
And when ye smite, do it for justice sake,
Than in good part eche man your skourge wil take.

51.

Yf that such zeele had moved this tyrantes minde,
To make my plague a warrant for the rest,
I had small cause such fault in him to finde,
Such punishement is used for the best:
But by yll wil and power I was opprest.
He spoyled my goodes and left me bare and poore,
And caused me to begge from dore to dore.

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52.

What fall was this, to come from Princes fare,
To watche for crummes among the blinde and lame?
When almes was delt, I had a hungry share,
Bycause I knewe not howe to aske for shame;
Tyll force and nede had brought me in such frame,
That starve I must, or learne to beg an almes,
With booke in hand, and say S. David's psalmes.

53.

When I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen clothe was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A dishe that clapt and gave a heavie sound,
A stayeing staffe and wallet therewithal,
I bare about as witnesse of my fal.

54.

I had no house wherein to hyde my head,
The open strete my lodging was perforce,
Ful ofte I went al hungry to my bed,
My fleshe consumed, I looked like a corse,
Yet in that plyght who had on me remorse?
O God, thou knowest my frendes forsooke me than;
Not one holpe me that suckered many a man.

55.

They frownde on me that fawnd on me before,
And fled from me that followed me ful fast,
They hated me, by whom I set much store,
They knewe ful wel my fortune dyd not last,
In every place I was condemnd and cast;
To pleade my cause at barre it was no boote,
For every man did tread me under foote.

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56.

Thus long I lyved all weary of my life,
Tyl death approcht and rid me from that woe:
Example take by me both maide and wyfe;
Beware, take heede, fall not to follie so:
A myrrour make of my great overthrowe:
Defye this world, and all his wanton wayes,
Beware by me that spent so yll her dayes!

This was so well lyked, that all together exhorted me instantly, to procure Maister Churchyarde to undertake and to penne as many moe of the remaynder as myght by any meanes be attaynted at his handes.

And when I had promysed I wold do my diligence therein, they asked me if I had any mo tragedyes yet unred, for the evenyng was nowe at hand, and there were enow already red to make a handsum volume. In dede, quod I, I purpose here to ende the second parte of this volume, for here endeth the cruel raigne of Kyng Rychard the Thyrd: and in an other volume hereafter, to dyscourse the resydue from the begynnyng of Kyng Henry the Seventh to the ende of this Kyng and Queenes raygne, if God so long will graunte us lyfe; and I beseche you all that you wyll dylygently performe such storyes as you have undertaken, and procure your frendes such as be learned, to helpe us with the rest: for ther is in this part mater enough to set al the poetes in England in wurke, and I wold wishe that every fine apt wyt wold at the leest undertake one. For so wold it be a notable volume. For my parte, I entende to be so impudente and importunate a suiter to so manye as I knowe or maye hereafter be acquaynted

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wyth, that no excuse shall serve to shake me of: and I desyre you all to be as earnest. And to occupye the tyme whyle we be nowe together, I wyl reade unto you Edmund the Duke of Somerset, which must be placed in the Fyrst Parte; and then the Black-Smyth, which must serve for thyrd volume, to thende I maye knowe your judgement therein, Do so, we pray you, quod they."

ART. XXXIX. *The Tragedie of Shore's Wife: much augmented with divers newe additions. By Thomas Churchyard.* 1593.

THE Legend of Jane Shore, by Churchyard, has been reprinted at p. 261, as it appeared in the Mirror for Magistrates; but in the latest publication of the old *Court-poet*, entitled "Churchyard's Challenge," that Legend had an augmentation of 21 stanzas, which, as the book is extremely scarce, and as the insertion may serve to complete the former article, I will here transcribe. Prefixed is a dedication, in which the ancient bard hurls the gauntlet of personal defiance at some malevolents, who wished to deprive him of the credit of having produced the poem.

"To the right honourable the Lady Mount-Eagle and Compton, wife to the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst's son and heire.

"Good Madame, for that the vertuous and good Ladie Carie, your sister, honourablie accepted a discourse of my penning, I beleeved your Ladiship would not refuse the like offer, humbly presented and dutifully ment, I bethought me of a tragedie that long laye printed and many speake well of: but some

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doubting the shallownesse of my head, (or of meere mallice disdaineth my doings) denies me the fathering of such a worke, that hath won so much credit: but, as sure as God lives, they that so defames me, or doth disable me in this cause, doth me such an open wrong, as I would be glad to right with the best blood in my body, so he be mine equall that moved such a qrarrell: but mine old yeares doth utterly forbid me such a combat; and to contend with the malicious, I thinke it a madnesse; yet I protest before God and the world, the penning of Shore's Wife was mine; desiring in my hart, that all the plagues in the worlde maie possesse me, if anie holpe me, either with scrowle or councell, to the publishing of the invencion of the same Shore's Wife; and to show that yet my spirits faile me not in as great matters as that, I have augmented her tragedie, I hope in as fine a forme as the first impression thereof, and hath sette forth some more tragedies and tragicall discourses, no whit inferiour, as I trust, to my first worke. And good Madame, because "Rosimond" is so excellently set forth (the actor* whereof I honour) I have somewhat beautified my Shore's Wife, not in any kind of emulation, but to make the world knowe, my device in age is as ripe and reddie as my disposition and knowledge was in youth:† so having chosen a noble personage

* Samuel Daniel; who published his "Complaint of Rosamond," in 1592. See Nash's commendation of it. Meres in his Wits Treasury, 1598, thus quaintly lauded it: "As every one mourneth, when hee heareth of the lamentable plangors of Thracian Orpheus for his dearest Euridice; so every one passionateth, when he readeth the afflicted death of Daniel's distressed Rosamond."

† Gabriel Harvey, in his Foure Letters, &c. 1592, appears to intimate that Nash, in the pride of his satiric talent, had fallen foul of

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to be a patrones to support poore Shore's Wife's Tragedie againe, I commend all the verses of her olde and new, to your good Ladiship's judgement; hoping you shall lose no honour in the supportation of the same, because the true writer thereof, with all humblenesse of mind and service, presents the tragedie unto your honourable censure, wishing long life and increase of vertues fame to make your Ladiship's days happie.

T. CHURCHYARD."

After stanza 10 (see p. 265,) the following *four* were added.

By beautie blas'd like torch or twinckling starre,
A lively lamp that lends darke world some light,
Faire Phœbus beames scarse reacheth halfe so farre
As did the rayes of my rare beautie bright;
As summer's day exceedes blacke winter's night,
So Shore's wife's face made foule Brownetta blush,
As pearle staynes pitch, or gold surmounts a rush.

The damaske rose or Rosamond the faire,
That Henry held as deere as jewells be,
Who was kept close in cage from open ayre,
For beauties boast could scarse compare with me:
The kindly buds, and blossomes of brave tree,

Maister Churchyard, and had been compelled to plead *peccavi*, and to cry his mercy in print. Nash pulished a reply in Foure Letters Confuted, &c. 1593, and admits that he had an old quarrel with Churchyard, which Harvey had endeavoured to revive, but which he declares nothing under heaven should draw him to do: and then addressing himself to the old bard, he exclaims—"I love you unfainedly, and admire your aged muse, that may well be grandmother to our grand eloquentest poets at this present. *Sanctum et venerabile vetus omne poema.* Shore's Wife is young, though you be stept in years; in her shall you live when you are dead," &c.

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With white and red had deckt my cheekes so fine,
There stoode two balles, like drops of claret wine.

The beaten snow, nor lily in the field,
No whiter sure then naked necke and hand;
My lookes had force to make a lyon yield,
And at my forme in gase a world would stand;
My body small, fram'd finely to be span'd
As though dame Kind had sworne, in solemn sort,
To shrowd herselfe in my faire forme and port.

No part amisse, when Nature took such care
To set me out, as nought should be awry,
To fornish forth, in due proportion rare,
A peece of worke should please a princes eye.
O would to God, that boast might prove a lie!
For pride youth tooke in beauties borrow'de trash,
Gave age a whippe, and left me in the lash.

After st. 24, (p. 269,) follow these *three*.

Sweete are the songs that merry night-crow* singes,
For many parts are in those charming notes;
Sweete are the tunes and pipes that pleaseth kings;
Sweete is the love wherein great lordings dotes;
But sweetst of all is fancie where it flotes,
For throwe rough seas it smoothly swimmes away,
And in deepe flouds where skulls of fish doe play,

And where love slides, it leaves no sign nor showe,
Where it hath gon, the way so shuts againe;
It is a sport to heare the fine night-crow
Chaunt in the queere upon a pricke-song plaine:
No musicke more may please a prince's vaine
Than descant strange, and voice of favrets brest,
In quiet bower when birds be all at rest.

* The nightingale.

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No such consort as plaine two parts in one,
Whose rare reports doth catry cunning clean,
Where two long loves and lives in joy alone.
They sing at will the treble or the meane,
Where musicke wants the mirth not worth a beane;
The King and I agreed in such concorde,
I rul'd by love, though he did raigne a lord.

After st. 26, (p. 269,) follow these *three.*

I tooke delight in doing each man good,
Not scratting all my selfe as all were mine,
But lookt whose life in neede and danger stoode,
And those I kept from harme with cunning fine.
On princes traine I always cast mine eine;
For lifting up the servants of a king,
I did throw court myself in favour bring.

I offered ayde before they sued to me,
And promisd nought, but would performe it streight;
I shaked downe sweet fruit from top of tree,
Made aples fall in laps of men by sleight.
I did good turnes whiles that I was a-height,
For fear a flawe of winde would make me reele,
And blowe me downe, when Fortune turn'd her wheele.

I fil'd no chests with chynks to cherish age,
But in the harts of people layde my gold,
Sought love of lord, of master, and of page,
And for no bribe, I never favour solde.
I had inough, I might doe what I would,
Save spend or give or fling it on the ground,
The more I gave, the more in purse I found.

After st. 41, (p. 273,) follow these *nine.*

Brought bare and poore, and throwne in worlde's disgrace,
Holds downe the head that never casts up eye;

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Cast out of court, condemn'd in every place,
Condemn'd, perforce, at mercy's foote must lye:
Hope is but small when we for mercie crye;
The bird half dead, that hauke hath fast in foote,
Lay head on blocke where is no other boote.

The rowling stone, that tumbleth downe the hill,
Finds none to stay the furie of his fall;
Once under foote, for ever daunted still;
One cruell blowe strikes cleane away the ball.
Left once in laeke feeles alwayes want of will;
A conquered mind must yeeld to every ill,
A weake poore soule, that fortune doth forsake
In hard extreames, from world her leave may take.

From those that fall, such as doe rise doe run;
The sound with sicke doe seldome long abide;
Poore people passe as shadowes in the sun,
Like feeble fish, that neeedes must follow tyde;
Among the rich a beggar soon is spied;
When weake Shore's Wife had lost her staffe of stay,
The halt and blind went limping lame away.

The poore is pincht and pointed at indeed,
As baited bull were leading to a stake;
Wealth findes great helpe, Want gets no friend at neede,
A plagued wight a booteles mone may make,
A naked soule in street for colde may quake:
But colde or hot, when mischiefes come a-roe,
As falles the lot, the back beares off the blowe.

Prefarment past, the world will soon forget;
The present time is daily gaz'd upon;
Yf merchant rich from wealth doe fall in debt,
Small count is made of his good fortune gon.
We feede on flesh, and fling away the bone,
Embrace the best and set the worst aside,
Because faire flowers are made of in their pride.

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You yonglings nowe, that vain delights lead on
To sell chaste life for lewd and light desires,
Poore gaine is got, when rich good name is gon;
Foule blot and shame lives under trimme attires:
Worlde soone casts off the hackney horse it hiers;
And when bare nagge is wridden out of breath,
Tibbe is turn'd loose, to feed on barren heath.

Of flowers a while men doe gay poses make;
The scent once past, adue dry withered leaves;
Love lasts not long, prickt up for pleasures sake;
Straw little worth, when corne forsakes the sheaves:
A painted post the gazar's eye deceives;
But when foule faults are found that blear'd the sight,
The' account is gon of girlls or gugawes light.

Young pooppies play, small season last you see;
Old apish sportes are quickly out of grace;
Fond wanton games will soon forgotten be;
As sowre as crabbe becomes the sweetest face:
There needes no more be spoken of this case;
All earthly joyes by tract of time decayes;
Soone is the glasse runne out of our good dayes!

My fall and facte makes proofe of that is spoke,
Tels world to much of shadowes in the sunne,
Dust blowne with winde, or simple proofe of smoake,
That flies from fire and fast throwe air doth run:
It ends with woe that was with joy begun;
It turnes to teares that first began with sport;
At length long paine finds pleasure was but short.

After st. 48, (p. 275,) the following.

Woe worth the day, the time, the howre and all,
When subjects clapt the crowne on Richard's head;
Woe worth the lordes, that sat in sumptuous hall,

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To honour him that princes blood so shead:
Would God he had bin boyld in scalding lead.
When he presumde in brother's seat to sit,
Whose wretched rage rul'd all with wicked wit.

After st. 53, (p. 276,) the following.

The fall of leafe is nothing like the spring,
Ech eye beholdes the rising of the sunne,
All men admire the favour of a king;
And from great states growne in disgrace they run,
Such sodaine claps ne wit nor will can shun;
For when the stoole is taken from our feete,
Full flat on floore the body falls in streete.

T. P.

ART. XL. *The Firste Parte of Churchyardes Chippes: contayning twelve severall labours. Devised and published only by Thomas Churchyard, gentilman. Imprinted at London in Flete-streate neare unto Saint Dunstone's Church, by Thomas Marshe, 1575, cum privilegio. 4to.*

THE following are the contents of this book.

1. The Seige of Leeth.
2. A Farewell to the Worlde.
3. A Fayned Fancie of the Spyder and the Gowte.
4. A Dollful Discourse of a Lady and a Knight.
5. The Rode into Scotlande, by Sir William Dreury, Knight. (prose)
6. Sir Symond Burley's Tragedie.
7. A Tragicall Discourse of the Unhappy Man's Life.
8. A Discourse of Vertue.
9. Churcheyarde's Dreame.

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10. A Tale of a Fryer and a Shuemaker's Wife.
11. The Siege of Edenborough Castle.
12. The whole Order of the receiving of Queene's Majestie into Bristowe.

Numbers 2, 4, 6, and 9, were reprinted in Churchyard's Challenge: and No. 12 has been inserted by Mr. Nichols, in his very curious Collection of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, Vol. I.

Churchyard dedicated his Chips "To the right worshipful his tried and worthy friend, Maister Christofer Hatton, Esq." afterwards Sir Christopher: and his dedication was preceded by a copy of verses, "To the dispisers of other men's workes that shoes nothing of their owne," which concludes with the following lines, somewhat explanatory of his singular title to the book.

"What needs more words to waest my wind
About these busie brains;
That powlts and swels at others toils,
And take themselves no pains.

The best is, though small goodnes be
In these bare *Chipps* of mine;
My hatchet hew'd them all in deede,
Whear they be grosse or fine.

And when that theas have made a blase,
And bin in world a while,
A *bigger basket* will I bring
To make you worldlings smile.

And whether theas you like or noe,
The rest are neer the stamp;

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Which if you pleas to fling in fier,
Will burne as cleer as lamp.

Thus farewell friends or flyring foes;
I know not how to fawne:
I mean to see you ons again,
So leave my book for pawne. Adue."

T. P.

ART. XLI. *Churchyard's Challenge. London. Printed by John Wolfe.* 1593. *4to. pp.* 278.

Here follows the severall matters contained in this booke.

1. The Tragedie of the Earle of Morton.
2. The Tragedie of Sir Simon Burley.
3. A Discourse that a Man is but his Minde. (prose)
4. A Discourse of the true steps of Manhood. (prose)
5. A Warning to the Wanderers abroad, that seeke to sow dissention at home.
6. A Discourse of the Honor of a Souldier. (prose).
7. A Discourse of Gentlemen lying in London, that were better keepe house at home in their countrey.
8. A Discourse of an olde Souldier and a young.
9. A Discourse of Misfortune and Calamitie. (prose)
10. A Discourse and Commendation of those that can make Golde.
11. The Tragedy of Shore's Wife, much augmented.
12. A Story of an Eagle and a Lady, excellently set out in Du Bartas.

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13. A Tragicall Discourse of the haplesse man's life.
14. A Discours of a Fantasticall Dreame.
15. A Discourse of Law and worthy Lawyers. To the Right Hon. Lady Puckering.
16. A few plaine Verses of Truth against the flatterie of Time: made when the Queen's Majestie was last at Oxenford. (See the Progresses of Q. Elizabeth, Vol. III.)
17. A Discourse on the only Phœnix of the Worlde.
18. A Praise of that Phenix; and Verses translated out of French.
19. The Adue the Writer made Long agoe to the World, when he went to studie.
20. A Tragicall Discourse of a dolorous Gentlewoman.
21. A Dolefull Discourse of a great Lorde and a Ladie: translated out of French.*

This volume has an Epistle Dedicatory "to the Right Hon. Sir John Wolley, Knight, Secretary for the Latin tung to the Queene's Majestie," which is followed by a Preface "to the worthiest sorte of people, that gently can reade and justly can judge." I transcribe a poetical prefix, complimentary to Spenser, which the author entitles

"*A new kinde of a Sonnet.*

"In writing long, and reading works of warre,
That Homer wrote and Virgil's verse did show;
My Muse me led in overweening farre,
When to their stiles my pen presum'de to goe.
Ovid himselfe durst not have vaunted so;
Nor Petrarke grave with Homer would compare;

* To this table of contents succeeds a copious list of pieces before printed, &c. which is given by Herbert, III. 1806.

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Dawnt* durst not think his sence so hye did flow
As Virgil's works, that yet much honord are.
Thus each man sawe his judgment hye or low,
And would not strive or seeke to make a jarre,
Or wrastle where they have an overthrow;
So that I finde the weakenes of my bow
Will shoot no shaft beyond my length, I trow,
For reason learnes, and wisdome makes me know
Whose strength is best and who doth make or marre:
A little lamp may not compare with starre;
A feeble head, where no great gifts doo grow,
Yields unto skill whose knowledge makes smal shew.
Then, gentle world, I sweetly thee beseech!
Call Spenser now the spirit of learned speech.

Churchyard's good-will."

It appears from the dedication, that the old doughty bard named this book his CHALLENGE, by way of defiance to those who doubted that the contents were of his own composing; and in order to *challenge* the several productions "as his children to abide behinde him in the worlde, to make them inheritors of such fame and dispraise as their father should enjoy or deserve: hoping they shall not be called bastards, nor none alive will be so hardy as to call them his babes, which were brought forth and fostered up so carefully at his owne charges, and the hazard of an envious worlde." T. P.

ART. XLII. *A Musicall Consort of heavenly Harmonie (compounded out of manie parts of Musicke) called Churchyard's Charitie. Imprinted at Lon-*

* Dante.

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don, by Ar. Hatfield, for William Holme. 1595. *4to.*

The industrious historiographer of Oxford informs us,* that he had taken much labour to recover the titles of Churchyard's pieces: the present however appears to have eluded his research. In the additions to Herbert's Typographical Antiquities,† the title may indeed be traced; but the tract itself will vainly perhaps be sought after in the libraries of those, who have been most successful in treasuring up the relics of our early vernacular poetry. The copy, now employed, was freely imparted by a gentleman, whose slightest claim it is to national celebrity, that he possesses the most complete dramatic library in the kingdom.

Churchyard's Musical Consort is thus inscribed:

"To the right honorable Robert Devereux, Earle of Essex and Ewe, Vicount of Hereford, Lord Ferrer of Chartley, Borcher, and Lovaine, Master of the Queens Majesties horse, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of hir Majesties honourable privie counsell; Thomas Churchyard wisheth increase of all wished honor, happiness of life, world's good will, and everlasting fame.

"A greater boldnes cannot be committed, (right honorable) than to present pamphlets and poetrie to noble counsellors, that governes a publike state; though in all ages reasonable writers, that kept an orderly compasse, were suffered in verse or prose, (so their inventions were not farced ful of vanitie) to shew good will in the dedication of some honest labors to

* Athen. Oxon. I. 318. † Vol. III. p. 1808.

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such honorable personages, as was woorthie of any good volumes, or in the woorth of vertue excelled the waight and value of numbers, that neither merits laudation, nor shew no sufficiency to be saluted with a booke. But what I see, and the world reports, of your lordship, makes me somewhat hardie to offer a present: yet simplenes of spirit, and want of profound learning, hath so muffled my Muses, that they dare not speake, nor I presume to write. Nevertheless, thinking on your twenty-fold honorable Father,* my great good Lord, matchlesse in our world; that carried in his breast the feare of God, and wan with his life the love of men; (so noble was his minde!) I stood nothing discouraged; bicause a soldier-like noble sonne of his is left alive, to follow the steps of so stately a father, and to shine above and beyond the course of thousands in this time, or is likely to come after to this age. To treate of particulars in that behalfe, I should presume too far, and unadvisedly come too short of matter fit for this cause. Wherefore I am to leave those deepe considerations, and drop into the shallownes of mine owp studies; that brings foorth a booke of the coldnes of Charitie, bicause a great noble man told me, this last wet sommer, 'the weather was too colde for Poets.' On which favorable words I bethought me, that Charitie in court, and all the world over was become so cold, that neither hot sommer, fervent fire, nor heat of sunne, could make warme againe, in that comfortable sort as our forefathers have felt it. So, my good

* Walter, Earl of Essex, and Ewe, and earl marshal of Ireland, where he died, in 1576.

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Lord, following that onely theame of cold weather; (being apt to take any theam to write on, in as sweete a phrase and termes as I may devise) putting in the praise of poets withall: I smoothly passe over (without bitter speeches) the corruption of this world, and disguised maners of men, riding by the new fangleries of a multitude, and not dashing any one's infirmitie with blot, or disgrace, or blemish of credit: hoping the best sort shall stand pleased with, howsoever the worst (happily may be touched) do of meere malice wrest awry the honest meaning of a plaine writer. For the dutifull regard towards the purchasing of your L.'s favor hath so sifted every word and sentence, that no one verse or line shall bee offensive to a sounde judgment and good construction. And for that now (by reason of great age) my wits and inventions are almost wearied with writing of bookes, (this being one of the last) I tooke this taske in hand, at large to dilate somewhat of Charitie, which would to God I had as great power to revive, as the world hath occasion to remember. Thus over-bold to trouble your L. so long with the reading of so simple an epistle, I proceed under your honorable supportation, to my purposed matter, wishing your L. everlasting fame, credit, and honor,

"Most humbly at commandement,

"THOMAS CHURCHYARD."

After the dedication, follows a metrical address "To the generall readers" on two pages, in which he re-asserts* his title to be considered as the legiti-

* See the Legend of Jane Shore, *ante*.

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mate author of those compositions, which had been published in his name, and particularly of the legend of Jane Shore. Hence he declares—

" Both beast and bird their yoong one do defend,
So shall my Muse maintaine *that* I have pen'd :
Then bring *Shore's Wife* in question now no more,
I set her foorth, in colours as she goes."

To which he adds this attestation : " Sir Rafe Bowser, a worshipfull Knight, witnesseth where and when I penned *that*."

Another address of "the author to his Booke" occupies nearly three pages, and conveys the instructions of sage experience. After much cautionary advice, he thus recommends an adherence to courtly patronage.

" The goodlie fleures of court thou needs not feare,
For they are sweete, and meeke of nature throw :
There wisedome will with writer's humor beare,
If humbly stil thou canst behave thee now.
Thy master's pen hath purchast favour there
Among the dames of faire Diana's traine,
Where beautie shines, like silver drops of raine
In sunnie day : O booke ! thou happy art
If with those nimphes thou maist be entertain'd ;
If any one of them take in good part
A verse or word, thou hast a garland gain'd
Of glorie great ; for fame hir selfe must sound
Out of their voice ; looke what they do pronounce,
Like tennis-ball, aloft it doth rebound."

The main poem, entitled " Churchyard's Charitie," next commences, and runs on to 23 pages, comprising 90 seven line stanzas; a short specimen of which

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may be acceptable: and those passages become most interesting in our ancient poets which in the moderns are censured as egotistic. Churchyard thus closes his very desultory work.

" You, whose cleer speech doth loud as trumpet sound,
And may command the world, the skies, and stars,
And rules at beck the massie earth so round,
Sets orders downe, and can make peace and wars,
And hath the force to breake big iron bars;
Call Charitie, for love, once home againe,
That shee may heare hir people poore complaine!

My breath but bores a hole within the aire;
My date, neer done, calls for a shrouding sheet;
My darke dim daies lookes* for no weather faire,
Mine eies can scarce look to my stumbling feet;
My wounded Muse forsakes my drowping spreet:
My bookes and scroules, and all that I have wrôt,
Hides now their heads, as I were cleane forgot.

When aged yeers showes death amid my face,
My words are of small credit in this plite;
My hap and hope is in a better place,
Wherefore of world I plainly speake and write;
And, ere I goe, discharge my conscience quite,
To win the wise, and loose the fonder sort,
That unto quicke nor dead yeelds good report.

The wise, well won, weighs ech thing as it ought,
Mistakes no terme, nor sentence wrests awrie;
The fond will read awhile, but cares for nought,
Yet casts on ech man's works a frowning eie:
This neither treats of matters lowe nor hie,

* Churchyard commonly uses the verb in the singular, though governed by a plural antecedent: and such is still the provincial usage in Suffolk.

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But finds a meane, that eth good meaning might
In all true meanes take Charitie aright."

A second ornamented title-page now makes its appearance, with the addition, which forms the following article.

ART. XLIII. *A Praise of Poetrie. Imprinted at London, by Ar. Hatfield for William Holme.* 1595.

THE origin of this production will be sufficiently explained, by the second title it bears; nor will the length of it (though printed on 17 pages) deter me from copying the whole: since I much doubt whether any of our elder bards have transmitted a more curious relique, or have afforded a more pleasing testimony of liberal attention to the professors of the art they cultivated. Such notes of personal illustration, &c. as appear unsignatured at the bottom of the page, were printed on the margin of the poem.

"*A praise of Poetrie, some notes thereof drawen out of the Apologie,* the noble-minded knight, Sir Phillip Sidney, wrate.*

"When world was at the very woorst,
And vice did much abound,
And for offence the earth was curst,
Yet charitie was found.

Among the wise and woorthie sort,
Who ever had good chance,

* Sydney's "Apologie for Poetrie," was printed in 1590, and the title was afterwards altered to "a Defence of Poesie." This might arise from Sir John Harington's having called his critical Essay an "Apology for Poetry," which he prefixed to his Translation of Orlando Furioso, in 1591.

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With treble fame by their report
  True vertue did advance.

The poets and philosophers
  Stept first on stately stage,
And plaid their parts with hazards great
  In every world and age.

In every age while wits of men
  Could judge the good from bad,
Who gat the gift of toong or pen,
  Of world great honor had.

Good poets were in hie esteeme,
  When learning grew in price;
Their vertue and their verse did seeme
  A great rebuke to vice.

With blunt, base people, of small sence,
  They fall now in disdaine;
But Sydney's booke in their defence,
  Doth raise them up againe;

And sets them next divines in ranke,
  As members meete and fit
To strike the world's blind boldnes blanke,
  And whet the bluntest wit.

Heere followes histories' good store,
  That much thereof shall tell,
If paines may purchase thanks, therefore,
  My hope is answered well.

Amphyon's gift and grace was great
  In Thebes, old stories saie,
And beasts and birds would leave their meate
  To heare Orpheus* plaie.

* Amphion and Orpheus, poets and excellent musitians.

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In Rome were three* of peereles fame,
That florisht in their daies,
Which three did beare the onely name
Of knowledge, skill, and praise.

In Italy of yore did dwell
Three men† of spechall spreete,
Whose gallant stiles did sure excell,
Their verses were so sweete.

In France three‡ more of faime we finde,
Whose bookes do well declare—
They beautifide their stately minde
With inward vertues rare.

In England lived three great men,§
Did poetrie advance,
And all they with the gift of pen,
Gave glorious world a glance.

In Scotland finde we other twaine ||
Were writers of good woorth,
Whose studies through their poets vaine
Brought many verses foorth.

In Ireland, to this present time
Where learning is not mich,
With poetrie, in verse or rime,**
Their language they inrich.

In Wales ††, the very remnant yet
Of Brittaine bloud and race,

* Livius, Andronicus, and Ennius. † Dante, Bocace and Petrarke.
‡ Marot, Ronsard, and du Bartas.
§ Gower, Chaucer, and the noble earle of Surrye.
|| Davy Lindzey and Buckananus.
** They honor, and make much of their rimers.
†† In Wales they call their rimers Bards.

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They honor men of speshall wit,
And gives a poet grace.

Albinus*, long that rained here,
Made verses in his youth;
And in his age, as doth appeere,
With verse avancst the truth.

Among the savage Indians† still,
(Who knowes no civill thing)
They honor writers of some skill,
Their parents' lives to sing.

Among the anshent noble Danes‡
And Saxons, long ago,
We read of many poets' names,
Whose woorthy wits did flo.

The grave, wise, learned men of Greece§,
Durst never shew their art,
Till those philosophers presum'd
To plaie the poets' part.

Some‖ sang, in verse, their naturall
Philosophie, we finde;
And in sweete songs heroicall
Exprest their secret minde.

So morall counsels uttred were
In that same selfe sweete sort:
Thus poets** flourisht evry where,
As stories makes report.

*Albinus loved poetrie much.

† The rude Indians make much of their rimers.

‡ The Danes and Saxons had many poets among them.

§ In Greece their best philosophers at the first became poets.

‖ Thales, Empedocles, and Parmenides.

** Pythagoras and Phocylides.

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And marshal matters, in those daies *,
Were sung and set aloft;
So some the art of warre did raise,
Unto the skies full oft.

Sibilla's prophesies in verse
Were alwaies uttred well;
The oracles of Delphos to,
In verse would woonders tell.

In pollicies wise Solon† plaid
The poet, sundrie waies;
Good things were better soong than said,
Which gain'd immortall praise.

Plato‡ tooke Solon's works in hand,
And plaid the poet right,
And set that Atlantike island
Full plaine before our sight.

The booke of Herodotus bore
A famous title fine,
Yea, such as none did give before,
Of all the Muses nine.

Domitian§ was a poet rare,
And did therein excell;
So many princes now there are,
That loveth poetrie well.

Three conquerours of mightie powre‖
Gave poets such a grace;
That they would never frowne nor lowre
On them in any case.

* Tyrtæus. † Solon wrote the fable of the Atlantick island.

‡ Plato, a divine philosopher, did stoop to poetrie.

§ Vespasian's sonne, as Pliny saith, was an excellent poet.

‖ Alexander, Cæsar, and Scipio.

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As Plutarke saith, a tyrant wept*
A tragedie to heare,
Who sawe his murthering minde thereby
As in a glas full cleere.

Amid a great revolt in Rome
A woorthie poet† stood,
And told of bodie and the minde
A tale that did much good.

Two poets‡ turn'd a tyrant's hart
From rigour unto ruth;
And wrought him, with their wits and art,
To favour right and truth."

The old court poet thus proceeds in his survey of metrical writers, sacred and prophane.

"Nathan§ did faine a tale indeed
To David, when he fell;
Whereon the King tooke such great heed,
He saw his follie well.

In David's‖ psalms true meter floes,
And songs of Saloman,
Where great delite and pleasure groes,
Are worthie looking on.

A Dialogue** that Plato made
Gives poets great renowne,
Brings each rare wit to sun from shade
To weare the laurell croune.

True stories old, with new delite
Shall fill your narts and eares;

* Alexander Phereus wept at a tragedy.

† Menenius Agrippa, a philosopher, made peace among the people in an uprore. ‡ Simonides and Pindarius made Hiero a just king.

§ Nathan spake of a lamb, ungraciously taken from his bosome.

‖ David and Saloman, divine poets. ** Plato's dialogue called Ion.

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For they of poets' praises write,
Their books good witness beares.*

If aunshent authors and great kings
No credit gets herein;
Darke sight sees not so stately things,
That doth great glory win.†

Plucke up cleere judgment from the pit
Of poore esprit and sense,
And wipe the slime from slubber'd wit,
And looke on this defence;‡

That Sydney makes a matchlesse worke,
A matter fresh and new,
That did long while in silence lurke,
And seldome came to view.§

He cals them poets, that embrace
True vertue in her kinde,
And do not run with rimes at bace,
With wanton blotted minde.‖

All idle verse he counts but vaine,
Like cracks of thorns in fire,
Or summer show'rs of sleete or raine,
That turns drie dust to mire.**

These rurall rymes are but the scum
And froth that flies from seas,

* Lelius, a Roman, and Socrates, both were poets.

† James the First, that was King of Scotland, and K. James the Sixt, now raigning, great poets.

‡ The Greeke Socrates put Æsop's fables into verse, and Aristotle wrate the arte of poetrie.

§ Emperors, kings, captains, and senators, were poets, and favoured the art.

‖ Adrian and Sophocles, great poets.

** Of our neerer time, the patrons of poetry, Robert, King of Cecill, [Sicily] and the great Francis, King of France.

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Or doth from some sharpe humor come
That breeds a new disease.*

In braine that beats about the skull
And so brings forth a toye
(When musse or moone is at the full)
Of paines or pleasing joye.†

Like long-wing'd hauke, doth poet soar
Ore mountaine or hie trees,
And loud as cannon can he rore
At each vice that he sees.‡

His scope as hie as reason's reach
May climbe, in order due,
Not to give counsell, nor to teach,
But to write fancies new.§

Of this or that, as matter moves
A well-disposed minde,
That vice doth hate and vertue loves,
And he good cause doth finde.‖

So ruling pen, as duties bounds,
Be kept in evry part;
For when the poet trumpet sounds,
It must be done by art.

As though a sweete consort should plaie
On instruments most fine,
And shew their musicke evry waie,
With daintie notes divine.**

* Cardinal Bembus, and Bibiena.

† Famous teachers and preachers, Beza and Melancthon.

‡ Learned philosophers, Fracastorius and Scaliger.

§ Great and good orators, Pontanus and Muretus.

‖ And beyond all these, the hospitall of France being builded on vertue, gave poets a singular commendation.

** Alexander kept the books of Homer in Darius his jewel-casket.

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Each string in tune, as concord were
The guide of all the glee;
Whose harmonie must please the eare,
With musicke franke and free.*

The poets lyra must be strung
With wire of silver sound,
That all his verses may be sung
With maidens in a round.

So chaste and harmless should they be,
As words from preacher's voice,
With spiced speech in each degree
Wherein good men rejoice.†

Not farsed full of follies light
That beares ne poise nor weight,
But flying cleer in air-like flight,
Whose force mounts up an height.

And seems to pearce the cloudie skies:
Such poets Sidney likes,
Whose gentle wind makes dust arise
As hie as morice pikes;

That lifts aloft the soldier's hart,
Who doth advance the same;
And bends his bodie in each part,
Thereby to purchase fame.‡

* Menander, the comicke poet, being sent for by embassadors of Macedonia and Ægipt, preferred the conscience of learning, before kinglie fortunes.

† Augustus Cæsar wrate familiar epistles unto Horace, which Horace in his life was advanced to the tribuneship of soldiers, and when he died he left Augustus Cæsar his heire.

‡ Virgill entring the colledge of poets in Rome, the rest of the poets there did more reverence to him than to the emperor; and when he came into the senate the senators likewise did so.

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The sword and lance of marshall men
Their lions courage showes;
The poets, with their wit and pen,
Tells where their furie flowes.

They both are knowne as soone as seene,
As things of great import;
The one may verie far oreweene,
The other in some sort.;

Stands on his honor sundrie waies;
And offreth life, therefore;
The poet seekes no more but praise,
As poets did of yore:

Whoose words strooke dead the stoutest groomes
That ever were in place;
And sweeped clean, like new made-broomes,
The foulest cause or case.*

As water washeth each thing white,
And sope might scour withall,
The canker of foule worlds delite,
More sharpe than bitter gall;

So poets, with plaine tèrms makes cleane
The foulest conshencè lives;
And by good words from vice doth weane,
Through councell that it gives,

The childish wit and churlisht mind.
Lo, then, how poets may
Both alter manners, and bad kind,
To frame a better way.†

* David sung the liricke verses to his harp, and those Ebrue songs, consisted of divers feet and unequal numbers, sometime in Iambikes running otherwile.

† In Sapphicks, swelling again in halfe a foote amiably halting.

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Of heavens, and the highest throne
Where God himselfe doth sit,
Good poets still should treat alone,
To shewe their flowing wit; *

As by their Muse they carried were,
Beyond our sight or view,
Into a fine or purer aire,
Or speshall climate new: †

Where all things are as cleane as gold
From furnace to the stamp;
So poets should this world behold,
And shine as cleer as lamp.

That light doth give to evry eie
Which doth in darkness dwell;
And glorie show, of heavens hie,
To damned spreets of hell. ‡

Which darknes in a dungeon keeps
From sight of vertue's lore,
Where ignorance in slumber sleeps,
Like dunse, for evermore.

Sir Philip Sydney praiseth those,
Whose waking wits doth see
The depth and ground of verse and prose,
And speakes with judgement free; §

* Salóman, in the gardens of Engadda, framed songs to his harpe, which then was a heavenly musicke.

† Jeremie wrate his funeral lamentations in Saphycks, long before Simonides, the Greeke poet.

‡ Isaias wrate sacred odes and holie verses; and for remembering the mysteries of God therein, a tyrant king caused him to be sawed asunder.

§ The song of Sydrack and his fellowes in the hot flame, was in verse.

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Of all the matters, under sun,
Both secrets, hie and low,
And over them with pen can run
As far as skill can goe. *

Sift evrie word and sentence well,
And cast away the bran,
To show the kernell, crack the shell
In pieces now and than;

That evrie one shall taste the nut,
Or see where worme hath fed:
And shoot an arrowe at the but,
And drawe it to the head.

Like archer, that can hit the white
And win the wager straight,
With cunning knowledge and delite,
And subtle sence and slaight: †

Which looks into the world so round,
And searcheth evry place,
To see what may be easlie found,
Or spoke of each man's case.

To rime and rove in retchles sort,
He counted revell rash,
As whip doth make a horse to snort,
When carter gives a lash.

So ballet makers doth with wind
Stir up a hive of bees,

* Moses by some men is thought the first deviser of verse, and his sister Marie [Miriam] devised the hexameter, and by it to have glorified Jehova.

† Ausonius, a Frenchman and poet, schoolmaster to Gracianus the Emperor, was an orator and consul of Rome therefore.

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And of the abundance of vaine mind
With words in aire he flees: *

As though it were a thunder crack,
That never brings forth raine,
But dailie threatens ruine and wrack
With ratling rumors vaine.

Vaine commedies that stirs up vice,
He did condemne and hate;
He holds that babble of no price
That doth infect a state:

Corrupts with words good maners still,
Offends both eie and eare,
Brings in loose life by custom's ill,
And takes away true feare. †

Of God and men, such poets leud
Were banisht and exilde,
Because with foule condishons shreud
Their country they defilde.

Good poets were in evry age
Made of, and nourisht well;
They were the flowres of gardens gaie,
That gave the goodly smell. ‡

The true forewarners of great things,
That after did befall,
The joy of godly vertuous kings,
And honest subjects all.

* Homer writes, that Achilles, sonne of Peleus, was a singular liricke poet, singing and playing the noble deeds of cheeftaines.

† Linus of Thebes, a most ancient poet: he was the sonne of Mercury, and wrate the course of the sun, moone, and spheres, in excellent verse.

‡ Tiberius Nero, the emperor, a poet; and Lucan, his tresorer, a poet; on a publike theater they shewed the tragedie Orpheus.

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Our age and former fathers' daies
(Leave Goore and Chauser out)
Hath brought foorth here but few to praise,
Search all our soyle about.

Yet of all those that newly wrate
In prose or verse of late,
Let Sidney weare (for stile of state)
The garland lawreate. *

His bookes makes many bookes to blush,
They shew such sence and wit,
Our dribbers shoots not woorth a rush,
When he the marke doth hit. †

His phrase is sifted like fine flowre,
That maketh manchet bread,
Sweet evry where and nothing soure
That flowes from Sydneye's head. ‡

Sweete dewe dropt out of Sydneye's quill,
As raine great moysture shows,
And from his muse there did distil
A liquor sweete as rose. §

A quintesence, a spirit of wine,
Naie nectar better namde,
A bevrage for the gods devine
Of compounds made and famde. ||

That whosoever drinks thereon
Immortall shall be made,
His books he left to looke upon,
When we in wordly shade **

* Adrianus Augustus, Emperor, a poet and preferrer of poetrie.
† Julianus, emperor, and Caius Julius Cæsar.
‡ Oppianus, of great nobilitie.
§ Sextus Aurelius Propertius, one of the Dedicie.
|| Scenica, a Spanish knight, Nero's schoolemaster.
** Sophocles and Pericles.

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Sits mumping every houre of daie,
And scarce knows where we are;
Our brainies, like bucke, doth stande at baie,
Beset about with care. *

Of this or that, when Sydneye's books
Cals up a drowping ghost;
For whosoever thereon looks,
With worldly troubles tost, †

He shall finde quietness thereby,
And Christian comfort great,
Woorth all the treasure under skie
It climes to Jove's hie seat:

And sits among the angels sweet,
Where psalmes and himnes are sung,
And all base humors under feet
Are out of favor flung. ‡

The poets that can climb the cloudes,
Like ship boy, to the top,
When sharpest stormes do shake the shroudes,
Sets ware to sale, in shop. §

Of heavenly things, that earthly men
Can scarcely understand,
Did not our Chauser's golden pen,
That beautifide this land, ||

Reach to the sunne and highest star,
And toucht the heavens all:

* Æmilius Scaurus, a man of noble parentage.

† Anacreon of Teios, with Policrates, king of the Samians.

‡ Aratus, all his life-time lived with Antigonus.

§ Lucius Cecilius, Cæsar's playfelowe.

|| Cirus, the poet, treasurer of the emperor Theodosius, and a patrician.

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A poet's knowledge goes so far,
That it to mind can call *

Each wonder since the world began,
And what was seene in skies;
A poet is no common man,
He lookes with Argoes' eyes.†

Like linx, throw steele or stonie wals,
No secret 'scapes his sight,
Of future time, and what befals
In world, by day or night: ‡

He sees and sometimes writes thereof,
When scornful people scowle;
And makes of earnest words a scoffe,
Or cals faire speeches fowle. §

Our countrie breeds up poets still,
As grass springs from good ground,
For there doth flourish learned skill,
Where knowledge doth abound.

Looke what our elder wits did sow,
Or left behinde in heapes,
Our age and harvest people mowe,
Or with sharp sickle reapes.

The seede of sence faire fruit brings foorth
In feeld a thousand fold,
And is in value, price, and woorth,
More preshous than the gold.

* Publius and Laberius, companions with Julius Cæsar.

† Arian, the poet of Periander, king of Corinth.

‡ Radullides, with Julianus, the emperor.

§ Claudianus his tombe honoured by Honorius and Arcadius, emperors.

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What can be counted foule or cleane,
But poets thereon talke,
Yet thousands knowes not what they meane,
When they in cloud will walke.

As from the fountaine water floes,
Convaid by gushing pipe:
So from the pen of poet goes
Fine words, and sentence ripe.

That ech good minde may well digest
As sweete as honie sure,
His termes are taken with the best,
If verse be neate and pure.

As rider's whisking wand doth feare
The horse whereon he sits,
So wrangling people evrie where
At verses vex their wits. *

If any writer touch the gall,
In pastime be it sed;
Then down comes tressels, house, and all,
Upon the poore man's head. †

Yet wise men will good words embrace,
And take each thing in worth,
And give each line and word a grace
That poets do set forth.

Divine Du Bartas merits praise,
Most excellent verse he wrate;
So sundrie writers in our daies
Have done full well of late. ‡

* Æschiron in his whole militarie expedition familiar with Alexander.

† Masonides, honoured of Adrian the emperor.

‡ Ariosto, liked of all good wits.

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In Spenser's morall Fairie Queene,
And Daniel's Rosiemound,
If they be throwly waid and seen,
Much matter may be found,

One Barnes, that Petrark's scholler is,
May march with them in ranke,
A learned Templar's name I mis,
Whose pen deserves great thanke. *

A number more writ well indeed;
They spring up newly now,
As gazing world their works shall read,
So shall world praise them throw.

But sure my noble Sidneie's skill
I never can forget;
To him my service and good will
Shall ever dwell in debt.

Of learned lore the onely light
Which blazde like lampe most cleere,
And as a star in moone-shine night
Could under cloud appear, †

Seem'd dim and darke to dazled eies,
But faire and bright to those
That understood the stately guise
Of learned verse or prose,

Could crack the nut of hardest shell
And shew the kernell plaine,

* Torquato Tasso, an Italian knight and poet laureat, who departed from oblivion to immortalitie, this last April 1595, whose memorie shall never vanish.

† Mounsieur Devoreux, a young bishop at this day living in France, accounted now the singular man in Europe for verse and poeticall devises.

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For by his works, who notes them well,
In world he lives againe.

The booke that doth of poets treat,
In golden robes so shines,
It triumphs still, with honor great,
Among the best divines:*

Which booke, deckt up in trim attire
Of authors wise and grave,
In matters of mine owne desire,
Great light to poetrie gave:

And made me write of poets' praise,
Thus so to starrie skie
My Sidneie's honor heere I raise,
As far as fame can flie."

FINIS.

On the last page is the following announcement—"My next booke comes out shortlie; dedicated to my honorable woorthy friende Master Henrie Brooke sonne and heire to the noble Lord Cobham."

At the close of an address to the reader, before Churchyard's Challenge,† in 1593, he affirms—"My next booke shall be the last booke of the Worthines of Wales: and my last booke called my *Ultimum Vale* shal be (if it please God) twelve long tales for Christmas, dedicated to twelve honorable Lords." It is doubtful whether these, or the following, ever appeared: "A book of a Sumptuous Shew in Shrovetide, by Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Robert Carey, M. Chidly, and M. Arthur Gorge [s]: in which book was the whole service of my Lord of

* Sir Phillip Sidneyes Appology.
† See *ante*.

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Lester mentioned, that he and his trane did in Flaunders; and the gentlemen pensioners proved to be a great piece of honour to the court." The following is known to have been printed, but is not supposed to be now extant: its discovery at least still remains a desideratum with the indefatigable Mr. Nichols:* "The devises of Warre, and a play at Awsterley, [Osterley, in Middlesex] her Highness [Q. Elizabeth] being at Sir Thomas Gresham's."

T. P.

ART. XLIV. *Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets; with a Discourse of the friendly affections of Tymetes to Pyndara, his Ladie. Newly corrected, with additions, and set out by George Turbervile, Gentleman. Imprinted at London, by Henry Denham.* 1567, *and* 1570, *small* 8vo.

THE latter edition of these poems is alone recorded by Wood and Herbert; but the former is still extant, and bears a dedication by the author "To the right noble and his singular good lady, Lady Anne Countesse Warwick," &c. From Fullert it appears that the Turberviles, (de turbida villa) were an ancient and respectable family in Dorsetshire. Wood‡ informs us that George, the poet, was born at Whitchurch in that county, and educated a Wykehamist; became perpetual fellow of New College, Oxon, in 1561; but left it the following year, before he was graduated, and went to one of the Inns

* See Preface to Vol. III. of Progresses &c. and Lysons's Environs, III. 26.

† Worthies of Dorset, p. 279. ‡ Athenæ, I. 275.

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of Court, where he was much admired for his poetic talents. In 1568-9, he was employed as Secretary, when Randolph went on an embassy to Russia; from which country Turbervile addressed three metrical epistles to his friends Edw. Dancie, Edm. Spencer, (not the poet) and Parker. These were printed in the Voyages of Hakluyt, and at the end of Turbervile's Tragical Tales. After his return, says Wood, he was esteemed a most accomplished gentleman,* and his company was much sought after by all ingenious men, especially upon the publication of his labours. Wood describes him to have been living in 1594, but knew not the time of his decease. If the same biographer had not recorded with so much precision the æra (36 Reg. Eliz.) when Turbervile flourished, it might now have been suspected that his life had been terminated by the hand of violence in 1579. For in that year, says Herbert † was entered in the Stationer's books "a dittie of Mr. Turbervyle murthered, and John Morgan that murthered him: with a letter of the said Morgan to his mother and another to his sister Turbervyle." Haringtont has some epitaphial lines in commendation of Turbervile, as a polisher of our poetry and a purifier of our morality. Nash gave him only negative praise as a writer; but Puttenham numbers him among those who have written excellently well, and Meres cites him as of good note for his translations of

* A note among Rawlinson's MSS. says he was knighted; but this does not appear from Morgan's Catalogue of Knights in his Sphere of Gentry.

† Typogr. Antiquities, II. 1053. ‡ Epigrams, lib. I. ep. 42.

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Ovid's Epistles and Mantuan: which may here be noticed in continuation. Mr. Ellis has afforded specimens of his Songs and Sonnets. T. P.

ART. XLV. *The heroycall Epistles of the learned poet Publius Ovidius Naso: with Aulus Sabinus aunsweres to certaine of the same: in English verse. Set out and translated by George Turbervile, Gent. Imprinted by Henry Denham*, 1567, 1569, 1600, *and sine anno.*

THIS version is dedicated to Ld. Tho. Howarde, Visct. Byndon, &c. and has a metrical address prefixed, from the Translator to his Muse. An Epistle to the reader speaks of some other projected work, and promises "that if he shew himselfe friendly in well accepting this provision, he shall be invited to a better banquet, as soon as occasion will serve."

At the close of the volume are some stanzas from the translator to the captious reader, which thus rebuked the hypercritics of that period, and may be applied to those of our own.

If thou thy selfe for lumpish ydle life
No leysure hast, to take in hand the like,
But keep'st thy cowch;—put up that cankerd knife,
Wherewith thou wonted art the good to strike:
Let others presse in place to purchase fame,
For vertue's sake that worke to winne a name!
Discerne their deedes, when all their toyle is done;
Say thou thy worst, when they have done their best;
Condemne them not ere that thou hast begun
To viewe their works, but over-reade the rest:

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That done, let eche sustaine his earned meede:
This were a way to purchase love indeede!

Warton* has honoured him with the title of "a polite scholar," and remarks that some of the passages in his version of Ovid are not unhappily turned.

T. P.

ART. XLVI. *The Eglogs of the poet B. Mantuan, Carmelitan; turned into English verse, and set forth with the Argument to every Egloge, by George Turbervile, Gent. Anno* 1567. *Imprinted at London, in Paternoster-rowe, at the signe of the Mermayde, by Henry Bynneman,* 12mo.

OF this little volume I have seen only one copy, which is in the Royal Library. In a dedication "To the right worshipful and his good uncle Maister Hugh Bamfield, Esquier, George Turbervile wisheth Nestor's yeares, with all good fortune." The translator, before his Mantuan, thus Englishes the well-known introduction to Horace's Art of Poetry: "Humano capiti cervicem," &c.

To set a manlie heade
upon a horses necke,
And all the lims with divers plumes
of divers hue to decke;

* Hist. of Eng. Poetry, III. 421. Among Rawlinson's MSS. were two fair copies in large folio of a Translation of Tasso in octave stanzas, by Sir G. T. which initials being assigned to Turbervile, gave rise probably to the unsupported assertion that he had received the honour of knighthood. See Warton, ut sup. p. 485.

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Or paint a womans face
aloft to open showe,
And make the picture end in fish,
with scaly skinne belowe:
I thinke, my friendes, would cause
you laugh and smile to see,
How yl these yl-compact things
and members would agree.

Wood says, that Tho. Harvey afterwards translated the Eclogues of Mantuan, but not without the help of Turbervile's translation, though unacknowledged. T. P.

ART. XLVII. *Tragical Tales, translated by Turbervile, in time of his troubles, out of sundrie Italians; with the argument and L'Envoye to ech Tale. Nocet empta dolore voluptas. Imprinted at London, by Abell Jeffs, dwelling in the Fore-streete without Crepelgate, at the signe of the Bel. Anno Dom.* 1576, 1587. 12*mo.*

To the latter edition of these Tales were annexed, *Epitaphes and Sonets, with some other broken pamphlettes and Epistles, sent to certaine of his frends in England, at his being in Moscovie. Anno* 1569.

THIS very rare publication is inscribed "to the right worshipful, his loving brother, Nicholas Turbervile, Esq." and was conceived by Wood to be the same production as that entitled "Epitaphes, Epigrams, Songs, and Sonets:" but it differs altogether. The Tragical Tales are ten in number, and an excuse is offered at the close, for writing these and other

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such fancies, with promise of graver matters hereafter. It would seem however from a note on the 5th book of Orlando Furioso by Harington, 1591, that the tale of Geneura, "a prettie comicall matter, had been written in English verse some few years past, learnedly and with good grace, by Mr. George Turbervil." Mr. Malone reasonably infers from hence, that Turbervile had likewise produced a set of Comic Tales from the Italian: but Ritson seems inclined to believe, what he deemed it a hard matter to credit,* that Harington's memory had deceived him, as the tale of Ariodante and Geneura was actually translated by Peter Beverley of Staple-Inn, about 1565. Turbervile's poetry is mostly of a dry uninteresting cast, and his amatory pieces bespeak him to have been a *translator* only of the passion of Love. In the Epilogue of his Tragical Tales, he writes with becoming diffidence of his own poetical pretensions; and while other adventurers on the stream of Helicon sail in mid-channel with the current, he seems content to have paddled along its banks, like a sculler who rows against the tide.

"My slender ship" (he says) "hath kept the shore
for feare of boystrous winde."

I durst not stir amid the streame,
the channel was too deepe;
Which made me have the more regard
about the bankes to keepe.

It is for mighty hulkes to dare
adventure out so farre,

* Bibliographia Poetica, p. 371.

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And barkes of biggest size, and such
as builded be for warre.

I write but of familiar stuffe,
because my stile is lowe;
I feare to wade in weighty works,
or past my reach to rowe:

Yet meaner Muses must not lurke,
but each in his degree;
That meaneth well, and doth his best,
must well regarded be.

The planets are the pride of heaven,
and cheefest lampes of light;
Yet other starres doe yelde a show,
And helpe to cleere the night:

Likewise, though divers write in verse
and doe exceeding well,
The remnant must not be refusde
because *they* doe excell.

Turbervile has commendatory verses before the writings of some of his contemporaries, with a poem in the praise of Hawking, and a metrical epilogue printed in his Booke of Faulconrie, 1575.

T. P.

ART. XLVIII. *The firste syxe bokes of the mooste Christian Poet Marcellus Palingenius, called the zodiake of life. Newly translated out of Latin into English by Barnabe Googe. Imprinted at London by Jhon Tisdale for Rafe Newbery. Anno* 1561. *Duod. pp.* 320 *besides preliminaries.*

THIS is said to be an exceedingly rare edition, and Mr. Herbert told Mr. Astle, to whom it belonged,

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that he had never seen another copy. To the title page succeeds the author's coat of arms,* viz. quarterly, of four: 1. Per pale arg. & sab. a chevron between three dogs currant, counterchanged; on a chief three leopard's faces. 2 arg. a griffin segreant sab. 3. arg. a lion passt. ducally crowned. 4 arg. three towers, a mullet for difference. On the back of this coat are commendatory Latin verses by Gilbert Duke, of Cambridge. Then follows a similar Latin poem by E. Dering of Kent, which is succeeded by another of G. Chatherton, Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge. After these is the following.

If Chaucer nowe should live,
  Whose eloquence divine
Hath paste the poets al, that came
  Of auncient Brutus' lyne;
If Homere here might dwell,
  Whose praise the Greekes resounde,
If Vergile might his yeares renewe,
  If Ovide myght be founde;
All these myght well be sure
  Theyr matches here to fynde,
So muche doth England flourishe nowe
  With men of Muses kynde.
Synce these might find their mates,
  What shame shall this my ryme
Receave, that thus I publishe here
  In such a perlous tyme?

* The paternal coat of arms of Googe to his Translation of Heresbachius's Husbandry is different from that annexed to this work; though some of the quarterings are the same; viz. 3 boars passant, with five other quarterings.

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A poete ones there lyved,
And Cherill was hys name;
Who thought of Alexander's actes
To make immortal fame.
Bredde up in Pegase house,
Of poetes aunciente bloude,
A thousande verses yll he made,
And none but seven good.
Sythe Homer, Virgile, and the rest
May here theyr matches see,
Lett Cherill not thereat disdayne;
He shall be matched with me.
For eche good verse he dyd receyve
A peece of golde, I trowe,
For eche yll verse the kynge did bydde
His eare shoulde fele a blowe.
Though I presume with him as mate
Coequall to remain:
Yet seake I not herein to be
Coparcener of his gayne.

For an account of other editions, see Herbert II. 767, &c. and for an account of Googe and his poem, see Warton's Hist. E. P. II. p. 449.

The First Book, called *Aries*.

"My mind with fury fierce inflam'd
Of late, I know not how,
Doth burn Parnassus' hills to see
Adorn'd with laurel bough.
The camps so clear of Castaly,
Where Muses sweet do sing:
The town Cirrha doth me delight,
And trees that ever spring!

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What darkness O shall I now fly?
To me appeareth plain
The blissful beams of Eous bright;
The days return again.
O darkness, fade thy way from hence;
Hide thou thyself in hell;
The love of Muse and high Jehove
Doth both within me dwell.
And Virtue doth not labour fear,
The way though hard it be:
O Phœbus, father, poets help,
Disclose the doubts to me:
With Aganippe's wholesome food
Replenish thou my days;
Thy temple eke to come unto
Do thou direct my ways.
Defend me from the common sort,
That seek me to dispraise.
Not worse unlik'd now shall I be,
If that thou wilt me bless,
That I thy priest unknown and new,
Myself to labour dress.
Thou liftest men from base estate,
To honours them to call;
Without thy grace the wit of man
Would perish soon and fall.
His voice and all would wax full hoarse,
Nothing would sweetly sound;
All sweet and pleasant melody
Would fall unto the ground.
And if thou wilt me favour now
I will ascend the skies;
And there thy high and godly works
Contemplate with mine eyes.

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O favour me, thou Phœbus high,
Take thou from ground away
Thy feet prostrate here on earth,
If that by fates I may,
And you, O Nymphs of Castaly,
If with unfeigned heart
I have approach'd your learned doors;
If Riot's filthy art
Could not withdraw my youthful years
From honouring of your name;
Ne filthy lust of beastliness
Could ever me defame;
Then let my fame go fly abroad,
Lest that unworthily
I shall be after thought to live,
And so my name shall die.
The hope of glory and renown
A name for to obtain
Hath caused men in virtuousness
To take both care and pain.
And thou, O famous worthy Prince,
That *Hercule* hast to name,
Amongst the doubty Italian Dukes
Of most renowned fame,
And of the High *Estensian* blood
The chief illustre flower,
Whom Pallas in Parnassus' caves
Hath nourish'd every hour;
Whom Muses nine with sacred milk
From tender years have fed,
Whereby a fame they hope to have,
That never shall be dead.
Of Cirrha eke the laurel trees
Shall spring, they trust, again;

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Though Mars doth let in spite of them,
And seeketh to retain
Your noble heart into his tents
By all the means he may:
In tents where honour you shall have,
That never shall decay:
Whereas your arms, as right requires,
Shall richly decked be
With triumphs due to such a Prince,
Of lusty laurel tree.
Draw near and with a joyful face
Thy poet look upon
Willing to tread unproved paths,
That have not yet been gone.
And grant this favour to a wight,
That now abashed is!
So may Ferrara see thee long
In perfect joy and bliss,
Till after this thy joyful life,
A long and happy time,
Departing from the earth, thou shalt
The starry heavens climb.
And if my fatal years be long,
In time shall come the day,
When as your Grace and worthy deeds
I shall in time display.
When India aye with *tartess brinks*
Thy name shall cause to sound;
Thy fame shall fly in every place,
Of Hyperbore's ground.
In utter parts of Afric too
You shall be known by me;
Then I with greater rage of Muse
Encouraged shall be;

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And shall declare unto all men,
How that you do embrace
Justice; and eke what godliness
And faith is in your Grace;
What counsel doth in you abound,
What valiant worthy power;
How liberal with gentleness
You are at every hour.
By me shall also wonder much
The world in every place,
To see what wit and manners mild
Consisteth in your Grace.
But now the things, that I you give,
Receive with gentle heart,
And take my present doings here
Awhile, as in good part.
My mind desireth sore to write
Of much and diverse things;
And not always to stay at one,
But as the sprite me brings,
I go now here, now there, I swim
Amid the waters deep;
Sometimes I toss the boistrous waves,
Sometimes to shore I creep;
And though sometimes by reason's rule
I shall assay to find
The secret ways by Nature hid,
And bring them unto mind;
Those things yet will I follow most,
Whereby a profit shall
Arise, and add a holy life
To men that be mortal.
A life, alas! now banished clean,
If I the truth may say,

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In this our age, than which a worse
Was never seen the day.
Such things I say that shall expell
The vices of the mind;—
A thing, that more the Muses fits,
Than this I cannot find!
This makes a man for to be found
Of wit both prompt and fine,
Although from nature he be dull,
And do from wit decline;
Ungodly and neglecting right,
That whoredom doth not spare,
Or on whom earthly avarice
Hath caused for to care;
Or he, whom envy in his heart
Doth evermore possess;
Unconstant, or a lying man,
Or takes in drink excess.
In fine, whatever vice he hath,
By this he may forsake
The hurtful harms of perverse mind,
A godly life to take.
This worthy men doth cause to be,
And fit for honours high,
Which to themselves their house and realm
Can counsel prudently,
And unto doubtful things this can
Bring present remedy.
So much the face of beauty fair
Ought not esteemed be,
The pleasant eyes with shining looks
Each part of royal blee,
As manners well composed, and
A pure and honest mind,

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Where Virtue bears so great a stroke,
That Vice is hard to find.
Doth not the righteous man, or he
That virtues much doth love,
Live all in mirth, and hopes for help
Of only God above?
He nothing cares, when whispering words
Be closely spoke in ear;
When Judge or King doth for him call,
His heart doth nothing fear.
Contrary wise the wicked man
Defamed fears to be;
And when the lightning's thunder roars,
Then guilty trembleth he.
If men do chance in ears to round,
Or whisper when they walk,
Alas! then cries he to himself,
'Of me these men do talk!
What shall I do? The Judge or King
Doth call; and shall I go?
Or rather fly the perils great
Of wretched life now low!'
By fixed law of God doth fear
The wicked man torment;
And do sometimes the evil man
To mirth do seem as bent,
As Strongilos amid the seas,
Yet doth he boil within;
Or Ætna, when his flaming darts
Pyrackmon doth begin.
But were it better to declare
With thousand ships assail'd
The cursed chance of Pergamus,
That foolishly bewail'd

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The perjur'd faith of Simon's deed,
Or else Ogyges town,
Which by the cruel chance of war
Was rased clean adoun?
Or shall I praise as poets wont,
Some man with forged lies;
And judge a colour fair to be,
Contrary to mine eyes?
Or were it better here to feign
How Dædalus did fly
The woeful hap of Icarus,
That fell out of the sky.
The bodies oft transformed are
Of gods and eke of men;
And so delude the idle ears.
With trifles of my pen?
Or had I better to declare
The wanton toys of youth;
And slander Gods with profane acts,
Which is a greater ruth?
For what do these our frantic heads
Now fear at any hour?
The gods we say with lecherous lust
Both boys and maids deflower,
A whore in heavens high to be;
A lecher too, they say:
O shame! is this a godliness;
Or right to use such way?
Are these the thanks we owe to God?
Be these our odours sweet?
Be these the duties that we owe;
Or praises for him meet?
What thing will now the wit of man
Forbear to feign or lie,

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By means thereof they may obtain
In sin a liberty?
Of writers vain, both lewd, and ill,
O rude, unruly rout?
You need to take helleborus,
To purge your humours out!
To you I speak, that others harm,
Whose tongues do spare no man!
If lightning should you all consume,
What marvel were it then!
Shew me the cause, both night and day,
Why do you take such pain:
It is but only for yourselves?
Why then no praise you gain;
For he, that only private wealth
Regardeth always still,
And laughs to scorn another's harm,
While he enjoys his will,
A savage beast by right desert
Deserveth call'd to be;
And not a man for to be nam'd;
For so to write ought we,
That men may get some good thereby,
And not complain to spend
Their time in trifling tricks and toys,
That have no certain end.
And first ought to be known, that we
Do good in three divide;
In pleasure and utility,
And honesty chief beside.
Some one of these, or greater part,
May poets always use;
So that the bonds of honesty
To break they do refuse.

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But, O, what titles and what crown
Did he deserve to have,
Which things, not only vain and nought,
Good fruit that never gave,
But wrote such things as might corrupt
The life of any man,
And make him worser, ten to one,
Than when he first began?
He left behind him monuments
Of wanton wicked ways;
And left such foolish doating things,
To men of latter days!
O Lord, how much doth wanton words
To wicked life entice;
And with a fervent poison great,
Doth draw men unto vice.
From ears and wanton wicked voice
Dare pierce the secret thought,
And unto mischief move thereby
The members bent to nought.
A nobleman such things delight,
Some man perhaps may say;
Who in his house a lusty rout
Doth keep in rich array;
Whom for to fear, excessive goods
Compels a man thereto;
With any part of worthy wit
Who never had to do.
What then, may these be suffer'd tho',
Or prais'd because they please
The rich, or else the nobleman,
That always lives in ease?
Not so; for what a sort there be
Of two legg'd asses cloath'd

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In gold and silk and purple fair,
To all men is not shew'd.
There be, there be full many now,
Whom pearls have puff'd with pride;
And whom the Asians have beset
With silk on every side;
Whose fingers fair with rings of gold
Be dash'd, and deck'd about
With precious stones and pearls of price,
That India sendeth out.
Those men a man could almost swear
That Plato they excel;
Or Socrates, who, Phœbus judge,
Of wisdom bare the bell.
And yet these princely painted walls
Do nought within contain;
A bladder full implete with wind
They may be termed plain.
Where Fortune fawns, their pleasure springs,
And pleasure bringeth folly;
And so the light of reason's rule
Is darkened utterly;
Whereby it haps that seldom wise
These children hap to be,
To suffer pain for Virtue's sake,
Who will, if so be he
Have no reward? reward who seeks,
But he, whom need constrains?
The rich man follows joyful things,
And liveth void of pains:
He hates the pricking thorny ways,
The cliffs both sharp and sour,
By which we do assay to climb
To Lady Learning's tower.

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I cannot stay myself as now,
When Anger comes upon;
But needs I must defy both verse,
And poets all as one,
When boys I see decline to nought
Whom masters do embue
With verses filthy to be nam'd,
Which most they should eschew.
Their first possessed shamefacedness
To see them clean forsake;
And eke how apt and prone they be
A naughty way to take,
And foster mischief so in youth,
That it may always dwell
In them, whereby they may prepare
In age alway to hell.
But yet it doth me good to see
How hoping all for praise
They get themselves immortal shame,
That never more decays.
For who will judge them void of vice,
Or that they live'd not so,
As they themselves did give precept
To others for to go?
The talk itself doth well declare
The nature of the mind,
And every man doth most frequent
Things proper to his kind.
Of oxen rake and culture sharp
The ploughman's tongue doth walk;
Of sail and cable, mast and oar,
Is all the seaman's talk.
Of horse and harness, spears and shield,
The captain still will boast;

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So bawdy mates of bawdy things
Their tongues do clatter most.
I warn you, sirs, above the rest,
Of youth that takes the cure,
Whose parts it is the tender minds
Of boys for to allure,
To virtue and to godliness,
Like wax do them prepare;
Hate you the wicked works of those,
For greater matters care.
Read not such things as are but vaine,
Unworthy to be told;
But teach the worthy histories
Of ancient fathers old:
Herein let children nousled be;
Let these be borne away;
Hereof may spring a godly fruit,
Direct their life that may.
They shew what things we follow should,
And what we should reject;
And fables all among the rest,
We may not well neglect.
For oftentimes a comedy
May wholesome doctrine bring,
And monish men by pleasant words
To leave some naughty thing.
There be, I grant, some poet's works
Not altogether vain,
Which with a pleasant suger'd stile
Proceed from sober brain.
These things do help, and void of vice
Their works do profit much:
In youth bring up your scholars with
None other food but such;

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And when their young and tender age
They once have passed out,
Then may they safely void of harm
Go range the fields about;
And gather flowers, where they list,
For dangers is away.
But now awhile for to discuss
I think it best essay,
Of which of these is needful most,
Or most to be esteem'd;
The man, that good and honest is,
Or he, that well is learn'd.
The good, or else the learned man,
Of two which is the best;
Learning is high, becomes the meek,
And doth the proud infest;
It doth refuse the belly gods,
And such as sleep hath train'd
Without long time and labour great,
It will not be obtain'd.
This city rules and moveth Mars,
And this can wars repel:
It sheweth the earth and goodly stars,
And sickness doth expel.
This teacheth figures fair to frame,
Of sundry sort and kind:
This teacheth us to number well,
And music calls to mind.
This doth ascend the heavens and
Bring hidden things to light:
No perfect man without this same
May called be of right.
Unlike to beasts and like to gods,
This causeth us to be:

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Sometime and yet of little price,
His virtue lost we see.
As oft as with the dregs of vice,
Defiled he doth put on
Deformed hue amid the dirt,
As doth the jasper stone.
Or as the sun behind the cloud,
Or shadow of the moon:
Nor is it only vile in sight,
But hurtful very soon.
For if a wicked man it have,
Then may it be compar'd
Unto a frantic foot that hath
A sword without regard:
Whereby he many doth destroy,
And runneth more astray:
But he that void of harm and hurt,
To live doth well assay.
Observing well the law of God,
And of the higher power:
And sin doth fly as open throat
Of dragon to devour.
The sheep, the moyle, or horses kept,
Whose office is to see,
Though he be one, if learning lack,
Esteemed he ought to be.
Such one I say no man nor god
Can ever well despise:
But he that virtue doth envy;
At least that is not wise.
For who but such will not him love,
And worthily commend,
That feareth God, and righteousness,
Observeth to his end,

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Whom gold can never overcome,
Who willeth no man's wrong:
Who helps the poor's afflicted case,
Who flyeth the naughty throng.
He feeds the humble and the meek,
Ill tongues he doth reject:
No man to hurt he doth rejoyce,
But rather to protect.
And that which is the worthiest praise
At every time he can,
In every thing a modesty
Use, happy is the man.
More happy yet I do him judge,
That doth in both excel:
Who that is good and learned too,
A crown deserveth well.
For other men he far exceeds,
As gold doth copper pass,
And as the flaming Pyropus
Excels the dusky glass.
And seldom sin thou shalt discern
A man of learned fame,
At least not much unto the rude
There is no heed of shame.
But headlong rush they into vice,
Which they forbidden be:
And holy laws be taught to scorn
By foolish fond decree.
Like as the blind cannot beware,
But fall in ditches deep:
As men amid the dark be hurt,
When Proserpine doth sleep;
So mind of man, which is but blind,
Take learning once away:

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In every vice it doth not doubt
To fall and run astray.
Except it be compressed by fear,
Of pain that may ensue;
No things but those that pleasant be
It judgeth right or true.
Yet many times it may be seen,
That nature doth supply
The master's room, and giveth grace
In youth abundantly;
Whereby that school did never teach,
By grace they may obtain:
What letteth such to lead a life,
As virtue teacheth plain.
The greater thanks be due to him,
For evermore to give,
Whose book doth shew a method true,
Declaring how to live.
Or famous gods of high renown,
Which rule the forked hill;
To whom my years I always gave,
And dedicate them still,
If that such weighty things a wretch
May safely you desire,
In this my work I take in hand,
Your aid I now require.
Let no dishonour me deface,
Nor in his blazing rage,
Let limping Vulcan me destroy,
At any time or age.
And thus an end. The ram that keeps
The entrance of our door,
Doth leave his place unto the bull,
That hasteth here afore.

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The book approaching next at hand,
Doth will me to have done
In haste, and bids me finish now,
That I of late begun."

ART. XLIX. *Eglogs, Epytaphes, and Sonnettes, newly written by Barnabe Googe. London, Imprinted by Tho. Colwell, for Rafe Newbery, &c. Small 8vo.*

MR. STEEVENS, of whose library this book formed No. 876, said there was no scarcer book in the English language than this. It now belongs to Mr. Heber.

ART. L. *The Popish Kingdome, or reigne of Antichrist. Written in Latine verse by Thomas Naogeorgus, and Englyshed by Barnaby Googe. 2 Timoth. 3. Lyke as Iannes and Iambres withstoode Moises, euen so doe these also resist the truth. Men they are of corrupt mindes, and lewde as concerning the faith: but they shall preuaile no longer. For their foolishnesse shall be manifest to all men as theirs was. Imprinted at London by Henrie Denham, for Richarde Watkins, Anno* 1570. *4to* 88 *leaves, exclusive of table, epistles, &c. b. l.*

DEDICATED "To the Right High, and Mightie Princesse Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queene of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, Defender of the Fayth, and of the Church of England and Ireland; on earth next under God the supreme governour."

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In this dedication the Translator says "the author so eloquentlye in Latin hath exprest his mind, and so plainely and truely hath described the fayned sanctitie of the Romishe religion, that now so much is boasted of, as I cannot but judge him a present meete for a queene."—"I have also hereunto joyned some parte of another booke written by the same author, and entituled *The Spirituall Husbandrie* (which I long before translated) bicause the other being printed, seemed something to small in volume." Concluding "your Maiesties most humble and faithfull subiect. Barnabe Googe." Two pages.

On the following page are the arms of B. G. the quarterings somewhat different from those described in p. 321.

"To the Right High and Mightie Prince Philip, by the grace of God Lantgrave of Hesse, &c. Thomas Naogeorgus his humble subiect wisheth, &c." Dated "from Basil the 20 of Februarie, 1553." Six pages.

This work is divided into four books. The first book, consisting of 1000 lines, describes the establishing of papal power, the acts of the popes, cardinals, bishops, &c. The following is the description of the dress of a bishop.

"The bishop in the meane time is apparelde gorgiously,
And fourteene sundrie garments doth he herein occupy,
Without the which he cannot doe his sacrifice at all;
Yea, some must fifteene on them have, beside their costly pall:
His sandals first he putteth on, of silke or velvet new,
And then his Amias and his Albe, that hangeth to his shew,

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Which doth in whitenesse passe the swan, that in the river fleetes,
A slender girdle rounde about his loynes, embracing meetes;
And eke about his necke a stoale doth round in compasse sit,
The greatest part is wrought of silke, of length and largenesse fit,
Which, when upon his blessed brest a crosse is overlayde,
It passeth downe and underneath his girdle fast is stayde.
Then puttes he on his tunicle, of purple colour bright,
And over that his dalmatik, a short sleevde garment light,
And then upon his tender handes his gloves he draweth on,
And many a costly stone in ringes he weareth thereupon:
Then over all he puttes his cope, a garment strange in sight,
Which lyke unto the lothsome tode behinde is shaped right,
With crosse depainted brave upon his backe and eke his brest,
And after this his napkins white, he joyneth with the rest;
And rounde about his porkish necke, his palle of passing price
He casteth on, with hanging hoode, and knot of fine device;
His forked myter then he takes, with golde and stones arayde,
From whence two labels hanging out, behind are overlayde;
Now last of all his Crosiar staffe in hand he holdes upright,
Whose crooked upper part is deckt with gold and jewels bright.
The rest with silver garnisht is, and plaited fine and neat,
Least it should grieve his holy hands, with weight of mettall great.
What God I say, or Sybyll then, what Moyses ever tought,
For to be clad with such a pompe, and garments straungly wrought.

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When long agone they left their bookes, and freely had assinde,
Ech blocke to preache, and bussards such, as had none other minde;
But onely for to feede themselves, and that they weary were,
Of such things as belonge unto the bishop's dutie here."

In the second book (976 lines) the consistories, officialls, parsons, and various orders of monks, &c. are pourtrayed in a continual strain of censure. Of the order of mendicants

"No mariage is solemnized, nor great assembly had,
No feast is made in any place, but strayte these beggers mad
With boxes stande about the borde, and impudently than
They crave and aske, like lothsome flies molesting every man;
At supper none in quiet sittes, nor can their dinner take,
But in they come, and both their handes and eares they weary make.—
But yet above the reast I doe the wisest count those same,
That begging rounde about the worlde, with tytle fayre and name,
Have growne in little time to wealth, and treasures infinite,
Have purchast vineyardes, landes, and rents, and houses fayre in sight:
With graunges great, and pleasant farmes, and droves of cattell store,
That now no neede they have to begge, nor aske for any more;
Yea, loth they are to have the names of beggers in degree,
So abby-lubber lyke they live, and lordes they called bee."

The third book (1012 lines) describes the catholic

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faith and the power of the mass, to which some singular properties are assigned: amongst many other it is said

"Masse helpes the hunter with his horne, and makes the dog to runne, [come:
Masse sendeth store of sport and game into their nettes to
Masse molifieth the angrie mindes, and driveth rage away,
Masse brings the wofull lovers to their long desired day;
Masse doth destroy the witches works, and makes their charmings vaine, [paine;
Masse causeth good deliverance, and helpes the womans
Masse overthrowes thine enmies force and doth resist his might, [by night:
Masse drives out Robyn good-fellow, and bugs that walk
Masse useth many slouthfull knaves, and lubbers for to feede, [neede."
Masse brings in dayly gaine, as doth the sowter's arte, at

The last book (1184 lines) contains a description of the various feasts and holidays kept, which appears exaggerated; but repeated mention of "playes, Christmasse-games, jeasters, roges, minstrells, and pedlars," makes it interesting, as describing the customs and amusements of that period. From Shrovetide a short extract, and end.

"The chiefest man is he, and one that most deserveth prayse, [playes:
Among the rest that can finde out the foudest kinde of
On him they looke and gaze upon, and laugh with lustie cheare, [geare.
Whom boyes do follow, crying 'foole,' and such like other
He in the meane time thinkes himselfe a wondrous worthie man, [they can.
Not mooved with their wordes nor cryes, do whatsoever

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Some sort there are that runne with staves, or fight in armour fine, [wine.
Or shew the people foolishe toyes, for some small peece of
Besides the noblemen, the riche, and men of hie degree,
Least they with common people should not seeme so mad to bee; [meete,
There wagons finely framde before, and for this matter
And lustie horse and swift of pace, well trapt from head to feete, [before,
They put therein, about whose necke and every place
A hundred gingling belles do hang, to make his courage more. [do stande,
Their wives and children therein set, behinde themselves
Well armde with whips, and holding fast the bridle in their hande, [place they ron,
With all their force throughout the streetes and market
As if some whirlewinde mad, or tempest great, from skies should come," &c.

The *Spirituall Husbandrie* has a preface "To the Right Honorable and Worthie Lords the Governors and Senate of Bern, Thomas Naogeorgus wisheth, &c." Dated "from Campidun the first of March, 1550."

The first book contains 918 lines, and the second 978 lines of the same measure with the preceding, of which the specimens are, perhaps, more than sufficient for the whole.

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LI. *Discours of the present troubles in Fraunce, and Miseries of this tyme. Compiled by Peter Ronsard: Translated by Thomas Jeney, gentilman. Printed at Andwerpe*, 1568. 4to.

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A specimen of very indifferent versification: dedicated to Sir Hen. Norris.

ART. LII. *The most ancient, and learned play, called The Philosopher's Game, invented for the honest recreation of the Studious. By W. F. Imprinted by Rowland Hall.* 1563. *b. l.* 16*mo.* 47 *leaves.*

UNFORTUNATELY there is a portrait of Lord R. Dudley on the back of the title-page of this little work, and as the pilfering Grangerites *must* be supplied, a perfect copy may shortly be reckoned unique. The above title is copied from the hand-writing of Dr. Farmer, which is more fully given in Herbert, p. 805. The work affords two new entries in the Bibliographia Poetica; that of the name of Roubothum, whose task seems to have been the dedication; and the author of the book's verdict, which may probably be assigned with justice to W. F. the translator.

By the dedication "to the Ryght Honorable, the Lord Robert Dudley, Maister of the Queene's Maiestie's Horse, Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, and one of the Queene's Maiestie's Privie Counsell, James Roubothum heartelye wisheth longe life, with encrease of godly honour and eternall felicitie." This address is in thirty-seven quatrains, or divided Alexandrines; in which is the following account of the supposed inventor of Chess.

"Pithagoras did first invent
this play as it is thought;
And therby, after studies great,
his recreation sought.

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Yea therby he would well refreshe
his studious wery braine:
And still in knowledge further wade,
and plye it to his gaine.

Accompting that a wicked play,
wherein a man leudely
Mispendes his tyme and wit also,
and no good getts thereby.

But greavously offendes the Lord:
and so in steed of rest,
With trouble and vexation great,
on every side is prest

Most games and playes abused are,
and few do now remaine
In good and godly order, as
they ought to be certaine.

For why? all games should recreat
the hevy mynde of man;
And eke the body overlayde
with cares and troubles than.

But now in stead of pleasant mirth,
great passions do arise;
In stead of recreation now,
revengings we practise.

In stead of love and amitie,
long discords do appeare:
In stead of trueth and quietnes,
great othes and lyes we heare.

In stead of friendship, falsehode now,
mixed with cruell hate,
We finde to be in playes and games,
which dayly cause debate.

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Pithagoras therfore I saye,
to make redresse herein,
Invented first this godly game,
therby to flie from sinne.

Since which time it continued hath
in French and Latin eke,
Still exercisde with learned men,
their comfort for to seeke.

Wherby, without a further profe,
all men may be right sure,
That this game unto gravitie,
and wisdome doth allure.

Els would not that philosopher,
Pithagoras so wyse,
Have laboured with diligence,
this pastime to devyse.

Els would not so well learned men
have amplified the same,
From tyme to tyme, with travell great,
to bring it into fame."

At the end "Your Honour's most humble, James Roubothum." Then follows, "to the Reader. I dout not but some man of severe iudgement so soone as he hath ons read the title of this boke wyl immediatly sai, that I had more need to exhort men to worke, than to teach them to play; which censure if it procede not of such a froward morositie that can be content with nothing but that he doth himself, I do not only well admit, but also willingly submit myself therto. And if I could be persuaded that men at mine exhortation wold be more diligent to labour, I would not only write a treatise twise as long as

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this, but also thinke my whole time wel bestowed yf I did nothing els, but invent, speake, and write that which might exhort, move, and persuade them to the furtherance of the same.—If great emperours and mighty monarches of the world have not bene ashamed by wryting bookes to teache the arte of dyceplaying, of all good men abhorred, and by all good lawes condemned; have I not some colour of defence, to teache the game, which so wyse men have invented, so learned men frequented, and no good man hath ever condemned?" At the end of the address the bookseller (Roubothum) announces,

"All things belonging to this game
for reason you may bye,
At the booke shop under Bochurch,
In Chepesyde redilye."

Then follows a description of the philosopher's game (chess,) the parts, order, obsidion, and arithmetical movements, geometrical and musical proportion, triumphs, and incidental victories, interspersed with various wood-cuts and tables of numbers, concluding with a distich from Cato, at the end of

"*The bookes verdicte.*

"Wanting I have beene long truly
In English language many a day;
Lo yet at last now here am I,
Your labours great for to delay,
And pleasant pastime you to showe,
Mynding your wits to move I trowe.
For though to mirth I do provoke,
Unto wisdome yet move I more:

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Laying on them a pleasant yoke,
Wisdom I meane, which is the dore,
Of all good things and commendable,
Dout this I thinke no man is able."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LIII. *A compendious Register in Metre, conteining the names and pacient suffryngs of the membres of Jesus Christ; and the tormented, and cruelly burned within Englande, since the death of our famous Kyng, of immortall memory, Edwarde the Sixte; to the entrance and beginnyng of the raign of our Soveraigne and dearest Lady Elizabeth, of Englande, Fraunce, and Ireland, Quene, Defender of the Faithe; to whose Highnes truly and properly apperteineth, next and immediately under God, the supreme power and authoritie of the Churches of Englande and Irelande. Sobeit. Anno* 1559. 12*mo.*

THIS metrical register of English Martyrs is inscribed in a long prose dedication, to the Rt. Hon. Lord Par, Marquis of Northampton, by Thomas Brice. Next follows an address to the gentle reader: and after that "the maner how to understande the letters and figures of the Register or Calender is revealed." Then the book addresses the reader in verse: but such verse as may be guessed at from one stanza of the poem.

"When blessed Bulter and Osmande
With force of fyre, to death were brent,
When Shitterdun, Sir Franke and Blande
And Humfrey Middelton of Kent,

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When Minge in Maidstone toke his death,
We wisht for our Elizabeth."

A briefe Register in meter, containing the Names and patient suffrings of the Martyrs and members of Jesus Christ, afflicted, tormented, and cruelly burned here in England, in the time of Q. Marie, together with the yeere, moneth, day, and place of their martyrdomes. Newly imprinted at the earnest request of divers godly and wel disposed Citizens of London. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, and are to be sold by E. Venge, dwelling at the Black Bull neere to the Three Cranes in the Vinetree. 1599. 12*mo. black letter, not paged.*

"To the gentle Reader, mercy and peace.

"May it please thee, gentle Reader, to take in good woorth, this short and simple Register, containing the names of divers, both men, women, and virgins, which for the profession of Christ, their captaine, were most miserably tormented, imprisoned, and executed, in the time of Queene Marie, together with the yeare, moneth, and day of their sufferings, which are plainely shewed unto thee in their fit places after this manner. This ¶ at any line's end, wheresoever it standeth, doth signifie the changing of the yeere; the twelve letters of the alphabet do shewe unto thee the twelve moneths, whereby thou mayest easily finde the yeare, moneth, and day, wherein any of them suffered. Such as it is, I commend unto thee, onely judge well. Farewell."

This singularly curious poem is not mentioned in

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"Ames's General History of Printing," nor can I find the least information relative to it, in any of those sources to which I have referred, as most likely to afford it. I have subjoined the following extracts as specimens of the author's style and versification.

"*The Register of the Martyrs.*

1555.

"When raging raygne of tyrants stout
Causeless did cruelly conspire
To rend and roote the simple out B
With furious force of sword and fire,
When man and wife were put to death,
We wish't for our Queene Elizabeth.

1555.

4. When *Rogers* rufully was brent,
8. When *Sanders* did the like sustayne,
When faithful *Farrar* forth was sent B
His life to lose with grievous payne,
22. When constant *Hooper* dyed the death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

1555.

16. When learned *Ridley* and *Latimer*,
Without regard were swiftly slaine,
When furious foes could not confer K
But with revenge and mortall paine,
When these two fathers were put to death
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

1556.

12. When constant *Cranmer* lost his life
And held his hand into the fire: C

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When streames of teares for him were ripe,
And yet did misse their just desire;
When popish power put him to death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

Our wished wealth hath brought us peace,
Our joy is full, our hope obtained,
The blazing brands of fire do cease,
The slaying sword also restrained,
The simple sheepe preserved from death
By our good Queene Elizabeth.

Pray we therefore both night and day
For her Highnes as we be bound,
O Lord preserve this Branch of Bay,
And all her foes with force confound,
Here long to live, and after death,
Receive our Queene Elizabeth.

Amen."

J. H. M.

ART. LIV. *The boke of Wisdome otherwise called the Flower of Vertue, folowing the Auctorities of auncient Doctours and Philosophers, deuiding and speaking of Vices and Vertues, wyth many goodly examples wherby a man may be praysed or dyspraysed, wyth the maner to speake well and wyselie to al folkes, of what estate so euer they bee. Translated fyrst out of Italion into French, and out of French into English by Iohn Larke.* 1565. *Lerne my godly chyldren to eschew vyce* [Wood cut of a Philosopher pointing to the stars. A small square, between the preceding sentence] *and*

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loke you to learne wisdõe of your fore fathers. Colophon. *Imprinted at London in Fletestreate, beneathe the Cunduyte, at the sygne of S. Iohn Euangeliste by Thomas Colwell.* [Wood cut of] *S. Iohn Euangelist.* 12*mo. fol.* 107. *b. l.*

THE work commences with "these be the auctoures of thys booke," enumerating sixty-two names, the first being that of our Saviour and the last "Galyen," for "these putteth in manye goodlye examples."

John Larke claims notice as a poet by "the Prologue," consisting of sixty-six lines, from which the following extracts are certainly the most favourable specimen.

"It was of Apryll the seuentene day,
In that freshe tyme, when the Rose so gay
Hys flower begynneth to spred and spryng,
And al other herbes and trees take liking.
The byrdes do synge so mery songe,
In the florishing wodes, thẽ selues amõg;
For the swetenes of yᵗ. time so cõfortable,
In the which al thinges be delectable;
I saye for me, whyche the sayde daye
In my bed al alone as I laye,
I thoughte in my slepe that I dyd see
A goo[d]ly medowe, not farre from me,
Wherin of goodly ladies a great cõpanye
Me thought in my dreame there should be."

After an enumeration of various characters that form the subjects of the work he concludes;

"All that great companie I dyd se,
In that same medowe as semyd me,

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Euerye one of them after ther nature;
Therfore I drewe me nere at auenture,
For the better to vnderstand their reason;
And vnder a bushe, in that season,
Preuelie me hyd, all thynges to marke,
Whiche incontynent was in my hearte
Imprynted, and with that I did wake,
And pen and ink then I did take,
The sayd vycyon trewly to wryte,
And in ordre euery thyng to indyte,
Which in this booke ye may rede,
And it receiue, if ye take hede;
The ground therof is founde in scyence,
Therfore I pray you of pacyence
And myne ignoraunce herein pardon,
For I commyt al to iust correctyon;
Now no more in ryme I wyll vse,
Take thys wyth the faultes, and me excuse
At the begynnyng, and fyrst of all
Shalbe treated of prudence the principall.
Thus endeth the prologue."

There are fifty-seven chapters, including the various examples, which are attached to several subjects. The titles are curious, and explain the nature of the work.

"Here the Auctour sheweth howe a man, (or a woman) oughte to be adorned with vertues. And how that Prudence ought chiefly, and fyrste of all, rule and gouerne the creatures. The fyrste chapter. Dame Prudence speaketh. Sapience [Square wood cut of a female holding a rose branch] or Wysdome."

The titles of the following chapters are,

"How Prudence is cheefe buckler, and defence of

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all Vertues. And of the great goodnes, that may come of the same to all persons, after the auncyente Phylosophers.

Howe Follye is contrarie to Prudence. And how follye is deuided into manye partes of the man. Also the maner to know the folie [foole] by his dedes, and the wyse man, by hys workes.

How temperaunce is one of the flowers of Prudence. And how he that hath it in hym maye resiste and withstande many euils after the saienges of the wise men, in ye. chapter going before.

Howe distemperaunce is contrarie to temperaunce: and how it is the pryncypall cause of al euyll.

How the auctour speaketh of Love, of Beneuolence, and of deliberacion, and how of Loue he maketh foure chapters.

Howe the Loue of God, is the Loue aboue all Loues that durethe the longest; and that, withoute the whyche, the creatures cannot be satysfyed or contented.

Howe the Loue of Father and Mother with other parentes commeth, and what reuerence and honoure we oughte to geue to oure father and mother. And the maner to loue his Wife and Children, and to correct and leade them in thys world.

Of the Loue of Compaginons and fryendes, and how to entertaine it.

Howe the Loue of Concupysce[n]ce commeth to men and woomen, and of the daunger that doe chaunce and come of the same.

Howe Enuye is contrarye to the Vertue of Loue; and what Enuye is, and also of the paine, that the enuyous man beareth in himselfe.

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Howe a man oughte to take gladnesse and Joye; and of what thynge, and what gladnesse or Joye is.

Howe Heuynesse is contrarye to gladnesse; and howe the wyse man oughte neuer to put any in his hearte, wherof heuynes and mellancolly may be engendred.

Howe mellancholly is daungerous, and what is mellancholye, and howe it causeth manye to fall in greate trauayle, paynes and miseryes, and conseq[n]ently, in greate pouertie.

Howe the vertue of peace oughte to be mayntayned and kepte; and of the great goodnesse that commeth of the same, and what peace is.

Howe Ire is contrarye to peace, and what Ire is, and howe it dothe destroye and waste the Vertues and bodyes of them that be entangled wyth the same, and of the euyll that dothe come of it.

Of Chastytie, and howe she oughte to be wythholden, obserued and kepte, and the perylles that the wyse shoulde flye, for feare to lease such Vertue.

Howe Lecherye is contrarye to Chastytie; and in howe many sortes it is deuyded, then is shewed the daungers that come thereof, as wel to the bodyes of men, as to theyr Soules.

Of force or strengthe, and what it is, the maners and comparysons of the same, and who maye be called Stronge, and of those also which be alwaies Stronge.

Howe Pacience causeth a man to beare easelye the Paines and Trauayles of this world, and how many sortes there be of Pacience.

Howe that feare and Dread, be contrary to Strengthe and Vallyantnesse, and what feare is, and who those be that be fearefull, and for what cause.

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Of Suertye, and howe manye maners there is thereof, and howe fear and Suertie do striue togyther by dyuers Languages.

Howe the Wyse man oughte to doubte, and howe by doubt and feare many times the men become vertuous.

Howe good fame oughte to go afore men, and of the goodnesse that commeth of the same.

Howe Glotony is a daungerous vice, and of the greate euyll that commeth therof to the bodyes of men, and howe the vertues of men be distroyed and corrupte by the same.

Howe Abstynence is that whereof Glotonye is consumed, and by the goodnesse that is therin, and that maye come thereof.

Howe Constancye and Inconstauncye be dyfferent, and howe Constaunce is a noble vertue, and what Inconstauncye is.

Of the vertue of Noblenesse of courage of men, and how the men be ofte tymes praysed by reason of the same.

Howe Justyce ought to be done and howe it is that thynge that dothe measure all thynges vpon earthe.

Howe Iniustyce or wrong is contrary to Justyce and howe manye maners there be of Iniustyce, and how Iniustice demaundeth vengeaunce afore God.

Of Loyaltys, and by Loyaltye the person is greatlye praysed.

Of Falshed, what it is, and of the dyfference that is betweene Suspycyon and Jelousy, and Treason and Malyce.

Howe Trueth is to be compared by Reason to the

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Perdryche,* and how Trueth is that thynge which iustyfyeth the man afore all persons.

Howe Lyenge is an euell vyce, the maners to eschew it, and in what sort, and which is euyl Lyenge.

What Mercy is, and of the operacyon of the same, and howe mercye is that whereby a man obteyneth the Loue of God.

Of Crualtye, and howe manye sortes be therof, and of the great euylles and inconuenients, that bee done by Crualtie.

Of Lyberalytye, howe it is contrarye to Coueytousnesse, and howe a man ought to be liberall, and in what maner.

Howe Coueytousnesse is a grevous vyce, of the euylles that doe come therof, and of the Insasiatnes of the same.

Of Humylytye, and in howe many maners it is deuided, and of those thynges whiche dyscend of it.

Of Pryde, and of the vices that descende and come of the same, and how pryde dyspleaseth God and the world, and how the proude person dothe torment hymselfe in thys world.

* This chapter commences with the following relation from natural history.

"Truethe, as Saynte Austyne saythe, is to vse Veryte or Trueth, wythoute anye shadowe or coloure of Lyenge. The vertue of Truethe, may be compared to lytle yong Perdryches, for the Perdryche is of suche nature. The one wyll robbe the egges of the other; and sitte vpon them as they were her owne egges, but as sone as the lytle Perdryches be brought forth, and that they here theyr owne propre mother crye and sing, they leue and forsake the olde Perdrych whiche broughte them forthe of egges, and go to their owne mother."

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Howe a manne oughte to gouerne hym selfe, as well of the tongue, as of wyt and vnderstanding, for to speake well and wiselie to all folkes, and how by wordes a man is prayse or dispraysed.

Here endeth the Booke of Wysdome, after the sayenges of auncient Phylosophers, and other notable wise me, lately translated out of French into Englishe, and here foloweth the table."

The research for black-letter books has been ridiculed upon the principle that old works have been completely gleaned by modern writers, and therefore parsimony of communication in a collector is rather to be wished than regretted. If this is fact, or if such selfishness in a collector makes him as contemptible as the glutton who, whether he has sack or sage posset, never invites any one to his banquet, is not now to inquire. Title and colophon here prove insufficient. Had this volume found an attentive peruser within any recent period, the second of the following examples would not have remained unnoticed when containing, probably, the first English dress of that beautiful apologue of the Angel and Hermit, versified by Parnell, and not traced to an earlier writer than James Howell, who relates it as "an excellent passage which a noble speculative Knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late conceptions to his son."*

"*Example of Vainglorye.*

"Of Vainglorye, it is red in the lyfe of the holy

*See Howell's Familiar Letters, 8th ed. 1713, p. 435, a work containing numberless anecdotes and historical narratives, and forming one of the most amusing and instructive volumes of the seventeenth century.

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fathers, that an aungell, on a certayne tyme, kepte company with an heremite. And as they wente toggyther, they passed by a place where there was a deade horse, whyche dyd stynke verye sore, wherefore the heremyte dyd stoppe hys nose; but the aungell dyd not so, nor dyd not regard it. And as they went a little further they passed by a fayre gardaine, in the which was a fayre woman, and rychelye appareled, and very full of vayneglorye; and incontinent that the aungell did se her, he dyd stop his nose. The heremyte seynge this, dyd maruayle very much therof; and sayd to the aungell, I do meruayle greatly that ye haue stopped your nose for this fayre woman, and dyd passe by the stynkyng caryon that we dyd fynde, as ye dyd not care for it, nor dyd not fele no smell, which did stynke so euyll; then the aungell sayd, I will that thou knowe, that the person full of vaynglorye, stynketh more in the syght of God, of aungels and of the heuenly company, then all the caryon in the worlde. And as soone as he had sayd this, he was sodeynly vanyshed and departed out of the syght of the heremyte; and then judged he that should be an aungell; and therefore he knew well, that vainglory greatly dyspleased God."

"*Example of Justyce.*

"Of Justice it is red in the life of holye fathers, that there was an hermyte whyche long time had serued God and had done greate penaunce for hys synnes, to whom God sent afterwarde great sicknesse; and bycause that he could not recouer hys healthe agayn he began to complaine of God and to murmure in hymselfe. So it chaunced on a day that the aungell

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of God appered vnto hym, in lykenesse of a yonge man, and sayd vnto hym, come wyth me, for God will that I doe showe thee of hys secret Justyce; and dyd leade him into the towne, to a marchauntes house, whyche had in a coffre a great number of florences. And the aungell, in the syghte of the hermyte, did take the same florence, and did beare them into the house of another man, whych they founde in sleepe, and the aungell dyd leue the sayde florence at hys chambre dore, to the intente that when he should open the dore, that he should fynde them; and thys doone, he ledde hym to the house of another marchaunte that had a chylde, the whyche chylde the aungell dyd kyll, in the presence of the sayde heremite, and the heremite seinge all these thynges, thoughte that the aungell had ben a deuyll, and wolde fayne haue departed from hym. The aungell, seinge that he woulde depart from hym, sayde vnto hym, tarye yet a litle, for I wyll showe thee the reason, wherfore I haue doone these thinges in thy presence; knowe first wherfore that I haue take the florence from the burges; it is because that he had solde his herytage for the sayde florences, and was purposed to gyue them to certaine murtherers, whyche had promysed hym to kyll a man for hys sake, the whyche had dyspleased hym aforetymes; and the man which he wolde haue caused to be kylled, is a man of noble-byrth, wherof shuld haue come greate inconuenyence, and therfore to resyst the euyll that might haue come therof, and also to let hym of hys euyll, and myscheuous wyll and purpose, I haue taken the sayde florence from hym; and when he shal see hym selfe pore and to haue loste

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hys herytage and goodes, he wyll gyue hymselfe to the seruice of God, and where he shulde haue ben dampned nowe he shalbe saued. The reason wherfore I haue born the florence to the chambre doore of the other man, is because that he was a ryche marchaunte whyche came from beyonde the sea, and had bestowed in marchaundyce all the goodes that he had, and putte it in a shyppe, the whych shyppe did peryshe vpon the sea, then he did remembre one daye howe that he had loste all hys gooddes, and had nothynge to lyue vppon, began to fall in dyspayre, and was purposed to hang hym selfe, and therfore to the intente that he shoulde not destroye bothe the bodye and the soule, I dyd beare hym the foresaid florences. The reason whereof I haue kylled the chylde, is because that afore that the father had him he was a very good man, and gaue much almous, and did many good dedes for the loue of God; and sence that he had the chylde, he cared for none other thynge, but onelye to get rychesse, were it by ryghte or wronge, and therefore I haue kylled the chylde, to the intente that the father maye retourne to hys purpose; doe not meruayle nor grudge therfore, for the syckenesse that thou haste, for if it hadde not bene, thou shoulde ofte tymes haue thy mynde and courage in vanytyes wherby thou shoulde greatlye haue dyspleased God; and be thou sure, that God doth nothyng, but by reason, but the persones haue not knowledge therof, for God hathe not promysed it them, but of two euylles he dothe allwayes take the lesse. And, this said, the aungell dyd departe from the heremyte. And from thenceforthe, the sayde heremyte dyd neuer murmure againste God, for

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anye maner syckenesse or aduersyty that he did send him, but rather dyd thanke God, and alwaies dyd reioyce hymselfe in his sicknes and aduersyties, consyderynge alwayes that it was of the goodnesse of God."

"*Example of Iniustyce.*

"Of Iniustice it is red in the life of holy fathers, that y^e. deuil bethought him one daye y^t. he wold be maried to thintent to haue doughters to marye, and that he myghte leade theyr husbands to hel, he did marye with Iniustyce, of whom he had seuen doughters. The fyrst is pride, which he maried to Lordes and noblemen, and them whyche haue outragyous heartes by reason of pryde. The seconde is auaryce, which he gaue to the heades and chyefe of the people. The thyrd is falsenes, which he maryed to villains. The fourth is enuy, which he maried to minstrelles and crafts men. The fift is ipocrysye, which he maried to relygyous persones. The sixt is vaynglorye, whyche he wolde gyue to no man, for she dothe mary her selfe to all men of euery degree and estate. The seuenthe is lecherye, whych also he dyd not marye, but lefte her common. Some men saye, that it is wryten in the boke of examples, y^t. y^e. deuyll had ten doughters, of the whyche he dyd marye but viii: that is to say, the fyrst is pryde, which he maryed to Lordes and other noblemen. The seconde sacrylege to labourers. The third vserye to cytezens. The fourthe ipocrisie, which he maryed to relygyous persones. The fifte symonye which he maryed to pryestes and clerkes. The syxte deceyte, whyche he maryed to marchauntes. The seuenthe enuy

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whyche he maryed to Seruantes. The eighte couetousnesse whych he maryed to olde folkes. The nynthe and the tenthe, that is to saye, vaynglorye and lecherye, he gaue no man."

Conduit street. J. H.

ART. LV. *The Banquet of Dainties. b. l.* 12*mo.*

THE copy of this little tract now before me, and the only one I have seen, has neither title-page nor colophon, from the want of a leaf at each end.

The above is the running title.* Sign. A ii is occupied by "Invocatio Authoris in auxilium." This is succeeded by a dull dialogue poem, which extends to nineteen leaves, and is entitled "Demosthenes, the Mayster of the Banquet: Sosia, his stewarde." The former instructs Sosia to provide the following cates for his wedding-banquet with Science.

"I pray thee zelously, my friende,
Search out the very best;
For peerles dames I doe intend
Shall be my 'poynted gest.

Both pheassant, plover, larke, and quail,
With rabbet, succors yong,
Of dainties these let me not fayle,
With other rares among:

As marchpaine, cheese, and ginger greene,
With sucket pleasaunt sweete,
Blauncht almonds as in court is seene,
For princely ladyes meete.

* It seems to have been licensed to T. Hacket, in 1566, under this title: *The Banquett of Dainties, for all sucke gestes that love moderatt dyate.* See Herbert, p. 899.

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Stewde proynes, conserve of cherries red,
Peares, biskets, suger fine,
With nectar dulce, since I am wedde
By voice of Muses nine."

"*Sosia.*

"What junckets call ye these, I pray,
No dainties can they seeme;
For vulgar sort, from day to day,
As common them esteeme:
They serve as foode for to sustaine
The hungrie corps withall;
So that the nimphes from them refraine,
As we refrayne from gall."

Sapientia and Castitas become occasional interlocutors; but their conversation is very inanimate, and the whole poetical banquet very insipid.

T. P.

ART. LVI. *The Floures of Philosophie, with the Pleasures of Poetrie annexed to them, aswel plesant to be read as profitable to be folowed of all men.*

"Otium sine literis mors est, et vivi hominis sepultura."

SENECA.

Printed at London by Henrie Bynneman and Frauncis Coldocke. Anno 1572. *Small* 8vo.

THESE philosophical flowers appear to have been gathered from the ethic pages of the Cordubah sage, and are inscribed to Anne, Countess of Warwick, by the translator, HUGH PLAT, *of Lincoln's Inn*, who published "Manuale sententias aliquot divinas et morales complectens," in 1584; "The Jewell House of Art and Nature," in 1594; and "Sundrie New

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and Artificiall remedies against Fortune," in 1596 *. The present publication does not occur in Herbert, nor in any catalogue of English books I have observed: but, according to the booksellers' phrase, the title is a *taking* one; and so the author seems to have thought by his dilatations upon it in the epistle dedicatory and preface.

"I do heere offer unto your Ladyship (says the Dedicator) a small handfull or two of loose flowres, to be disposed at your discretion either in garlands to weare on your head, or els in noseqaies to beare in brest aboute you. I knowe they will be more sweete for smell than seemelie for sighte, and more holesome for the harte than pleasaunte for the bodie; and yet they are suche as our bodies neede not be ashamed of, seeing our soules are so glad to receive them. Yea, thus much I dare promise for them, and will stand to the triall though envie do gainsay, that if the finest flowrs and most holsome herbs that the goodly gardens of Semiramis did bring forth in Babylon, were compared with these flowres which are here to be gathered, they would soon lose their name, and be accounted the most vile and abjecte weeds that ever the earthe did foster. Wherefore, as they were once most carefully planted in Rome by Seneca; so nowe I with some paines have removed them here to Englande; where I do not doubte but that these sweete slips being deepely set in the frute-

* In 1592 was licensed to R. Field "A brief Apologie of certen newe invencions, compiled by H. Plot;" *Hugh Plat* most probably; for Plot and Plat bear the same signification. Plat's Paradise of Flora, Garden of Eden, &c. with an account of the author, will be noticed hereafter.

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fill soile of your noble harte, will soone take roote and bring foorth frute in great abundaunce, &c."

His Preface, or address to the reader, opens thus:

"I, PLAT, at length a pleasaunte plotte
of fragrant flours have found,
Wherein the sweet carnations
with roses do abounde.
Here springs the goodly gelofers,*
some white, some redde in showe;
Here prettie pinkes with jagged leaves
on rugged rootes do growe.
The John so sweete in shewe and smell,
distincte by colours twaine,
Aboute the borders of their beds
in seemelie sighte remaine.
Such vertue have my marigoldes,
within their stalcks enrolde,
That Phœbus with his burning beames
cannot their leaves unfolde.
The double daisies all in ranckes
aboute my garden goe,
With comelie course of camamile
that spreadeth to and fro," &c.

To this Preface is subjoined a "Table of the Flowers of Philosophie," on four pages. The Flowers themselves then follow on 76 pages, and comprise 883 short sentences. To these succeed "The Pleasures of Poetrie," on about 156 pages: but the unique copy before me is not quite perfect. These poetic scantlings bear the following titles:

1. "Agaynst those which wil do nothing themselves, and yet envy at other men's dooings.

* Gilliflowers.

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2. The song of Arion the musitian, whome a dolphin did save from drowning.
3. The pitifull complaynt of Arion, before he was thrown over boord.
4. The song of Dædalus and his sonne Icarus.
5. How every Vice doth creepe in, under the name and shewe of a Vertue.
6. A merrie tale of Master Mendax and his friende Credulus.
7. A generall discourse uppon Covetousnesse.
8. A comparison betwixt the Ape and the Flatterer.
9. He is never happie that never suffred adversitie to set out his happinesse withall.
10. To a covetous man that had his house robbed.
11. Of two gentlemen which by racking of their rents had destroyed a whole towne.
12. It is not God but we ourselves that seeke the eversion of our owne countrey.
13. That man's life is full of misery.
14. A proofe of the contrary parte.
15. A comforte to one that was blynde.
16. Of a gentleman that was slayne in Scotlande.
17. A mérie dialogue betwixte John and Jone, striving who shall were the breeches."

The antiquated cast of this merriment may be gathered from two as well as ten stanzas, of which the dialogue consists.

"*Jone.*

"By Gisse I thinke I was accurst
to match with such a man:

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What one could see his Wife go thus,
as this my Husbande can?
I moyle, I toile, and cannot get
a new cote for my paynes;
By mighte nor righte he will not spare
a pennie of his gaines.
I will no more dresse supper, therefore,
the wretche shall tend to the rost,
I will make him kisse postes, if he be not hostis,
and suffer me to be host."

"*John*

"Why, Jone, I pray thee be contente,
if oughte I have offended,
I will become a better man,
and all shall be amended:
But hasta maks waste, thou knowst thy selfe,
and therefore waite my leisure,
And, Wife, thy life to my poore state
shall wante no honest pleasure.
But see that my meate thou dresse me to eate,
or els I will not love thee,
And if thou wilte weare thy Husband's gere,
then shalte thou be above me."

18. "A dossen of points sente by a Gentlewoman to hir Lover for a New Yeares Gifte."

These *points* are nothing less than moral saws, concise as the distichs of Cato, and unpoetic enough to hang up in a country-hall by the side of King Charles's "Royal Rules."

"These points, in number twelve,
Did shew themselves to be;

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The sense wherof by poet's skill
I will declare to thee.

1. With meate before thee set
Suffice but nature's scante.
2. Be sure thy tongue at table time
No sober talke do want.
3. Let worde, let thought and deede,
In honest wise agree;
4. And loke that poore, in time of neede,
Thy helping hand may see.
5. When foes invade the realme,
Then shew thy might and strength.
6. Tel truth in place where thou dost come,
For falshood failes at length.
7. Be fast and firme to friende,
As thou wouldst him to be.
8. Be shamefast there, where shamefull deeds
Be offred unto thee.
9. Weare not such costly clothes
As are not for thy state.
10. Heare eache man's cause, as though he were
In wealth thine equall mate.
11. In place thy manners shewe
In right and comely wise.
12. From thee let peace and quietnesse
And wars from others rise.

With these twelve vertuous points
See thou do tye thee rounde;
And like and love this simple gift
Till better may be founde."

19. "In commendation of Patience."

This being the shortest poem in the work, it may constitute a closing specimen, as it will furnish the least laborious trial of the virtue here commended.

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" For eache mischaunce and hurtefull hap
that Fortune seekes to sende,
A comforte and a remedie
dame Patience stil doth lende.

She feeles no force of flashing flames,
nor stroke of boistrous blow;
She cares not for the thunderbolts
which mightie Jove doth throwe.

She bids thee still to wish the best,
and thinke on hardie haps;
But chaunce what may, she never cares
for Fortune's cruell claps."

20. "To E. W. in praise of hir marriage, with certaine precepts of Matrimonie.
21. A defence of schollers' pastimes in riding abroade at Christmas times.
22. A promise of faithfull friendship to his friende.
23. A comforte or consolation to one that had buried his wife.
24. How necessarie the intermission of studie is for scholers.
25. The conquering Lover."

A *L'Envoy* of the author concerning his book seems to conclude it, but is incomplete. Enough has been given to prove, that the poet did not attain to "a *plat* of rising ground" in the territory of Parnassus.

T. P.

ART. LVII. *The Flower of Fame. Containing the bright Renowne, and moste fortunate raigne of King Henry the VIII. Wherein is mentioned of*

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matters, by the rest of our Chonographers overpassed. Compyled by Ulpian Fulwell, &c. &c. 1575. *4to.*

THIS mélange of history, compiled partly by Ulpian Fulwell, a Somersetshire man by birth, and in 1570 rector of Naunton in Gloucestershire; and in part by "Master Edmunde Harman," is dedicated (after many qualms of conscience) to "Sir William Cecill, Baron of Burghleygh, &c. &c. whose arms (impaling those of Beaufoy) are engraved on the back of the title page. Lest we should object to his "crabbed metre," Mr. Ulpianus Fulwell confesses in the outset that he has not the gifte of flowing eloquence, neyther can he enterlace his phrase with Italian termes, nor powder his style wythe Frenche, Englyshe, or inkhorne rhetoricke, nor cowche his matter under a cloake of curious inventions, to feede the daintie eares of delicate yonkers." "The flower of fame," whose praise is recorded in this tract, is the capricious and sanguinary tyrant Henry the Eighth;* and the poet, aware of the reigning power, loses no opportunity of lauding Henry's fiend-like daughter Elizabeth. It would not have been prudent for any historian to have intimated aught hostile to the Tudors during the reign of Elizabeth; and in consequence we find all the chroniclers speaking invariably in praise of a race of usurpers, than which a

* It has been very justly observed of him, that "he spared neither man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust."—"Pour votre Henri VIII." says Voltaire, "il n'etoit qu'un coupeur de bourse."

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more rapacious and sanguinary catalogue* (ab limine usque ad finem) never polluted a sceptre; but Fulwell is rather an eulogist than an historian, and what he has written in their praise seems written *con amore:* as he was therefore a "laureat volunteer, he probably anticipated a price for his poetry.

To a metrical address to his book, succeeds "in Ulpiani Fulwelli operis laudem Richardi Coppoci carmen," which is followed by "A manifest description of King Henryes noble vertues," in six lined stanzas; but instead of descending to detail, Mr. Ulpianus finds it more convenient to compare the slaughterer of the gentle Lord Surry to Cæsar and Alexander, to Solon, to Solomon, and to Sampson; and prays that God will preserve Elizabeth

"in regale seat
Til Nestor's yeres be full complete."

The early events of Henry's reign are continued, partly in rhyme and partly in prose, from Hall's Chronicle. After relating the events at "Floddon's blood-stained field, and justifying the indignities offered to the royal corse of James, Fulwell "takes upon him to introduce King James unto us *in forme of the Mirror for Magestrates*, to utter his complaynt, and tell his own tale:" the first four lines will serve to prove, if proof were wanting, the popularity of those legends.

* Mr. G. will forgive the Editor for entering his strong dissent from this sweeping opinion. Mr. G. has forgot Edw. VI.—and the Editor cannot admit the censure to include Q. Elizabeth. *Editor.*

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"Among the rest, whom rewfull fate hath reft,
Whose shrowding sheetes hath wrapt their woful lyves,
Why have not I a place among them left,
Whose fyll ecke tonge with daylye talke revyves."

The Legend of James the Fifth of Scotland follows. At the close of the account of "The acts of Henry and how he warred," is "An epitaph of the deathe of that moste valyant and renowned Prince."

What follows is a sort of appendix or second book, and contains Commemorations of Anne Bulleyne, Jane, and Katherine Parr: the first opens "as hereafter followeth."

"Ye noble imps of Parnas hill,
Ye muses all arowe,
Resound your plesant melodie,
Your warbling notes bestowe.
Take wrest in hand to tune those stringes,
That render silver sound;*
And let the voice of Music's lore
Unto the skies rebounde.
Blo up with joye the chearfull blast
Of Englande's blissefull state,
In prayse of this most noble Queene,
Kinge Henrye's lawful mate."

The "Epitaph on the death of Queene Anne Bulleyne," may be given as a specimen of his poetry.

* "Why music with her silver sound?
What say you, Simon Catling?
Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound—
Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?
I say *silver sound*, because musicians sound for silver."
See *Romeo and Juliet.*
Steevens thought *silver sound* was first used by Spenser.

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"Yf wayling woes might win thy lyfe
To lodge in corpes agayne;
Thy bodie should, O noble Queene,
Not thus in grave remayne.

For if that death might life redeeme,
And life were bought with death,
Ten thousand to restore your lyfe
Would render vytall breath.

But sith that may in no wise bee,
For death woulde worke his spight,
With yernefull voyce and dolefull domps
We shall expell delight.

And shew our grefes with secret sighes,
And languor of the breste;
The flodds of teares shed for thy sake
Declares our hearts unrest.

And were it not thy royale impe*
Did mittigate our payne,
The sorrow for thy fatall day
Wee uneth could sustayne.

Yet this somewhat recomfortes us,
For that we be moste sure,
Thy blessed soule is lodged with God,
For ever to endure.

Also thy noble splendent fame,
O noble Prince, Queen Anne,
Shall live on earth till wordes ende
Within the mouth of man.

And eke thy lyfe shall be a lore,
For ladies all to learne,

* Elizabeth.

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Wherein they may, as in a glasse,
Dame vertues path desearne."

This may serve as an example of Ulpian Fulwell's poetry. The most curious part of the volume is "The History of the Winning of Hadington in Scotlande, An. 2 Reg. Edwardi VI." which is given from the information of several who were witnesses of the siege, and which, if the present article were not extended to the usual limits, I would have willingly transcribed.

O. G.

ART. LVIII. *A misticall deuise of the spirituall and godly love betwene Christ the Spouse, and the Church or congregation. Firste made by the wise prince Saloman, and now newly set forth in verse by Jud Smith. Wherunto is annexed certeine other briefe stories. And also a Treatise of Prodigalitie, most fit and necessarie for to be read and marked of all estates.* 1575. *Imprinted at London by Henry Kirckham, and are to be solde at his shoppe, at the little northe doore of Paules, at the signe of the Black Boie. Small* 8vo.

MR. WARTON, in his enumeration of the various English versions of Solomon's song made in the 16th century,* does not notice the present; nor is it registered either by Ames or Herbert. An address to the Christian reader is prefixed by John Wharton, a puritanical writer of poetry, and thus begins:

*Hist. Eng. Poetry, III. sect. xxvii.

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"In perusing this little volume intituled 'A misticall devise,' being requested of my frend therunto, I did fynde such a pleasantnes therin, that my hart rejoyced and gave du signes what pleasure and delight my minde of it conceived. For surely (gentle reader) if thou covit to heare any olde bables, as I may terme them, or stale tales of Chauser, or to learne howe Acteon came by his horned head, if thy mynde be fixed to any such metamorphocall toyes, this booke is not apt nor fit for thy purpose. But if thou art contrarywise bent to heare, or to reade holsome documentes, as it becometh all Christians, then take this same: for thou shalt fynde it sweeter (as the prophet sayeth) then the honye or the honye combe. For Salomon had great delite in the makinge of these, to recreat and revyve his spirits, and called them by this name, *Canticum Canticorum*, whyche is to saye—the song of songes."

These songs are very briefly and prosaically metrified, in ten pages: then succeeds "A coppie of the Epistle that Jeremye sent unto the Jewes, which were led away prisoners by the king of Babilon &c." in verse. This also fills ten pages. Then, "The Commaundements of God our Creator, geven by Moyses," followed by texts from scripture, on four pages: and on four concluding ones, "The Commaundements of Sathan, put in practise dayly by the Pope." A very scanty specimen may suffice, from his version of the song of Solomon.

Christ speaketh to the Churche.

"Come, wend unto my garden gay,
My sister and my spowse;

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For I have gathered mirre with spice,
And other gooldy bowes.

I meane to eate my honnye, and
My honny combe so sweete,
And I will drinke my wyne and milke,
For so it seemeth meete.

Christe to the Apostles.

Eat now, my frinds, do nothing spare,
But be of perfect cheare;
And drink with mirth, for you of me
Are sure beloved deare."

T. P.

ART. LIX. *The Golden Aphroditis: a pleasant discourse, penned by John Grange, gentleman, student in the common lawe of Englande. Whereunto be annexed, by the same Authour, aswell certayne metres upon sundry poyntes, as also diuers pamphlets in prose; which he entituleth His Garden: pleasant to the eare and delightful to the reader, if he abuse not the scente of the floures.*

Habet et musca splenem,
Et formicæ sua bilis inest.

At London: Anno 1577. Colophon. *Imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman.* 4to. *Signat.* S.

Grange's Garden, the second title to this book, is given, by Herbert,* at length: but the above must have been wanting in the copy used by him, as he has only cited the running title. There appears

* Typogr. Antiq. II. 990.

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also to be some mistake in describing it as "licensed July 1, 1578;" since the printed date is 1577. An epistle dedicatory of seven pages is addressed to "the Lord Sturton," by his "poore oratour John Grange." Two pages follow of long metre, in which the author sendeth greeting "to the courtelike dames and ladielike gentlewomen." Then, a short copy of verses superscribed "Cuiquam." Acrostical verses fill another page by "C. G. Maister of Arte, in the prayse of the Author:" and eighteen commendatory lines succeed, by W. S. This probably was Wm. Smith, the writer of other poesies. Shakspeare it could not be: both on account of the date, and because he thus useth the common-place process of compliment employed in that age, in which mythology and personification are made to halt for it.

"Of silver pure thy penne is made, dipte in the Muses' well,
Thy eloquence and loftie style, all other doth excell:
Thy wisdome great and secrete sense, diffusedly disguysde,
Doth shew how Pallas rules thy minde; and Phœbus hath deviside
Those golden lines which polisht are with Tagus' glittring sandes,
A pallace playne of pleasures great, unto the vewer's handes.
Thy learning doth bewray it selfe, and worthie praise dothe crave,
Who so thee knew did little thinke, suche learning thee to have.
Here Virtue seemes to checke at Vice, and Wisedome Folly tauntes:
Here Venus she is set at naught, and dame Diane she vauntes.

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Here Pallas Cupid doth detest, and all his carpet-knightes;
Here doth she shew that youthfull impes in folly most delightes;
And how when age comes creeping on, with shewe of hoary heares,*
Then they the losse of time repent, with sobbes and brynish teares," &c.

Of John Grange I have not met with any biographical intimation; but as a poetical writer he is placed by Webbe,† with Whetstone, Munday, &c. and not without propriety. The same critic, to exemplify that puerile species of versification called Echo, has cited six lines from the Golden Aphroditis;‡ a work, as the title§ may infer, adapted to youthful votaries of the foam-sprung goddess, and comprising a gallimawfry of pedantical, mythological, and unnatural conceits. In proof of this, the following short colloquy may be cited, between a loquacious lady and her logical gallant.

N. O. is the gentleman who speaks: "I know, deare dame, if it were thy pleasure to shake me of, thy comely personage, thy courteous harte, thy lowly mind, thy friendly cheere, thy cherefull countenance, and eke thy brave demeanour therewithall, desireth to matche with one, whose feete standeth higher than ever my head will reache. Yet, lady, where true

* *Heares* for *hairs*: an orthographic license used by most of our early poets, when the rhyme required it.

† Discourse of English Poetrie, 1586.

‡ Grange tells us in his dedication, that certain young gentlemen earnestly requested him to entitle this book "A Nettle for an Ape:" but being somewhat wedded to his own opinion, he thought it good to set a more cleanly name upon it, viz. "Golden Aphroditis." Lodge might have adopted a hint in part which Grange rejected, for he printed in 1591 "A Nettle for Nice Noses."

§ Hesiod. in Theogon.

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love, frendship, and charitie, remayneth; there goodes can never wante. Wherefore, though I wante the pompe of Cæsar, the goodes of Crœsus, the wealth of Crassus, the gold of Midas, and the excessive treasure of Artalus the olde; yet hope I still a blissfull lyfe to lead."

She answered: "They live not most at ease that have the world at will; but they, whome true love hath united and knit togither, doe leade the pleasant life: for, as Sallust testifieth, *Concordia parvæ res crescunt, discordia maxima dilabuntur;* which is, by concord small things growe to great, and discorde maketh great things small." N. O. liked this well: yet, beyng in the vayne of hope, he was not content to feede his eyes with the sight of his lady, and his eares with the pleasaunt wordes whiche flowed forth of hyr sugred mouth; yea, sweeter to him than the hony or the hony-combe, sayde—"These wordes, lady, make me leape for joye, transporting my corps (as it were) to paradise; placing my minde in a *pallaice of pleasure*, rocking my wittes in a *cradle of securitie*, and penning up my harte in a *castle of comforte*. Yet, lady, God graunt I play not as the swan of Menander, or Apolloes' birde, who joyfully sings before his death, even when the pangs themselves drawe neare. For this we see the catte delights to play a long time with the mouse, hyr prisoner, before she enjoyes his death."

A. O. looking frowningly, bending hyr browes, and scowling with hir eye-liddes, like unto Pallas, who can no otherwise doe, for that shee was ingen-

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dred of the braynes of Jupiter, who alwayes are troubled and vexed, answered—"Am I the catte, by whomme thou meanest?"

Grange, in the conclusion of his Aphroditis, offers the following apology for what he terms his "glosing stile."

"By what meanes could Skelton that laureat poet, or Erasmus that great and learned clarke, have uttered their mindes so well at large, as thorowe their clokes of mery conceytes in wryting of toyes and foolish theames: as Skelton did by *Speake parrot, Ware the hauke, the Tunning of Elynour Rumming, Why come ye not to the Courte? Philip Sparrowe*, and such like: yet what greater sense or better matter can be, than is in this ragged ryme contayned? Or who would have hearde his fault so playnely tolde him, if not in such gibyng sorte? Also Erasmus, under his *prayse of Folly*, what matters hath he touched therein? even the chiefest poyntes whiche pertayneth to man's salvation. And sure in my minde he shewed no greater learnyng in any one booke of his penning, than he did in this. Beare therefore, gentle reader, I beseeche thee, with my bolde attempte in wrytyng, accepting rather my good will herein than the thing it selfe; yet judge thereof with equitie: and if it deserve commendation, so it is; if not, then use thy discretion therein. For I must needs say, that such tragedies as intend to inhumanitie, are not worthie of reading, neyther to be put in printe. But yet the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles interlaced with pretie poemes and pleasaunt talke I condemne not, whose sweete language did (as it were) intermedle the Graces with the

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Muses. Wherefore suche paganicall histories and poeticall pamphlets ought to be redde with indifferency."

The division of the volume entitled "Grange's Garden," is chiefly in verse, and consists of the following pieces.

1. "A valiant yong Gentleman beyng trayned up in martiall prowes, and allured by evil counsell to Women's follies, bewayleth his life in this order.
2. The force of Beauties pryce.
3. A Gentleman revealeth his former life.
4. A Gentleman suyng for grace. (Prose)
5. The paynting of a Curtezan.
6. A Gentleman seeing his Brother desirous to goe to the seas, wrote these verses following, unwitting to any, and layed them in his Brother's way.
7. A Gentleman, halfe in despayre, seeketh release. (Prose.)
8. The description of the love of a Gentleman and a Gentlewoman.
9. A Song whiche the Gentlewoman made, before she slew hir selfe.
10. An Answere to a Letter written unto him by a Curtyzan.
11. A Song of a Lover, wherein he shewes his love towarde his Lady.
12. A Gentleman, being halfe forsaken by mistrust, appealeth to his Lady againe by humilitie.
13. A newe married man being stung with wed-

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locke, declareth his minde *Cantico more*, upon this texte:

'Content your selfe as well as I,
Let reason rule your minde,
As cuckoldes come by destinie,
So cuckowes sing by kinde.'

14. The Lover forsaken, bewayleth his chaunce.
15. The Lover hearing his Lady to be caste in dumpes, writeth unto hir in this order. (Prose.)
16. J. G. biddeth his friende A. T. good morrowe.
17. His good night to the same A. T.
18. His farewell to the same.
19. Epilogus." (Prose.)

From his "Farewell to his friend," too much in the strain of those amatorial ditties, in which he designed "to blase the incineration of Veneriall dames and ruffling nymphes," the following stanzas are taken.

"A greater griefe can hardly be,
Than faythfull friendes for to departe,
Thy tryed friendship biddes me say
That absence thyne will cut my harte.

Thou arte my gem of all my joye,
The fountayne eke of my delight,
Thou arte the staffe whereto I leane,
How might I misse thee fro my sight?

Though space is great and myles are long,
Whiche seemes to parte our corpse in twayne:
Yet distaunce shall not parte our love,
Our hartes alike shall still remayne.

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O Titus true! O Phenix kynde!
How lothe am I to bidde farewell!
It grieves me that suche faithfull friendes
For aye together may not dwell.

Shall we asunder parted be,
Who thus have livde in tryed troth?
If needs we must, then fare you well,
Yet to departe I am full lothe.

Ten thousand times I rather had
A grisly ghost to ende my lyfe:
Come Atropos therefore in haste,
On me to use thy shredding knyfe.

Come lothsome death, with fearefull mace,
Spare not to worke my latter dome:
Make haste, make haste, I live to long;
Breath yeelded hath, bryng me my tome."

A prose epilogue concludes the volume, and may fitly do the same by this article.

"The proud pecocke (gentle reader) strouteth and playteth his gorgeous tayle so long, till at the length he discovereth the filthe thereof: so some will thinke, and will not sticke to say, that whyle I indevour to discover the imbecillitie of other men's natures, I reveale thereby mine owne licencious livyng, if so (at the least) I speake by experience. And what if I did?—Yet are they farre deceyved herein, and do but dreame (as it were) upon falshoode it selfe. For the market declareth how the corne is solde: and though I am but yong of yeares, yet may I dayly heare and see that, whereof by action I am not partaker. It seemeth also, the vanities of this world are the greater, when as they lie so open, and are so

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manifest unto my youthfull yeares. And though it hath not pleased Polymneia so to favour my penne, as to countervayle my well willing: yet I truste yee will accepte of me for my well meanyng, who am not therein a strawe bredth incomparable to Cleanthes. Comparisons are odious: * I meane not therefore by his learnyng, (for therunto I am many a degree below) but by the great desire he had in writing, and by the pleasure he tooke all his life time therein.

"How simple yet so ever this little volume of mine be, if thou wilte bestowe thy travell to seeke forth the grounde and the depth therof, thou shalt soone espie and quickly perceyve how in every poynte and clause therof is hidden, besides the myrthe, some deeper sense and purpose. But unto the carelesse reader it is (as it were) a peece of unleavened dough, wherefore for such I thinke it better to have their browes knitte harde with the kercher of Morpheus, and so to lay them doune to sleepe, than *legere et non intelligere, nempe negligere est.* And as I have been briefe in all things heretofore, so will I be likewise herein: and as I have brought you into my rude Garden, so (turnyng the key) here will I leave you to choose what flowers shall like you beste. My penne is stubbed, my paper spente, my inke wasted, my wittes gravelled, and (to be shorte) tyme calleth me away; wherefore, standing to your curtesies, and hoping of your good acceptaunce hereof, wishyng to you as to my selfe, in haste I bidde you farewell." T. P.

* So said Shakspeare's Dogberry; or rather, meant to say.

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ART. LX. *Seneca his tenne tragedies translated into Englysh. Mercurij nutrices, horæ. Imprinted at London in Fleet streete neere vnto Saincte Dunstan's Church by Thomas Marsh.* 1581. *4to.*

DEDICATED to Sir Thomas Henneage, Treasurer of the Queen's chamber. The first play is Hercules furens, translated by Jasper Heywood,* and the recital of the chorus, at the conclusion of the first act, thus commences:

"The fading starres now shyne but seelde in sighte,
In stipye skye, night ouercome with day
Plucks in her fyres, while spronge agayne is light,
The day starre drawes the cleresome beames theire waye.
The ycye signe of haughtye poale agayne,
With seuen starres markt, the beares of Arcadye,
Do call the light with ouerturned wayne;
With marble horse nowe drawne, hys waye to hye
Doth Titan toppe of Oetha ouer spred;
The bushes bright that nowe with berryes bee
Of Thebes strewde, by daye do blushe full redde;
And to returne doth Phœbus syster flee.
Now labor harde beginnes, and euery kynde
Of eares it styrres, the shepehearde doth vnfolde;
His flockes vnpende do grase their foode to fynde,
And nippes the grasse with hoary frost full colde.
At will doth play in open medow faire
The calfe whose brow did damme yet neuer teare,
The empty kyne their vdders doe repayre;
And lyght with course vncertayne here and there.

* Nat. 1535. Ob. 1597.

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In grasse full soft the wanton kidde hee flynges;
In toppe of boughe doth sitte with chaunting songe,
And to the sunne newe rose to spreade her wynges,
Bestirres herselfe her mourneful nestes amonge
The Nightingall; and doth with byrdes aboute
Confuse resounde with murmure mixed ryfe
To witnes day.———"

The following is the description of the dog Cerberus, in the third act.

"Of greedy Ditis after this doth then the house appere,
The fierce and cruell Stygian dogge doth fraye the spirites there,
The whiche with great and roaring sounde his heads vpshaking three
The kingdome keepes his vgly head with filth full foule to see
The serpentes licke; his hayres be fowle with vypers set among,
And at his crooked wrested tayle doth hysse a dragon long,
Like yre to shape: when him we wyst his pace that way to take,
His bristle hayres he lifteth vp with fierce vp bended snake,
And sounde sent out: he soone perceyues in his applyed eare
Who euen the sprits is wont to sent as soone as stoode more neare
The sonne of Ioue, the doubtfull dogge strait couched downe in denne,
And eche of them did feare; beholde with dolefull barking then
The places dumme he makes a dred, the threatning serpent stout
Through all the fieldes about doth hysse; the bawling noyse sent out
Of dredfull voyce from triple mouth, euen sprits that happy bee
Doth make afrayde."———

Col.—"Here endeth the first Tragedye of Seneca, called Hercules furens, translated into Englishe by Iasper Heywood, studente in Oxenforde." Then follows a head title.

The second tragedie of Seneca entitvtuled Thyestes, faythfully Englished by Jasper Heywood, felow of Alsolne Colledge in Oxenforde.

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The chorus at the conclusion of the first act thus depicts the fate of Tantalus.

"With empty throate standes Tantalus begylde,
Aboue thy wicked head their leanes to thee,
Then Phineys fowles inflight a swifter pray,
With turned bowes declynd on euery syde,
And of his fruites all bent to beare the sway.
The tree eludes the gapes of hunger wyde,
Though hee full greedy feede theron would fayne,
So oft deceyu'de neglectes to touch them yet;
He turns his eyes, his iawes he doth refrayne,
And famine fixt in closed gummes doth shet:
But then each braunch his plenteous ritches all
Lets lower downe, and apples from an hie
With lither leaues they flatter like to fall
And famine styrre, in vayne that bids to trye
His handes; which when he hath rought forth anone
To be beguyld, in higher ayre againe
The haruest hanges, and fickle fruit is gone;
Then thirst him greeues no lesse then hungers payne:
Wherwith when kindled is his boyling blond
Lyke fyre, the wretch the waues to him doth call
That meete his mouth; which straight the fleeyng floud
Withdrawes, and from the dryed foorde doth falle,
And him forsakes that followes then. He drinkes
The dust so deepe of gulfe that from him shrinkes."

A speech by Atreus, in the third act, describing a portion of his revengeful cruelty, thus begins:

"Entrapt in trayne the beast is caught and in the snare doth fall,
Both him, and eke of hated stocke with him the ofspryng all,
About the father's syde I see; and now in saufety stands
And surest ground my wrathfull hate, now comes into my hands

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At lengthe Thyestes; yea hee comes and all at once to mee:
I scant refrayne my selfe, and scant may anger brydled bee.
So when the bloud hound seekes the beast, by step and quick of sent
Drawes in the leame, and pace by pace to wynde the wayes hee went,
With nose to soyle doth hunt, while he the boare alooffe hath founde
Farre of by sent, he yet refraynes and wanders through the grounde
With silent mouth; but when at hand he once perceaues the pray,
With all the strength he hath he striues with voyce, and calls away
His lingring maister, and from him by force out breaketh hee,
When ire doth hope the present bloud, it may not hydden bee."

*The thyrd tragedy of L. Annaeus Seneca: entituled Thebais, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Thomas Newton,** 1581.

A few lines from the speech of Antigone, when her father Œdipus would have him leave her, will suffice.

"No, though the worlde went all on wheeles; though Ioue should from aboue
Hurle flashing flakes vpon the earth, all shall not quayle my loue.
No, though his thumping thunderbolt (when wee togeather stand)
Should light betweene vs, whereas we are plighted hand in hand,
Yet wil I neuer thee forsake, but hold my handfast still;
Therefore its booteles, father deare, to countermand my will
In this my full resolved mynd. Forbid me if you please,
But surely I wil be your guide in weale, woe, dole, & ease.
And maugre all your sharpe reprofes (though much against your mind)
I will direct your steppes and gate, that your way may fynd,
Through thick & thinne, through rough & smoth, I wil be at an ynch;
In hill and dale, in wood & groue, I'le serue at eu'ry pinch."

The fovrth and most rvthfvl tragedy of L. Annaevs Seneca, entituled Hippolytvs, translated into Englishe, by Iohn Studley.†

* Born about 1540—50. Ob. May 1607.

† Killed in Flanders, 1587. *Chetwood.*

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From the chorus at the end of the second act.

"Hippolytvs euen as the rageing storme away doth fly,
More swift than whirling westerne wynde vptumbling cloudes in sky,
More swift then flashing flames, that catch their course with sweeping sway,
When stars ytost with whisking windes long fiery drakes display.
Fame (wondring at of aldertime our auncestours renowne)
Farewell with thee, and beare away olde worship from our towne.
So much thy beauty brighter shines, as much more cleare and fayre,
The golden moone with glorious globe full furnisht in the ayre
Doth shine, when as the fiery tips of wayning hornes doe close,
When lifting vp her fulgent face in ambling waine she goes,
Vpon her nightwatch to attend, the starres of lesser light
Their darckned faces hide, as hee the messenger of night,
That watchword geues of th' euening tide and Hesperus hee hight;
That glading earst was bath'de in seas, and hee the same agayne,
When shades be shrunck, doth then the name of Lucifer obtayne."

*Oedipvs, the fifth tragedy of Seneca, Englished the yeare of our Lord M. D. LX. By Alexander Nevyle.**

This play has an Epistle Dedicatory addressed "to the Right Honorable Maister Doctor Wotton, one of the Queene's Maiestie's Priuy Counsayle;" which describes the translatour as only sixteen, and in a preface to the reader he states "his author in word and verse somewhat trasformed, though in sense little altered; and yet oftentimes rudely encreased with mine owne simple inuention, more rashly (I cofesse) than wisely, wishing to please all; to offend none."

The chorus at the end of the first act, gives minute particulars of the misery arising from the wrath of the gods.

* Nat. 1514. Ob. 1614.

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"Nothing, alas! remaynes at all in wonted old estate,
But all are turned topset downe, quight voyd and desolate;
The fainting horse for sodayne paine from back his burden tats,
And after on his maister's brest his liueless lyms he squats;
Who cries for help; but all in vain the beastes in field that bide
Vnkept, vnknowen wayes and paths do raunge and ouerstride.
The bull for lacke of foode and meate in field all faintyng lyes,
And all his flocke dispersed quight, the sely shephard dyes.
The herdman eke amongst his beasts his fatal breath expiers,
And to the heuens with piteous cries commends his last desiers.
The harts without all feare of wolues do lyue in wretched peace,
The rage, and wrathful roring sounds of ramping lions cease;
The vengeaunce wyld outragious beares are now as tame as sheepe,
The vgly serpent that was wont the rocky dennes to keepe,
Oft quaffing poisoned venom sups in inward heat she boyles,
And all inflam'd and schorcht, in vayne for lenger lyfe she toyles.
The woods are not adourned now, with fresh and lyuely hue,
The wonted shades are gon. All things are quight out of their queu!
No greenish grasse on ground doth grow, the earth no moisture soupes,
The vine withouten any sap his drowsy head down drowpes.
What shall I say? All things alas are writhen out of course,
And as they seeme to me are lyke to fare still worse and worse.
O mighty God aboue! When ende these euer duryng yls?
When cease these plages that giltles bloud thus fierce and raging spils?
I thinck but we, almost alyue there do no men remayne,
Whom dolful darts of destenies on earth haue left vnslayne;
I thinke the darcksome shades of hell where filthy fluds do flow
Where plages and vile diseases too, where dredfull horrors grow,
And all the furies brasten loose do mischiefs on vs throw,
With botch and blaine of sundry kindes which sothern blasts do blow,
And wrekful vexed hagges of hell do breath and on vs bringe:
The angry fendes of hell I thinke their vengeaunce on vs flinge,
And out their mortall poyson spue which they agaynst vs beare!
Lo see how greedy death on vs with scowling eyes doth leare;
See, see, Oh Ioue! howe fast hee throwes his dartes; not one he spares,
But all confounds, his thretning force withstand no creature dares.

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No doubt, the lothsome feryman the sinfull soules that traynes,
Through stincking fluds, his labour loths that he for vs sustaynes,
Such presse by plumps to him is made which still renews his paynes.

But harke yet monsters more then these, the fame abroade doth fly
That hellishe dogges wt bawling sound were heard to howle and cry,
And yt the ground with trembling shooke, and vnder feete did moue,
And dreadful blasing comets bright were seen in skies aboue;
And gastly shapes of men besides to wander on the ground,
And woods, and trees on euery syde, did fearefully resound;
Besides all this strange ghosts were seene in places where they stoode
And ryuers more than one, or two, that ran all blacke goord bloode;
O cruell plague! O vile disease! farre worse then speedy death;
O wee vnhappy thrise and more, who doe prolonge our breath!"

The sixte tragedie of the most grave & prudẽt author Lvcivs Annævs Seneca entituled Troas, with diuers and sundrye additions to the same by Iasper Heywood.

An Address to the Reader, considers the writer, will be accused of arrogance in attempting to give in English the flower of all writers, Seneca, when so many fine wits and towardly youth are at that time flourishing. The several additions are noticed, and the favour requested for his beginnings. The argument is in thirteen seven-line stanzas: as a specimen of Heywood's original composition the first five are taken.

"The ten yeares siege of Troy, who list to heare,
And of th' affayres that there befell in fight;
Reade ye the workes that long since written were,
Of th' assaultes, and of that latest night,
When turrets toppes in Troy they blased bright;
Good clerkes they were that haue it written well,
As for this worke, no word therof doth tell.

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But Dares Phrygian well can all report,
With Dictis eke of Crete in Greekish toung,
And Homer telles, to Troye the Greekes resort
In scanned verse, and Maro hath it song
Ech one in writ hath pen'd a stoary long,
Who doubtes of ought, and casteth care to knowe
These antique authors, shal the story showe.

The ruines twayne of Troy, the cause of each,
The glittering helmes, in fieldes the banners spread,
Achilles' yres, and Hector's frightes they teach;
There may the iestes of many a knight be read,
Patroclus, Pyrrhus, Aiax, Diomed,
With Troylus, Parys, many other more,
That day by day, there fought in field full sore.

And how the Grekes at end an engine made;
A hugie horse where many a warlike knight
Enclosed was; the Troians to inuade
With Sinon's craft, when Greekes had fayned flight,
While close they lay at Tenedos from sight,
Or how Eneas els as other say,
And false Antenor did the towne betray:

But as for me I naught therof endight,
Myne author hath not all that story pen'd;
My pen his wordes in English must resight,
Of latest woes that fell on Troy at end,
What finall fates the cruell God could send;
And how the Greekes when Troy was burnt gan wreake
Their ire on Troians, therof shall I speake."

The chorus of the second act is composed in similar measure, and commences;

"May this be true, or doth the fable fayne,
When corps is deade the sprite to liue as yet?

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When death our eies with heauy hand doth strain,
And fatall day our leames of light hath shet,
And in the tombe our ashes once be set,
Hath not the soule likewyse his funerall,
But still, alas! do wretches liue in thrall?

Or els doth all at once together die?
And may no part his fatal howre delay,
But with the breath the soul from hence doth flie?
And eke the cloudes to vanish quite awaye,
As danky shade fleeth from the poale by day?
And may no iote escape from desteny,
When once the brand hath burned the body?

What euer then the ryse of sunne may see,
And what the west that sets the sunne doth know;
In all Neptunus raygne what euer bee,
That restles seas do wash and ouerflow,
With purple waues stil tombling to and fro;
Age shal consume, each thing that liuth shal die,
With swifter race than Pegasus doth flie."———

The seventh tragedye of L. Annaevs Seneca, entituled Medea, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Iohn Stvdley.

The argument is rendered in three seven-line stanzas. A long speech of the chorus at the end of the third act begins:

"No fier's force, nor rumbling rage of boistrus blustring winde,
No dart shot whirling in the skies such terrour to ye. minde
Can driue, as when ye. ireful wife doth boile in burning hate
Depriued of her spousall bed, and comfort of her mate,
Nor where the stormy southerne winde with dankish dabby face,
Of hoary winter sendeth out the gushing showres apace.

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Where veighment Isters waumbling streame comes waltring downe amayne,
Forbidding both the banks to meete, & cannot oft contayne
Himselfe within his channels scoupe, but further breakes his way;
Nor Rodanus whose russhing streame doth launch into the sea.
Or when amid the floured spring with hotter burning sunne
The winter's snowes disolude with heate downe to the ryuers runne;
The clottred top of Haemus' hill to water thin doth turne,
Such desperate gogin flame is wrath that inwardly doth burne,
And modest rule regardeth not, nor brydels can abyde,
Nor dreading death doth wish on dinte of naked blade to slyde."

The eyghth tragedye of L. Annaeus Seneca entituled Agamemnon, translated out of Latin into Englishe by Iohn Stvdley.

To this play Studley added, at the conclusion, a whole scene, from which is selected a relation of the death of Cassandra.

"While thus were woefull waylings hard in euery place about,
The good Cassandra (come from Troy) to death is haled out.
Like as the swan, who when the time of death approcheth nye,
By nature warned is thereof, and pleased well to dye,
Doth celebrate her funerall with dirge and solemne songe;
Euen so the noble vyrgin who in woe hath liued longe,
Most ioyfull goes she to her death with milde and pleasaunt face,
Stout boulstring out her burly breast with pryncely porte and grace.
Nothing dismayde with courage bolde, and cheerefull countenaunce,
On stage ordeyned for her death shee gan her selfe aduance;
As though she had not thyther come, to leaue her lothsome lyfe,
As though she had not come, to taste the stroke of fatall knyfe;
But euen as if in brydale bed her iourney were to meete
Corebus deare, not hauing mynde of death, nor winding sheete,
When looking rounde on euery side she took her leaue of all,
From vapourde eyes of younge and olde the trickling teares doe fall.
The Greekes themselues to griefe are mou'de to see this heauy sight,
So pity pearst the headman's heart, that thrise aboute to smite
He stayde the smot; with shiuering hand yet once agayne he tryed,
And from her shoulders stroke her heade, and thus the vyrgin dyed."

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*The ninthe tragedy of Lucius Annæus Seneca, called Octauia; translated out of Latine into Englishe by T[homas] N[uce or Newce.]**

Seneca, in character, having described the age of Saturn, &c. proceeds;

"But now this age much worse then all the rest
Hath leapt into her mother's broken breast:
And rusty lumpish yron and massy gold
Hath digged out, that was quite hid with mold.
And fighting fistes haue armd without delay,
And drawing forth their bondes for rule to stay,
Haue certayne seuerall ioly kingdomes made,
And cities new haue raysde now rulde with blade,
And fenseth eyther with their proper force
Strav ge stoundes, or them assaults the which is worse.
The starry specked virgin, flowre of skies,
Which Iustice hight, that guilty folke discries,
Now lightly esteemd of mortall people here,
Each earthly stound is fled, and comes not neere,
The sauage mannerd route, and beastly rude,
With dabbed wristes in goary bloud embrude;
The great desyre of griesly warre is sprong:
And raping thurst of gold, it is not young."

The tenth tragedy of L. Annae. Seneca, entituled Hercvles Octævs: translated out of Latin into Englishe by I[ohn] S[tvdley.]

The following lines are from the chorus to the third act.

"Fvll true the dytty is
that holy Orphevs sang,

* Prebendary of Ely Cathedral, 1586. Ob. 1617.

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On Thracian harpe with sounde whereof
the rocks of Rodop rang,
That nothing is creat
for euer to endure;
Dame Nature's byrdes each on must stoupe;
when death throwes out the lure.
The head wyth crispen lockes,
or goulden hayres full,
In time hath borne an hoary bush,
or bin a naked scull.
And that which tract of time
doth bring out of the grayne,
Olde Satvrne sharps his syth at length
to reape it downe agayne.
Though Phoebvs ryse at morne,
with glistring rayes full proude,
Hee runnes his race, and ducketh downe
at length in foggy clowde.
To th' Gœtans Orpheys sang
such kinde of melody;
And how the gods themselues were bounde
to lawes of destiny.——
The shinerynge sunne in heauen
shall leese his fadyng lighte;
The pallace of the frames of heavens
shall runne to ruin quight.
And all these blockish gods
some kynd of death shall quell,
And in confused chaos blynde
they shall for euer dwell,
And after ruin made
of goblin, hegge, and elfe,
Death shall bringe finall destenye
at last vppon it selfe."———.

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Col. *Imprinted at London in Flet streate neare vnto Sainct Dunstons church by Thomas Marshe.* 1581.

These short specimens are given as supplementary to the critical account of the volume inserted by Warton in the History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 382. That writer observes, "it is remarkable that Shakspeare has borrowed nothing from the English Seneca;" yet it seems probable a translation produced at the juncture when holy mysteries were fast declining in estimation, assisted other writers, and formed no mean extension of the rising freedom given to dramatic genius. George Gascoigne, whose pieces for public representation class among the earliest we now possess, has some lines in one of his miscellaneous poems descriptive of the characters that supported the extravagant buffoonery then displayed on the stage in the form of a pageant.

"Thus is the stage slakt out, where all these partes be plaide,
And I the prologue should pronounce, but that I am afraide.
First Cayphas playes the priest, and Herode sits as king,*
Pylate the judge, Judas the jurour verdicte in doth bring,

* "If one at a solemne stage play, would take vpon him to pluck of the plaier's garments, whiles they were saying theyr partes & so discipher vnto the lokers on the true & natiue faces of eche of the players, shoulde hee not (trow yee) marre all the matter; and well deserue for a madman to be pelted out of the place with stones: yee shoulde see yet straightwayes a new transmutation in thinges, that who before played the woman, should then appeare to be a man: who seemed youth, should shew his hore heares: who counterfaited the king should tourne to a rascall, and who played God Almighty, shoulde become a cobler as he was before." *The prayse of Follie, &c. Englished by Sir Thomas Chaloner, Knight.* 1577.

Vaine

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Vaine tatling plaied the vice, wel c adde in rich aray,*
And poor Tom Troth is laught to skorn, wt. garments nothing gay;
The woman wantonnesse, she commes with ticing traine,
Pride in her pocket playes bo-peepe, and bawdrie in her braine.
Hir handmaides be deceipte, daunger, and dalliance,
Riot and reuell follow hir, they be of hir alliance;
Nexte these commes in Simme Swash, to see what sturre they keep,
Climme of y^e. Clough then takes his heeles, tis time for him to creep;
To packe the pageaunt up, commes Sorowe with a song,
He says these iests can get no grotes, & al this geare goth wrong;
Fyrst pride withoute cause, why he sings the treble parte,
The meane he mumbles out of tune, for lack of life and hart:
Cost lost, the counter tenor chanteth on apace,
Thus all in discords stands the cliffe, and beggrie sings the base.
The players loose their paines, where so few pens are sturring,
Their garments weare for lacke of gains, & fret for lack of furring;
When all is done and past, was no parte plaide but one,
For eurey player plaide the foole, till all be spent and gone."

Conduit Street. J. H.

ART. LXI. *The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroicall verse by Richard Stanyhurst: with other poeticall devises thereunto annexed. At London: Imprinted by Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Thames Streate,*

* "Now Roscius pleades in the senate house; asses play vpon harpes; the stage is brought into the church; and vices make plaies of church matters——They shall put off their fooles coate, and leaue snapping of their wodden dagger, and betake themselues to a soberer kinde of reasoning, which will bee verie hard for such vices to do.——Wearie of our stale mirth, that for a penie may haue farre better by oddes at the Theater and Curtaine, and any blind playing house euerie day.——Like *Wil. Sommers*, when you knowe not who bob'd you, strike him that first comes in your foolish head." *Martin's Month's minde*, 1589.

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neare unto Baynardes Castell, Anno Dom. 1583. 8*vo. pp.* 106*.

"AFTER the associated labours of Phaier and Twyne,† says Warton,‡ it is hard to say what could *induce* Robert [Richard] Stanyhurst, a native of Dublin, to translate the first four books of the Eneid into English hexameters, which he printed at London in 1583, and dedicated to his brother, ‖ Peter Plunket, the learned baron of Dusanay in Ireland." This dedication is dated from Leyden in Holland, the last of June 1582: and as it may serve to explain a point which seems to have cramped our poetical historian, while it affords a curious memorial of the writer's pedantical conceit and quaint vulgarity, much of it is here extracted.

"To the right hon. my very loving brother, the lorde baron of Dunsanye. §

"Having (my good lord) taken upon mee to execute some parte of Maister Askam's will, who in his golden pamphlet, intituled the Schoolemaister, doth wish the universitie students to applie their wittes in beautifying our Englishe language with heroicall verses;¶ I held no Latinist so fit to give the onset

* From an entry in the Stationer's books, this work seems to have been first printed at Leyden; an edition unknown to Ames, or Herbert. See Ritson's Bibl. Poetica, p. 351.

† Twyne's continuation did not appear till after this version of Stanyhurst. See Steevens's List of Ancient Translations. But see note *post* p. 424.

‡ Hist. of Eng. Poetry iii. 399. ‖ Qu Patrick?

§ P. Plunket Lord Dunsany, and Stanyhurst, seem to have married two sisters, and thence probably it was, that the latter styles him *brother*.

¶ Ascham, in 1564, had strongly protested against *ryme*, as a

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on as Virgil, who for his perelesse stile and matchlesse stuffe, doth beare the pricke and price among all the Romane poets. Howbeit, I have here halfe a gesse, that two sorts of carpers wil seeme to spurne at this mine enterprise: the one utterly ignorant, the other meanely lettered. The ignorant wil imagine, that the passage was nothing craggy, in as much as M. Phaer hath broken the ice before mee: the meaner clearkes wil suppose my travaile in these heroicall verses to carrie no greate difficultie, in that it laye in my choice to make what word I woulde short or long, having no English writer before me in this kinde of poetrie, wyth whose squire I shoulde leavel my syllables.*

"To shape therefore an aunsweare to the first; I say—they are altogither in a wrong boxe: consider-

gothic usage; yet he rather objected to the nature of *carmen heroicum*, because dactylus, the aptest foot for that verse, is so seldom found in English: but "although *carmen hexametrum* (he adds) doth rather trotte and hoble, than runne smoothly, yet I am sure our English tong will receive *carmen iambicum* as naturallie as either Greke or Latin." Scholemaster, fol. 60.

* This slur oblique would seem to be directed against Gab. Harvey, who before 1580 had composed, and in that year published, English verses in Latin measures, of which he was proud to be considered as the *primus artifex*. Hence the following egotistic boast in one of his wordy contests with Nash: "If I never deserve anye better remembraunce, let me be epitaphed *the Inventour of the English hexameter*, whome learned M. Staniburst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia and elsewhere." *Foure Letters*, &c. 1592. I suspect that Drant had opposed this fashionable novelty in principle as well as practice, since Harvey speaks of rules for the *Dranting* of verses in Pierce's Supererogation, 1593; and had done so before, in his correspondence with Spenser.

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ing that such wordes as fit M. Phaer may be very unapt for me, which they would confesse, if their skil were so much as spare, in these verses. Furthermore, I stand so nicely on my pantofles that way, as if I coulde, yet I would not run on the score with M. Phaer or any other, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language as oure Englishe tongue is. And, in good sooth, althoughe the gentleman hath translated Virgil into Englishe rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a very few (in my conceit) for pickte and loftie words can bourd him; none, I am wel assured, overgoe him: yet he hath rather doubled than defalckt ought of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with mine, I was forced to weede out from my verses such choise wordes as were forestalled by him; unlesse they were so feeling, as others coulde not countervaile theyr signification. In which case it were no reason to sequester my pen from their acquaintance; considering, that as M. Phaer was not the firste founder, so he may not be accounted the only owner of such termes. Truly I am so farre from embeazling his travailes, as that for the honour of the Englishe I durst undertake to run over these bookes againe, and to give them a new liverie in such different wise, as they should not jet with M. Phaer's badges; ne yet bee clad with this apparaile, wherewyth at this present they come foorth attyred: which I speake not of vanitie, to enhaunce my cunning; but of meere veritie, to advance the riches of our speech. Moreover, in some points of greatest price, where the matter, as it were, doth bleede; I was mooved to shunne M. Phaer's interpretation,

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and cling more neere to the meaning of mine authour, in slicing the huske and cracking the shell, to bestowe the kernell upon the wittie and inquisitive reader. I coulde lay downe sundrie examples, were it not I shoulde be thought over curious, by prying out a pimple in a bent: but a few shall suffice. In the fourth booke, Virgil disciphring the force of Mercurie, among other propertie, wryteth thus:

Dat somnos adimitque et lumina morte resignat;

M. Phaer doth English in this wise:

And sleepes therewith he gives and takes, and men from death defendes.

Mine interpretation is this:

He causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd uphasping.

"This is cleane contrarie to M. Phaer. He wryteth, that Mercurie defendeth from death: I write, that it procureth death; which (under his correction) doth more annere to the authour his minde, and to nature's working.* For, if Mercurie didde not slea before it did save, and procured sleeping eare it caused waking, Nature in hir operations, woulde bee founderd; the fat were in the fire; the market were marred. To like effecte Chaucer bringeth, in the fift booke, Troilus thus mourning.

"Thee owle eeke, which that hight, Ascaphylo, †
Hath after mee shright al these nightes two:

* Servius and Turnebus differ just as much in their acceptation of this passage, as Messieurs Phaer and Stanyhurst.

† Or rather *Ascalapho.*

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And god Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, it feche."

"Againe, Virgil in diverse places investeth Juno with this epitheton, *Saturnia;* M. Phaer overpasseth it, as if it were an idle word shuffled in by the authour, to damme up the chappes of yawning verses. I never to my remembrance omitted it, as indeede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphaticall, as the overslipping of it were in effect the choaking of the poet's discourse, in such hauking wise, as if he were throtled with the chincoughe. And to inculcate that clause the better, where the mariage is made in the fourth boke betwene Dido and Aeneas, I adde, in my verse *watry Juno:* although mine author used not the epitheton *watrye*, but onelye made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fier*. Yet I am well assured, that word throughly conceived of an hedeful student may give him such light as may ease him of sixe moneths travaile; whyche were well spent, if that *wedlocke* were wel understoode. Thus Virgil in hys Aeneis, and Ovid in his Metamorphosis, are so tickle in some places, as they rather crave a construction than a translation. But it may be hereafter (if God wil grace my proceedings) I shall be occasioned, in my FIN COULEIDOS, to unlace more of these mysteries: whiche booke I muste be many yeares breeding; but if it be throughly effected, I stande in hope it wil fall out to be *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

"Touching mine owne triall, this muche I will discover. The thre firste bookes I translated by starts, as my leasure and pleasure would serve me. In the

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fourth booke I did taske my selfe, and pursued the matter somewhat hotely. M. Phaer tooke to the making of that boke fifteene dayes; I hudled up mine in ten: wherein I covet no praise, but rather doe crave pardon. For like as forelittering bitches whelpe blinde puppies, so I may be perhaps intwighted of more haste than good speede, as Sir Thomas Moore in like case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certaine pild verses clouted up *extrumpere:*

Hos quid te scripisse mones ex tempore versus?
Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.

"But to leave that to the verdict of others (wherein I crave the good liking of the curteous, and scorne the controlment of the currish, as those that usually reprehend most and yet can amend least) the oddes betweene *verse* and *rythme* is very greate. For in the one, everie foote, everie worde, everie syllable, yea everie letter is to be observed: in the other, the last worde is onelye to be heeded; as is very lively expressed by the lawyer, in empaneling a jurie:

Johannes Doa.	Richardus Roa.
Johannes Myles.	Thomas Giles.
Johannes Den.	Willielmus Fen.
Willielmus Neile.	Johannes Sneile.
Johannes Hye.	Thomas Pye.
Richardus Leake.	Johannes Peake.

"Happly, suche curious markers, as your Lordshippe is, wil accompt this but *rythme dogrel:* but we may sute it with a more civil word by terming it *rythme peale meale;* it rolleth so roundly in the hearers eares. And are there not diverse skavingers of draftie poetrie in this oure age, that baste their pa-

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pers wyth smearie larde, favoring altogether of the frying pan? What Tom Towly is so simple that wil not attempt to be a rythmoure? If your lordship stand in doubt thereof, what thinke you of the thicke-skinne that made this for a farewel for his mistresse, upon his departure from Abingtowne?

"Abingtowne, Abingtowne, God be with thee;
For thou haste a steeple like a dagger sheathe."

And another in the praise, not of a steeple, but of a dagger:

"When all is gone but the black scabbard,
Wel fare the haft with the duggeon dagger."

"The third (for I will present your lordship wyth a leshe) in the commendation of bacon:

"Hee is not a king that weareth satten,
But hee is a king that eateth bacon."

"Have not these men made a faire speake? If they hadde putte in *mightie Jove* and *Gods* in the plurall number, and *Venus* wyth *Cupyde the blinde boye*, al had bene in the nicke, the rythme had bin of a right stamp. For a few such stitches botch up our new fashion makers.* Provided notwithstanding alwayes, that Artaxerxes, albeit he be spur gallde, being so much galloped, bee placed in the dedicatorie epistle, receiving a duppe of water of a

*In the infancy of Greece (says Meres) they that handled, in the audience of the people, grave and necessary matters, were called wise men or eloquent men, which they meant by *Vates*; so the rest which sang of love matters or other lighter devises, alluring unto pleasure and delight, were called *poetæ* or *makers*. *Palladis Tamia*. 1598.

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swaine, or else all is not worth a beane. Good God, what a frie of such wooden rythmours doth swarme in stacioners shops, who never instructed in anie grammar schoole, not attayning to the parings of the Latine or Greeke tongue, yet (lyke blinde Bayards) rushe on forwarde, fostring their vaine conceits with such overweening sillie follies, as they recke not to be condemned of the learned for ignorant, so they bee commended of the ignorant for learned. The readiest way therefore to flap these droanes from the sweet scenting hives of poetrye, is for the learned to applie them selves wholly (if they bee delighted with that vaine) to the true meaning of verses in suche wise as the Greekes and Latines, the fathers of knowledge, have done, and to leave to these doltishe coistrels their rude rythming and balduck-etome ballads. To the stirring therefore of the ryper, and the incouraging of the yonger gentle-menne of our universities, I have taken some paines that waye; which I thought good to betake to your Lordship's patronage, being of it selfe otherwise so tender as happly it might scant endure the tippe of a frumping fillip."

Thus much has been selected from the "Dedication" of Stanyhurst, because it may considered as one of our earliest essays on English metrification, and is of such rarity as to have escaped the notice of Dr. Warton and Mr. Malone, in their retrospects of our critical literature.* A preface of five pages "to

* See Warton's Pope, I. 175; and Malone's Life of Dryden, p. 59.

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the learned reader," proceeds in a still more minute manner to lay down rules for the adjustment of English prosody, when applied to what Mr. Warton has termed an "unnatural and impracticable mode of versification."* From this preface a short extract only shall be adduced, which relates to syllabic quantities:—"The Latines prescribe that the primative and derivative, the simple and compound, be of one quantitie; but that rule, of al others, must be abandoned from the English; otherwise, al wordes in effect should be abridged. *Moother* I make long; yet *Grandmother* must be short. *Buckler* is long; yet *swashbuckler* is short. And albeit, that worde be long by position, yet doubtlesse the naturall dialect of English will not allowe of that rule in middle syllables, but it must be of force with us accepted, where the naturall pronuntiation wil so have it. For otherwise we should banish a number of good and necessary words from our verses, as M. G. Harvey (if I mistake not the gentleman's name) hath very wel observed in one of his familiar letters:† where he layeth down divers

*Hist. of E. P. III. 405. A later attempt was made to revive this obsolete whimsey by an anonymous writer in 1737, who translated the first and fourth Eclogues of Virgil, &c. into hexametrical verse, and prefixed a Vindication of his attempt, with directions for the reader's pronunciation.

†These letters passed between Spenser and Harvey in 1579, and were published by the latter in 1580. Hughes republished them, in a garbled state, at the end of his edition of Spenser's works. Mr. Todd has inserted an accurate reprint of those written by Spenser, in his biographical account of that poet. The letters of Harvey gave such offence to Ld. Oxford and the university of Cambridge,

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words straying from the Latine precepts, as *majestie, royaltie, &c.*"

Stanyhurst was so far from banishing any of our words, that he is rather to be blamed for introducing a number of new combinations, too uninviting for poetical adoption, and too repulsive even for prose composition. His endeavour indeed seems to have been, to render the sound an imitation of the sense; but he wanted taste and skill to accomplish his purpose with agreeableness. The pure and exquisite style of Virgil, which a modern critic* has pronounced to be his only "preserving pickle," is therefore perverted by Stanyhurst into a species of travestie which has grossly libelled his original. To the golden car of Phœbus he has yoked the team of a mud cart, and is more adroit in using the language of a carman than the rein of a charioteer. But it may not be undesirable to exhibit a few samples from this singular version. The opening of the first book furnishes not the least favourable citation, though it contains some expressions which were justly carped at even by contemporaries. The four introductory lines seem to be gathered from the Bucolics.

"I, that in old season wyth reeds oten harmonye whistled
My rural sonnet; from forrest flitted (I) forced
Thee, sulcking swincker, thee soile, though craggie, to sunder:
A labor and a travaile too plowswains hartily welcoom.

that he was induced to tender a large Apology. See his Four Letters, &c. touching Robert Greene, 1592: reprinted at *Archaica*.

* See Letters of Literature, p. 150.

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Now manhod and garboils I chaunt and martial horror;
I blaze thee, captayne, first from Troy cittie repairing,
Lyke wandring pilgrim to famosed Italie trudging,
And coast of Lavyn: soust wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,
On land and sayling, by gods' predestinate order:
But chiefe through Junoe's long fostred deadlye revengment
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could stately be buylded,
Or gods there setled: thence flitted thee Latine offspring,
The roote of old Alban; thence was Rome peereles inhaunced."

The preceding passage is thus pointedly referred to, in the satires of bishop Hall. "Manhood and garboils I chaunt," is Stanyhurst's imitation of "*Arma virumque cano.*"

"Give me the numbred verse that Virgil sung,
And Virgil's self shall speak the English tongue:
Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt with chaunged feet,
And head-strong dactyles making music meet."

Puttenham thus points to another phrase in the above extract: "*One*, translating certaine bookes of Virgil's Æneidos into English meetre, said—that Æneas was fayne to *trudge* out of Troy; which terme became better to be spoken of a beggar, or of a rogue, or a lackey." It was further observed by Nash, in his Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse, that "Stanyhurst, though otherwise learned, trod a foule, lumbring, boystrous, wallowing measure in his translation of Virgil." The propriety of this observation may be shewn by the following excerpts, which display much

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of the rude barbarism and coarse clownery complained of by Nash.*

"The sea salte foaming wyth brave flantadoe dyd harrow,"

is his rendering of "*Spumas salis ære ruebant.*" What *flantadoe* adumbrates, our glossarists have not revealed. It may be one of the many uncouth terms manufactured by the translator.

In the following passage he depicts the wrath of Juno, and Æolia, the land of storms:

"Thus she frying fretted, thus deepely plunged in anger,
Æolian kingdoom she raught; where blusterus huzzing
Of wynds in prison, thee great king Æolus hampreth:
Theese flaws theyr cabbans wyth stur snar iarrye doe ransack."

Neptune being roused from his pallet, by the storm which Æolus had raised at the instigation of Juno, beholds with commotion the "touz'd tost navie" of Æneas, and thus utters his rebuke to the astounded Winds:

"What, sirs? your boldnesse dooth your gentilitie warrant?
Dare ye, loe, curst baretours,† in this my seignorie regal
Too raise such raks jacks on seas, and danger unorderd?
Wel, sirs:—but tempest I wil first pacifie raging.
Bee sure this practise wil I nick in a friendly memento.
Pack hence, doggie rakhels, tel your king, from me, this errand:
Of seas thee managing was neaver allotted his empire.

* In his epistle prefixed to Greene's Menaphon, 1589.

† Wranglers. See Minsheu.

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That charge mee toucheth; but he maystreth, monsterus hildens.*
Your kennels, good syrs: let your king Æolus hautye,
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardly."

A little further on he describes the gates of Rome

"With steele bunch, chaine knob, cling'd, knur'd, and narroly lincked."

Well might Puttenham† declare, that his stomach could hardly digest the hexameters of Stanyhurst, or the ill-shapen sound of many of his polysyllabic words and his copulation of monosyllables, to supply the quantity of a trisyllable. Nash has aptly characterized the tenor of this translation by the term "Thrasonical huffe snuffe,"‡ Some of the following lines will probably bring to the recollection of Shakesperian readers, the rant of ancient Pistol. The downfal of a Trojan tower is thus depicted—"with an horribil hurring,

"Pat fals the turret, the Greeks with crash swash it heapeth."

And thus he announces an ominous tempest of hail and rain:

"Thee whilst in the skie-seat great bouncing rumbelo thundring
Rattleth; downe pouring, to sleete thicke haile knob is added."

*, Hilding is a word used by Shakespeare for hireling or lacquey.

† Arte of English Poesie, lib. II. ch. xii.

‡ This term however was derived from Stanyhurst himself.

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The well-known picture of Polypheme is rendered—

"A fowle fog monster, great swad, deprived of eye-sight."

In another place Duke Æneas is said to have "gogled his eyesight, wayting for Dido;" while

"Groane sighs deepe reaching, with tears his leers ful he blubbred:"

And *exoritur clamorque virûm, clangorque tubarum* is interpreted—"the towns-men roared, the trump taratantara ratled:"

Charles Cotton could not carry his professed burlesque further than this. Yet Mr. Warton has remarked, in the way of critical set-off, that "with all his foolish pedantry, Stanyhurst was certainly a scholar." He might rather like Lingo, his ludicrous counterpart, have been supposed "a master of scholars;" and at the same time "an Ebrew jew," for he calls *custos templi Hesperidum*, the "sexton of Hesperides' sinagog." Could even the foolery of O'Keefe reach such an apex of absurdity? Had Dryden or Trapp popt on such an hemistich, it must have been taken for a vile banter on their Virgilian master: yet Stanyhurst was always in earnest.

On account of the very rare occurrence of this translation, I am still induced to offer two more extracts, taken from the first and third books. The former is perhaps the most poetical effort of the translator's pen. It begins at v. 421. *Miratur molem Æneas, &c.*

"Aneas woondreth where dorps* and cottages earst stood
For to se such sturring, such stuffe, such gorgeous handwoorck.

* *Dorp* is explained by Bailey to be a country town or village.

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The moors* drudge roundly: soom wals are loftelye raysing,
Soom mount high castels; soom stoans downe tumble al headlong:
Soom meare† foorth platfoormes, for buylding curious houses;
Soom doe choose the senat, sound laws and order enacting;
Soom frame play theaters; soom deepelye dig harborus havens:
Soom for great palaces doo slise from quarrye the chapters:‡
Lyke bees in summer season, through rustical hamlets,
That flirt in sunbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling,
When they do foorth carry theyr yoong swarme fledgy to gathring,
Or cels ar farcing§ with dulce and delicat hoonye,
Or porters burdens unloads, or clustred in heerdswarme,
Feaze‖ away thee droane bees, with sting from maunger or hivecot;
Thee labor hoat sweltreth, thee combs tyme flowrie besprinckleth."

In the ensuing lines, designed to emulate an eructation of Mount Ætna, he summons up that asinine dissonance or hexametrical fury which, (as Nash tells us) was so terrible to all mild ears, that it affrighted our peaceable poets from intermeddling hereafter with such a quarrelling kind of verse.

* *Alias* Tyrians.

† To *meär* is to mark or limit. See Minsheu, & Mason's Supp. to Johnson's Dict.

‡ Probably *divisions.*

§ i. e. *falling*, a word used by many of our early writers.

‖ Beat away. *Faisez*, Fr.

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"Neere joynctlye brayeth with ruffierye* rumboled Ætna:
Soomtyme owt it bolcketh † from bulck clowds grimly bedimmed,
Like fyerd pitche skorching, or. flash flame sulphurus heating:
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire like a pellet is hurled,
Ragd rocks up raking, and guts of mounten yrented
From roote up he jogleth: stoans hudge slag ‡ molten he rowseth,
With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furie kindling.
Men say that Enceladus, with bolt haulf blasted, here harbrought,
Ding'd § with this squising || and massive burthen of Ætna,
Which pres on him nailed, from broached chimnys stil heateth;
As oft as the giant his brold ** syds croompeled altreth,
So oft Sicil †† al shivereth, therewith flaks smoakye be sparckled."

Of this strange version of the Mantuan bard, more than enough may perhaps have been said. His poetical devices immediately succeed, and consist of the following particulars.

"Hereafter ensue certaine Psalmes of David, translated into English according to the observation of the Latine verses.

1. The first psalme of David, named in Latin,

* *Ruffling* seems to be turbulent noise. A ruffler was formerly a boisterous bully.

† To bolck, or boke, is *ructare*.

‡ *Slag* is the dross of iron. § *Dash'd* down. || *Squeezing*.

** i. e. Broiled sides crumpled. †† Trinacria.

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Beatus vir, translated into English iambical verse.*

2. The second psalme, *Quare fremuerunt gentes*, translated into English heroical and elegiacal verse.
3. The third psalme, named *Domine quid multiplicati sunt*, translated into English asclepiad verse.
4. The fourth psalme, named *Cum invocarem*, paraphrastically into English saphick verse.
5. A prayer to the Trinitie (in the same measure.)

"Hereafter ensue certayne Poetical Conceites.

1. A devise made by Virgil, or rather by some other, upon a river so harde frozen, that waynes dyd passe over it. Varied sundrye wayes, for commendacions, as it should seeme, of the Latin tongue, and the same varietie doubled in the English. (In Latin hexameter and pentameter verses.)
2. The same Englished.
3. Ib. So many times is the Latin varied, and yet as many times more, for the honoure of the English.
4. The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eight booke of his Æneis, in which place the poet payed, as it weare, his price, by advauncing at ful the loftines of his veyne.

* Amongst *us* (says Meares) I name but two iambical poets, Gabriel Harvey and Richard Stanyhurst; because I have seene no mo in this kind." *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. It seems odd that Mears should have overlooked the *Iambicum Trimetrum* of Spenser, printed in 1580.

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Done into English by the translatour for his last farewel too the sayd Virgil."

It was this detached version which supplied most of the passages ridiculed by Nash, in the following couplet:

"Then did he make heaven's vault to rebounde with rounce robble hobble,
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with twick thwack thurlery bouncing."

But it is not the description of a tempest in which they occur: it is in the detail of Vulcan's work-shop, from which Nash might have strengthened the force of his gibe by further citation, as the ensuing extract will shew:

"T'ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence, with flownce furye slinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tamponds, maynelye be towring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chimneyes fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd dub a dub tabering, with frapping rip rap of Ætna," &c.

He then describes Brontes and Steropes, with bare limbed swarty Pyracmon, "upbotching, not shapte but partlye wel onward,

"A clapping fier bolt (such as oft, with *rownce robel hobble*, Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finnished holye.
Three showrs, wringlye wrythen, glimring, and forciblye sowcing;

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Three watrie clowds, shymring, toe the craft they rampired hizzing;
Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds rufflered huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye reboundings
Of *ruffe raffe roaring*, men's harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with *thwick thwack* sturdilye thundring."*

But it is time to take leave of our translator, where he did of his author, and proceed to the original compositions, &c.

5. The lover long sought unto by his friend, at last repayreth to her presence; and after a few meetings, smelling the drift of the mother, which earst hee did forecast, to tend to the preferring of her daughter in marriadge, refrayneth the gentlewoman's company, though eftsoones to the contrarie sollicited, as one unwilling to marry at al, and very loath to mar so curteous a dame; and therefore for the preservation of her honoure, and to avoyd the encoumbraunce of love, hee curbeth affection with discretion, and thus

* This has likewise incurred the sensible rebuke of Bishop Hall:

"If Jove speak English in a *thundring* cloud,
Thwick thwack, and *riff raff roars* he out aloud;
Fie on the forged mint that did create
New coin of words, never articulate."

VIRGIDEM. LIB. I. SAT. vi.

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descanteth on the playne song. (This also is hexametrical, as are nearly all the following which are in English.)

6. An endevoured Description of his Mistresse. (Eng.)
7. His Devise written in his Mistresses booke. (Lat.)
8. The same Englished.
9. Three especial giftes wherein his Mystresse excelleth. (Eng.)
10. Of a craking Cutter,* extracted out of Syr Thomas Moore his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)
11. Of a tempest, quayling† certeyn passengers; borowed of the same Syr Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
12. Hesperus his confession; written in Latin by the said Sir Thomas Moore. (Eng.)
13. Of Tyndarus, that frumped‡ a gentlewoman for having a long nose; delivered by the former author in Latine. (Eng.)
14. Syr Thomas Moore his receipt for a strong breath: translated out of his Latin epigrams. (Eng.)

"Here ensue certaine Epitaphes, framed as wel in Latin as English.

1. An epitaph devised upon the death of the Right Hon. James Earle of Ormond and Ossorie,

* *Craking Cutter* seems to designate a braggadocio, or Captain Bobadil: or, in our translator's dialect, "a Thrasonical huff snuffe."

† *Quayling* is sinking into dejection. See Reed's Shaksp. XIV. 77.

‡ To *frump* is to flout. *Teut.*

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who deceased at Elie-house in Holborne about the year 1546, the xviii of October; and lieth buried in S^t. Thomas Acres church, extracted out of the third booke of the Historie of Ireland. (Eight Latin lines, followed by a character, highly laudatory, in English prose.)

2. Upon the death of the Lord of the Out Isles of Scotland; of whom mention is made in the third book of the Historie of Ireland, circa An. Dom. 1543. (Lat.)
3. Upon the death of his father, James Stanyhurst, esquyer, who deceased at Dublyn, anno 1573, xxvii of December, ætatis 51. (Lat.)
4. Upon the death of his father-in-law, Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knight. (Lat. ver. and prose.)
5. Upon the death of his wife Genet, daughter to Syr Christofer Barnewal, Knt. who deceased at Knight-his-bridge, of chield-byrth, anno 1579, Aug. xxvi. ætat xix. and lieth enterred at Chelsye. (Lat.)*
6. Upon the death of the Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mack Maughoun, an Irish Lording, about the yeare 1577. (Eng.) This from its biographical tendency shall be given.

* Even in this marital tribute the writer's jingling propensity prevails; e. g. "Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negavit,
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares."

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"Thus, loa, thyne hast (coosen) bred waste, to cittye, to countrey;
Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villanye mangled,
Not by his manlye valour, but through thy desperat offer
As the liefe is lasting too sutch as in armes ar heedye,
E'en so death is posting too those that in armor ar headye.
Haulf penye, far better than on housful cluster of angels,
Although habit, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted:
Whom lief combyned, death could not scatter asunder:
Sutch is thee fastnesse of foster brootherhod Irish.
Though Sydny* and Delvyn† the murther partlye revenged:
A losse so pretiouse may not bee fullye requited.
Thee death of a thousand Maghounds is unequal amendment.
Thee nobles may not but a death so bluddie remember:
The Plunckets wil not from mind such boutcherie bannish.
Thy ladie, thy kinred, doo misse thy freendship aprooved.
Thee cittie mourneth thee lack of a counsalor holsoom;
And thee countrie moneth thee want of a zealus upholder:
Vertue eke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.
Howbeit, dame Vertue thy goodnesse kindlye rewardeth.
In memory thine honour, thy soul eeke in glorie reposing."

7. Upon the death of the Right Hon. the Lord Girald Fitz-Girald L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at St. Albans, in the yeare 1580, the last of June; the xxi yeare of his age. (Eng. ver. and pr.)

* Sir Henry Sidney, Lord Deputy of Ireland.

† This might be Lord Delvin, who in 1567 was authorized by Q. Eliz. to extirpate the O'Mores and their followers. Lodge's Peer. of Ireland, I. 134.

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8. A penitent sonnet written by the Lord Girald, a little before his death. (Eng.) This article will add another name to the supplementary volume of Noble Authors, intended to comprise such as are not contained in the edition just published.

9. An epitaph entitled *Commune defunctorum;* such as our unlearned rithmours accustomably make, upon the death of everie Tom Tyler, as if it were a last for every one his foote, in which the quantities of sillables are not to be heeded. (Eng.) This is no bad hoax of those common place panegyrics which were penned by either mercenary or parasitical scribblers, who heaped Pelion upon Ossa in their lapidary lays. It begins with the usual invocation:

"Coom to me, you Muses, and thow, most chiefly, Minerva,
Help my pen in writing, a death most soarie reciting,
Of the good old Topas, soon to the mightie Syr Atlas;
For gravitie the Cato, for wit Mars, Bacchus, Apollo.
Scipio for warfare, for gentil curtesie Cæsar,
A great Alexander, with a longe white neck, like a gaunder.
In yeers a Nestor, for wars a martial Hector,
Hannibal, and Pompey, with Tristram, Gallahad, Orckney.
For justice Radamanthus, in equity woorthy Lycurgus:
In learning Socrates, in faithful friendship Achates:
In travaile Æneas, for secrets trustful Iolas:
And in philosophy a Raymond, a Bacon, a Ripley."

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Mr. Warton has cited the conclusion of this mock-eulogy, as it mentions Julietta, among the celebrated heroines; but he appears to have overlooked part of its purport and design, when he conceives it was written solely to expose poetical squabbles about *metre*.*

10. An epitaph, written by Sir Thomas More, upon the death of Henrie Abyngdon, one of the gentlemen of the chappel. Wich devise the authour was fayne to put in meeter, by reason the partie that requested his travel did not like of a verye proper epitaph that was first framed, because it ran not in rythme, as may appeare at ful in his Latin epigrammes. Whereupon Syr Thomas More shapt these verses ensuing, with which the suppliant was exceedingly satisfyed, as if the author had hit the nayle on head. (Lat. and Engl.)

* It may also be questioned whether Julietta (as Mr. Warton thought) could have an allusion to Shakespeare's Juliet; since Stanyhurst's verses were printed in 1585, and the earliest computation that has been made to fix the true date of the first sketch of Romeo and Juliet, does not carry the conjecture higher than 1591. It was not printed till 1597. The story of Romeo and Julietta, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, or the tragical history of Romeus and Juliet by Brooke, might have formed the sources of allusion. Let me in this note correct the misinformation conveyed in a former one, at p. 401. Mr. Warton was right in his History, and Mr. Steevens has proved wrong, in his list of translations, by dating the appearance of Twyne's Continuation of Phaer's Virgil, 1584: the last book having been finished July 6, 1573, and printed in the same year.

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This epitaph, for the humour of the thing, appears to invite transcription.*

" *Hic jacet* Henricus, *semper pietatis* amicus;
Nomen Abingdon erat, *si quis sua nomina* quærat:
Wellis hic ecclesia, *fuerat succentor in alma,*
Regis et in bella *cantor fuit ipse* capella.
Millibus in mille *cantor fuit optimus* ille.
Præter et hæc ista *fuit optimus* organista:
Nunc igitur Christie, *quoniam tibi serviit,* iste,
Semper in orbe soli *da sibi regna* poli."

" The same, though not verbatim construed, yet in effect thus may be translated; wherein the learned are not to looke for the exact observation of quantities of syllables, which the authour in the Latin did not very precisely keepe.

" Here lyeth old *Henry,* no freend to mischievus *envy,*
Surnam'd *Abyngdon,* to all men most hartily *welcoom*:
Clerck he was in *Wellis,* where tingle a great many *bellis;*
Also in thee *chappel* hee was not counted a *moungrel;*
And such a lowd *singer,* in a thousand not such a *ringer:*
And with a *concordance,* a most most skilful in *organee.*
Now God I crave *duly,* sence this man serv'd the so *truly*
Henry place in *kingdoom,* that is also named *Abingdon.*"

The volume is closed by an address from Bynneman, which (as it offers an apology for the singularity of orthography observable through most of the book, and is not long) may serve to close this copious article.

" The printer to the curteous reader.

" I am to crave thy pacience, good reader, and thy

* Mr. Sharon Turner has exhibited a series of middle rhymes somewhat similar, in the Latin poetry of Bede. See Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, III. 361.

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friendly acceptaunce of my paines* in printing this booke. The novelty of the verse, and the absence of the author, put me halfe in a feare either to displease the gentleman that penned it, or not to please the gentleman that reade it. If I should observe the newe ortographie used in the booke (whether with the writer's minde, or the printer's† fault I know not) it might have bred error in the understanding of many, and misliking in the judgment of most. And very lothe I am to seeme injurious to the author, in straying any whit from his prescribed rules in writing, exactly observing the quantity of every syllable. If I have, here and there, changed some one or other letter, my purpose was to give more light to the matter by that maner of speech wherto our country men are most acquainted. The absence of any letter, which for the necessitie of the verse often falleth out, I have noted with an apostrophe thus (’). For the placing of two *oo* and *ee* for one, and contrary one for two,‡ which thou mayst often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the author's epistle at the beginning,§ and generally to commend to thy curtesie my travaile in so *straunge* and *unaccustomed* a worke."

From Wood, Ware, and Warton, added to casual hints in his own volume, it may be gathered that Stanyhurst was born about 1547, in Dublin (of which

* The book is very neatly and carefully printed: the prose in Roman, the verse in Old English characters.

† *Forsan* Compositor.

‡ This is done in the last metrical extract, but directly contrary to modern usage.

§ Stanyhurst says, in that epistle, "If *E* be short, I write it usually with a single *E*, as *the, me*; if long, with two, as *thee, mee*: although I would not wishe the quantitie of syllables to depend so much upon the gaze of the eye, as the censure of the eare."

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city his father had been recorder), that he was educated in grammatical learning under Peter [illegible]yte, sometime dean of Waterford; and admitted of University College, Oxon, in 1563, where he wrote a dialectical commentary on Porphyry in his eighteenth year. Having taken one degree he became successively a student at Furnival and Lincoln's Inn, where he applied to the study of the common law; but this pursuit might possibly have been relinquished on the death of his father in 1573. From his poems it appears that he married Janetta, the daughter of Sir Chr. Barnwell, Knt. and that she died in child-birth at Knightsbridge, near London, anno 1579. His poetical Conceits in 1582 contain a description of his mistress at the Hague, whom he calls Marie, and depicts as a brunette, youthful but sage. Wood says he went abroad (being a married man) and became famous for his learning in France and the Low Countries, &c.* and (his wife being dead) he was made Chaplain to the Archduke of Austria, who allowed him a plentiful salary. In the title to his Hebdomada Mariana, 1609, he writes himself "Sacellanus serenissimorum principum." He died at Brussels in 1618. Wood specifies several of his productions, but his description of Ireland, as printed in Holinshed's Chronicles, is the only work that is likely to give him credit with posterity.†

T. P.

* Ware intimates that he went into the Low Countries, from being desirous of greater liberty in the enjoyment of his religion, which was Popish.

† His book "De rebus in Hibernia gestis," was severely censured by the Irish historian Keating, and as Harris thought justly, on account of its numerous errors and malicious representations. See Harris's edit. of Ware's Ireland, IV. 98.

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The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneis, translated into English heroical verse, by Richard Stanyhurst, with other poetical devises thereto annexed. 8vo. At London imprinted by Henrie Bynneman, dwelling in Thames streate neare unto Baynardes Castell, Anno Domini 1583.

[BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

The editor having received an additional account of this rare book, before his Correspondent had seen the prior articles, inserts it here.

This singular volume is dedicated "To the Right Honourable my very loving brother the Lorde Baron of Dunsanye."

The dedication is dated from "Leyden in Holland, 1582." It is for the most part a comparison between Phaer's translation of Virgil and the author's, in which he censures Phaer for not using words sufficiently elevated and heroicall; and assures his reader that he has weeded out of his translation such choice words as Phaer had used. Next follows a preface, or address, to the reader. Afterwards comes the work, of which the only method of giving any idea is by a few quotations. It is *intended* to be written in English hexameter verse, then much in vogue, owing to the pernicious example of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey.

Book I. p. 18.

"But Venus in musing with cares intoxical hudling
New sleights fresh forgeth; the face of trim pretty Cupido,
To chang with jaggling, whereby he to Dido resorting,

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In place of Ascanius, with gifts might carry the princesse,
Too braine-sick loove-fits, to her boans fire smouldered
huffling.
For Venus haulf doubteth the Moors sly treacherous
handling.
Juno her tormenteth: by night this terror her haunteth
This reason her stirring, thus spake she to cocknye
Cupido,
My sweete choise bulcking, my force and my power
onlye." &c. &c.

He afterwards calls Cupid a "dandiprat," sometimes a "mopsy," "a prettie peacock," and a "princox."

Book IV. p. 67.

"The pepil in jangling this rayne-beaten* harlotrye filled,
Merrily forth chattering feets past and feats not atempted:
That the Duke Æneas from Trojans auncetre sprouting,
In Libye coast landed, with whom faire Dido the princesse
Her person barter'd, and that they both be resolved
The winter season to wast in leacherie wanton,
Retchles of her kingdom with rutting bitcherie sauted.
This that prat pye cadesse labored to trumpet in eeche
place."

But in a part of the eighth book which he has translated, he seems to have exerted every power of bombast to be sublime and *heroical*.

"The description of Liparen, expressed by Virgil in the eighth book of his Æneis, in which place the poet payed, as it were, his price by advauncing at ful the loftines of his veyne: done into English

* Fame.

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by the translatour for his last farewel to the sayd Virgil.

" T'ward Sicil is seated, to the welkin loftily peaking,
A soyl, ycleapt Liparen, from whence with flounce furye flinging,
Stoans and burlye bulets, like tampounds, maynelye betowring.
Under is a kennel, wheare chymneys fyrye be scorching
Of Cyclopan tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,
Lowd rub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of Ætna.
In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparckling,
And flam's fiercyle glowing, from fornace flashye be whisking.
Vulcan his hoate fordgharth, named eke thee Vulcian Island.
Doun from the hev'nlye palace travayled the firye God hither.
In this cave the rakehels yr'ne bars, bigge bulcked are hamring,
Brontes and Steropes, with baerlym swartie Pyracmon.
These thre nere upbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel onward,
A clapping fier-bolt (such as oft with rounce robel hobble,
Jove to the ground clattreth) but yeet not finished holye.
Three showrs wringlye wrythen glimmring, and forciblye sowcing,
Thre watrye clowds shymring to the craft they rampired hizzing,
Three wheru's fierd glystring, with south wynds ruffiered huffling.
Now doe they rayse gastly lightnings, now grislye rebounding

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Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens harts with terror agrysing,
With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdilye
thundring."

After his translations from Virgil follow "Psalms, Conceites and Epitaphs." The Psalms have each a short preface to them containing an explanation of the sort of meeter in which they are composed, viz. iambics, asclepiads, sapphicks, &c. though not in quite so lofty a vein as his Virgil.

The epitaphs are upon "The death of the Right Hon. James E. of Ormonde and Ossorie, who deceased at Elie house, in Holbourne, about the year 1546, the 18th of October, and lieth buried in St. Thomas Acres church: extracted out of the third book of the Historie of Ireland." In Latin elegiac verse.

"J. Stanyhurst, Esq. his father who deceased at Dublyn, Anno 1573, xxvii Dec. ætatis 51." In Latin elegiac verse.

"Syr Christopher Barnewall, Knight, his father-in-lawe." In Latin elegiac verse.

"His wife Genet, doughter of Sir Chr: Barnewall, Knight, who deceased at Knight-his-bridge, of chield-byrth, Anno 1579, August xxvi. ætatis 19, and lieth enterred at Chelsye.

"Right Hon. and his most deare coosen, the Lorde Baron of Louth, who was trayterously murthred by Mackmaughoun, an Irish Lording, about 1577.

"Right Hon. Lord Girald Fitz Girald, L. Baron of Offalye, who deceased at St. Albans, A. D. 1580, the 30th of June, æt. 21."

Then follows:

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"A penitent sonnet written by the Lorde Girald a little before his death."

The book contains pp. 106, exclusive of the title, preface, &c. consisting of seven leaves. It goes from sheet A to H. Each sheet except H has eight leaves. H only four. W. S.

END OF VOL. I.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner Street, London.

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